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C A L I F O R N I A :

*An Intimate Guide*





# CALIFORNIA

## *An Intimate Guide*

By  
AUBREY DRURY

*From the Days of the Mission Fathers  
to the Celebrations Surrounding  
One Hundred Years of Statehood*

R E V I S E D   E D I T I O N



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HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

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CALIFORNIA: AN INTIMATE GUIDE

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To  
MY BROTHER,  
NEWTON BISHOP DRURY



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## FOREWORD

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BECAUSE there is no other book precisely in its field, covering all of California, and because it appears to meet a definite and growing demand, in this period of California centennial celebrations, this volume is offered the public. In not-too-formal manner, it aims to render travels in the Golden State even more interesting and enjoyable, and to aid the general reader to a better appreciation of regions throughout the length and breadth of California, even though the visits there perhaps may be deferred.

The author has sheered away from the bleak style of a Baedeker, hoping to make the book more readable—seeking to tell about the sights and diverse attractions of California in familiar fashion, as would an informed and somewhat voluble companion at your elbow. It is trusted, though, that no sacrifice in accuracy has been suffered, and indeed every effort has been made to insure that the book is reliable, complete, and up-to-date. The author hopes to justify your confidence in him as guide and friend, though admittedly no philosopher.

Affairs of a transitory nature consciously have been minimized, so that this volume shall have permanent value to its possessor. Some works purporting to give information about California are hopelessly out-of-date. In our text no hotels are mentioned by name, and no resorts as such, because these pages are in no way tinged with commercialism, and, besides, conditions change all too frequently in that special field.

It is scarcely expected that any eager reader will finish this book at one sitting; rather is it to be taken up from time to time, and to be read en route. True, this is a long book, but it is a long state. The author, you might think, was tempted to draw a life-size portrait of

the subject. The difficulty has been to compress within two covers the outstanding characteristics of each of California's principal regions, bringing in the human associations and local color which make a scenic countryside doubly interesting.

Assuredly it cannot be expected that we shall know all, see all, and tell all; and that will serve as the excuse for any omissions of detail which there may be. Not much attention can be given individually, for instance, to the hundreds of golf-courses and aviation landing-fields with which California is spotted. Their location may be seen on various large-scale maps, such as those available through the automobile associations.

While avoiding the tiresome iteration of a mere route-list, it has been deemed best, in the descriptive passages, to give a running account of the principal arteries of travel through California. Stephen Leacock had one of his characters mounting a horse and "dashing off madly in all directions." Unfortunately, this facility is denied most of us; logic-bound, we must describe the routes in either one direction or the other; but endeavor has been made to do this in a manner which will enable the traveler going in the *opposite* direction to pick out his route with comparative ease by reading the paragraphs in reverse order. The index will aid greatly, too, in making that practicable.

In plan, the work is simple. It begins with the southwestern corner of California where the first settlements were made. From San Diego the description of the country thus follows the route of *El Camino Real* through Los Angeles. After excursions to the adjacent beaches and the islands offshore, and inland to the orange-groves around Riverside and to the Colorado and Mohave deserts, the northward journey is resumed, continuing along or near the coast all the way to the San Francisco Bay region. After the colorful city of St. Francis is reviewed at length, the course northward is taken up again, through the land of the giant redwoods. Then, leaving the shore, the great central valley is visited. Following this, the traveler is guided amid the peaks and canyons of the Sierra Nevada, lingering at the Giant Forest, Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, the old Mother Lode mining-camps, and the gorges of the torrential mountain rivers. As the descriptive passages begin with the south-

west corner, they end with the northeast corner, in a casual survey of the country beyond volcanic Mount Lassen.

In order to sketch in the necessary background for a true understanding of California, several introductory chapters are presented, covering the general topography, the history and literary associations of the state, besides a number of concluding chapters, with a review of the flora and fauna making this land so distinctive, and the glorious life out-of-doors which charms visitor and resident alike.

While these pages are primarily for travelers coming from a distance, it is believed that residents of the state (who are notably fond of wandering throughout their spacious homeland) will find herein much to interest them—something new, perhaps, or at least something throwing a new light on that already known.

The book has been designed so that it will be useful to travelers both by highway and by railroad. Usually the routes are almost identical through California, main state highways paralleling the trunk lines of the railroads. Where there is divergence of the routes by these modes of travel, this is indicated. The back country is increasingly accessible by automobile, though usually it is necessary for the motorist to leave the three-lane highways and follow roads which are by no means so wide, leading sometimes through regions set up on end. Despite the improvements in transportation, the very best way to see any land still is by walking, and in visiting the scenic areas of the High Sierra, and elsewhere, too, some account has been given of the trips by trail, for those fortunate ones who can take time for such journeys to explore the land. Even those who cannot actually make the trail-trips desire to know about the highlands which they penetrate.

Despite abundance of detail, effort has been made to keep the text free from confusing factors. Not much reference, it will be noted, is made to county boundaries. There are 58 counties in California, and a continual advertance to crossing and recrossing of their borders would prove no less perplexing than tedious; and, anyway, the county here is not yet a natural political and geographic unit, as it often is in lands longer settled. There is talk of consolidating some of California's counties, making them materially fewer.

In keeping with the informal spirit of the book, no slavish adherence is accorded to statistics or to dull routine matters. Mileage data, for instance, will be found elsewhere—as in the excellent maps of the automobile associations and in the railroad time-tables. Consultation of such maps, so readily available, will prove valuable indeed; and every traveler assuredly should know the map-quadrangles and special map-sheets (as for the National Parks) issued by the Government through the Geological Survey. Helpful also are the recreational folder-maps of the various National Forests in California, issued through the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

Our own sectional maps, in this book, have been carefully compiled, indicating the main routes of travel and the mileage between the principal communities.

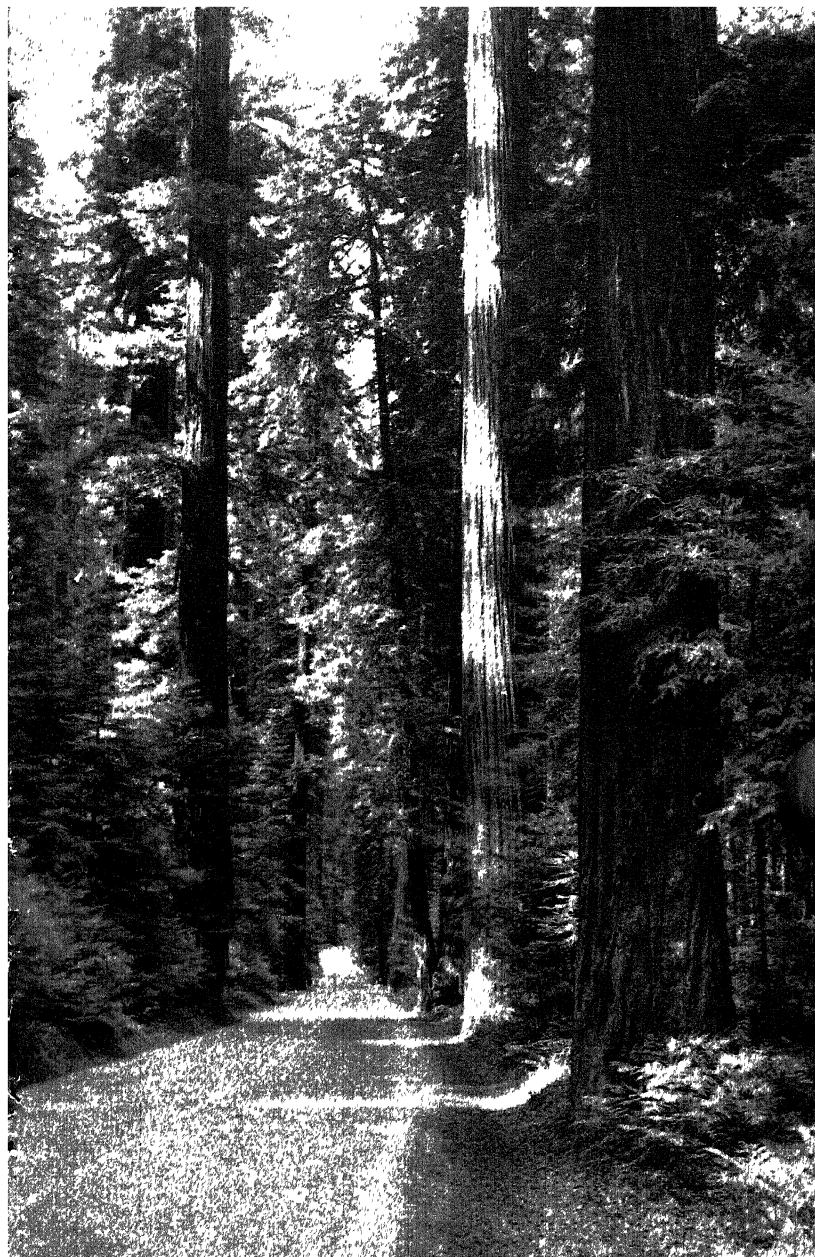
Acknowledgment of the generous assistance accorded the author in so many ways in the preparation of his text, including permission to reproduce copyright material, deserves a special section—duly shown in the table of contents.

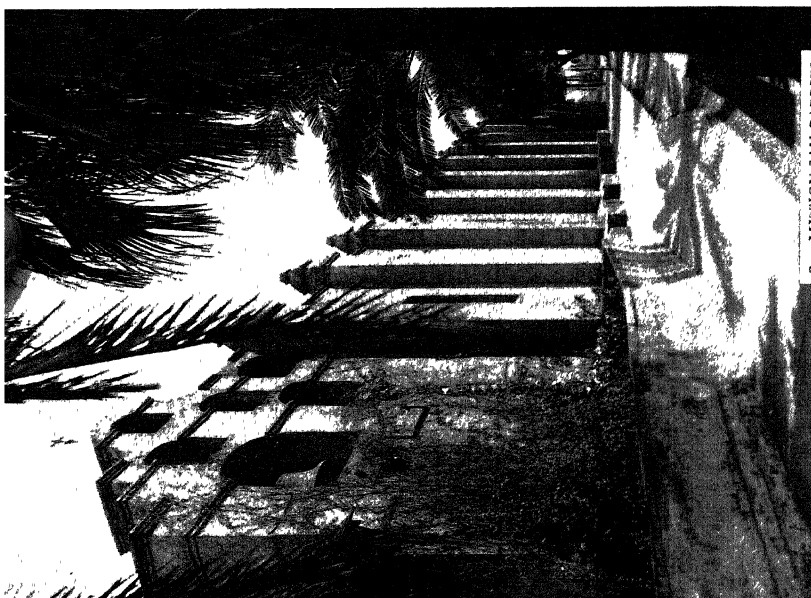
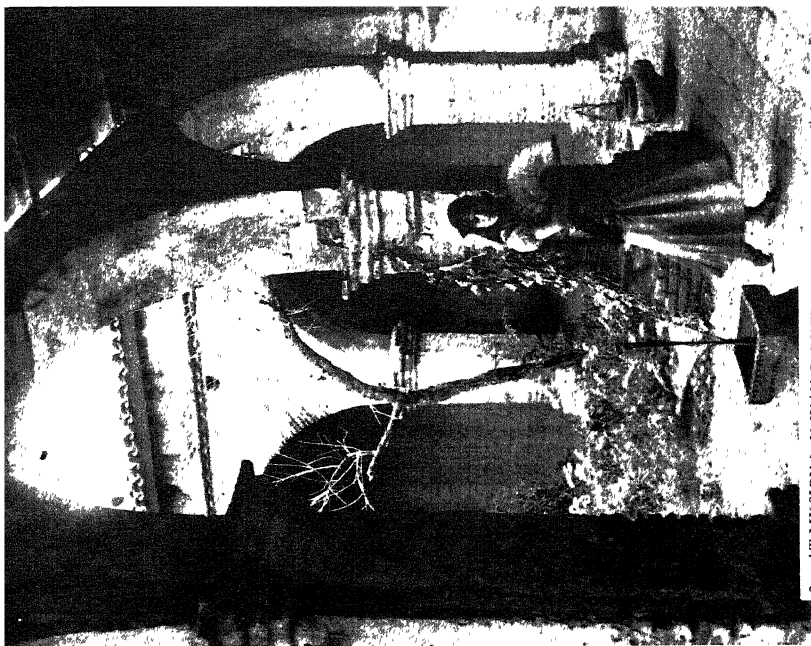
The writing of this work has been a congenial though arduous task. Its materials have been gathered at first hand, largely in the field. The hope is that it will prove a pleasant and profitable companion for a goodly number of those who make pilgrimage through the fair land of California.

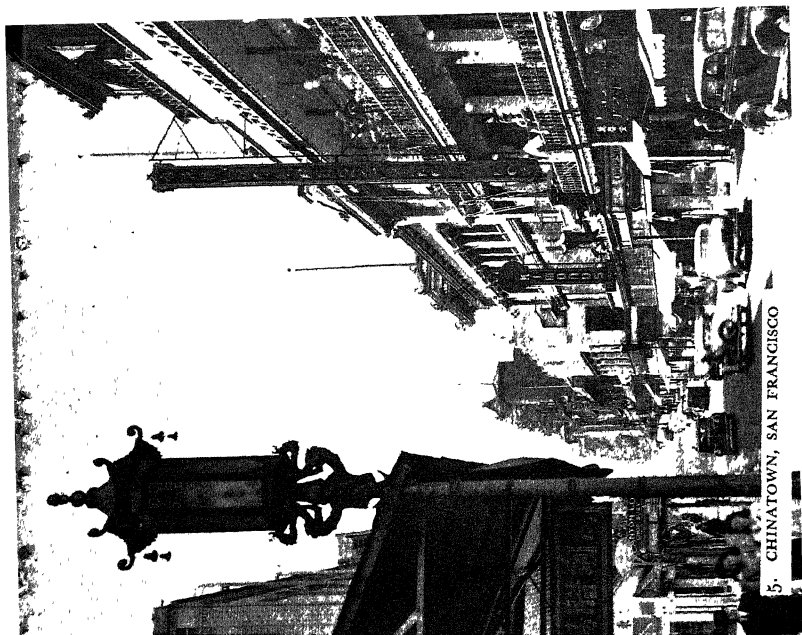
Beginning with the 1946 centennial celebrations of the Bear Flag episode and of the American occupation, California is in a pleasantly prolonged period of “hundred-years-after” observances. In 1948, the centenary of the great gold discovery at Sutter’s Mill, Coloma; in 1949, the centenary of the big Gold Rush, “the Days of Forty-Nine!”

And then—1950, and “One Hundred Years of Statehood.” It was on September 9, 1850, that California was admitted to the Union as a state. Festivities “from the Sierra to the sea” and from Del Norte to Calxico will feature the centennial “birthday” anniversary of a state which in the span of a hundred years has come to rank third in population—after New York and Pennsylvania—among all the states of the Union.

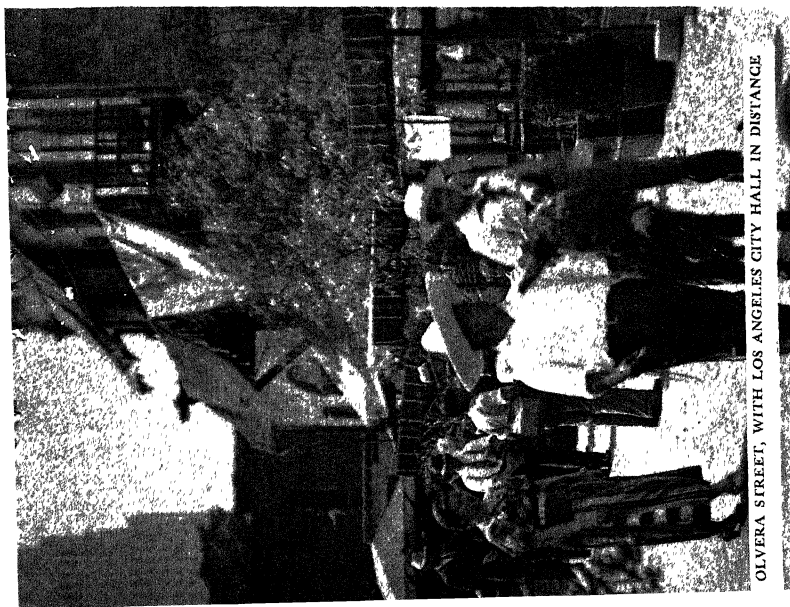
AUBREY DRURY





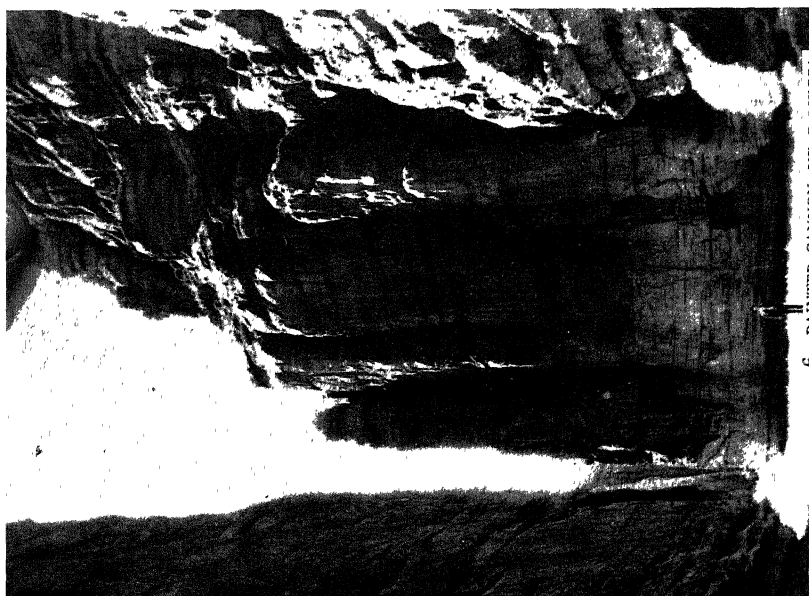
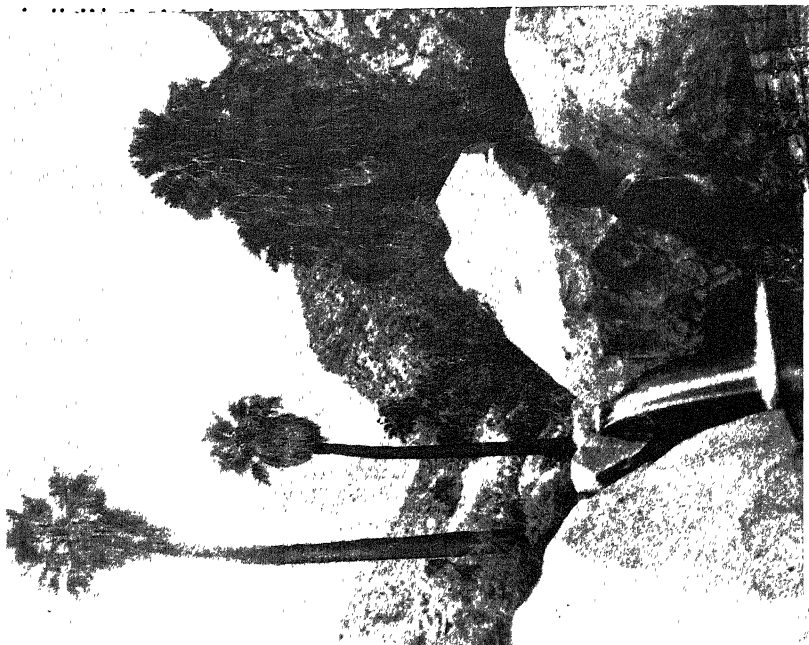


3. CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO



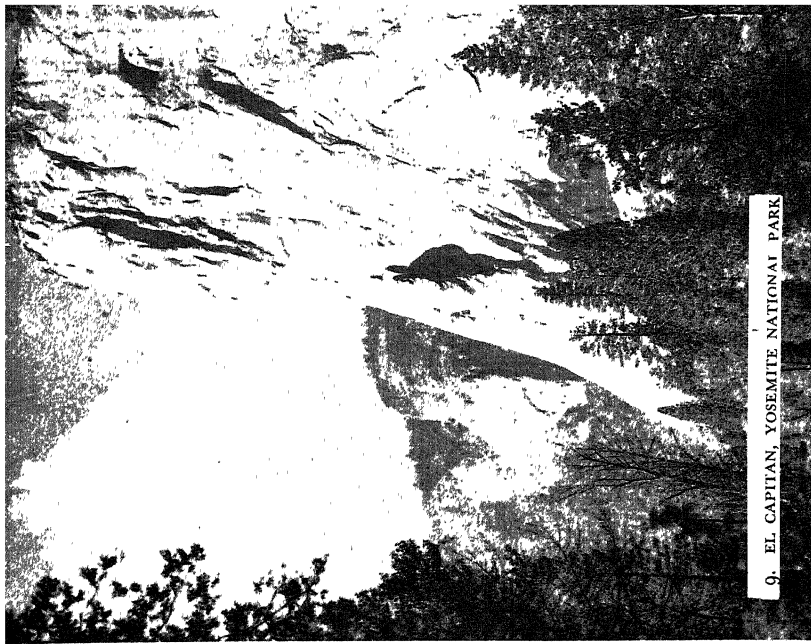
OLVERA STREET, WITH LOS ANGELES CITY HALL IN DISTANCE





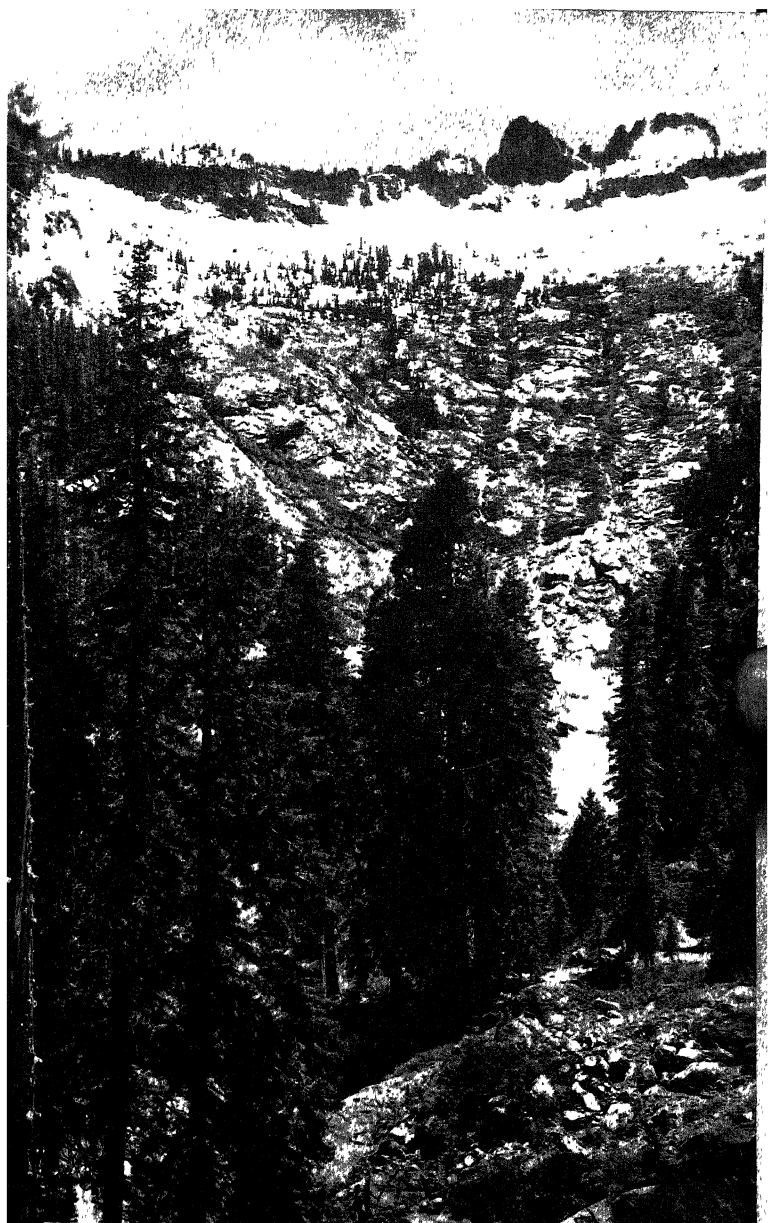


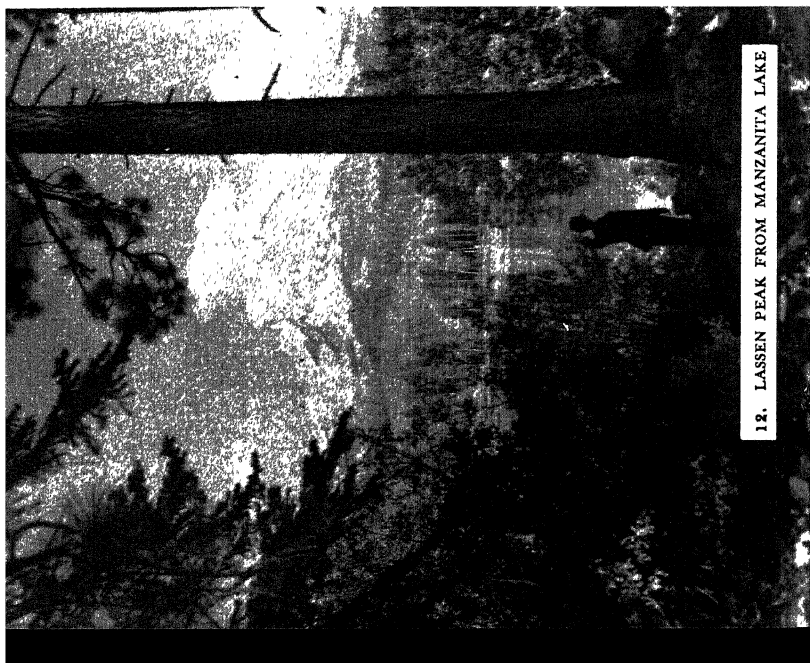
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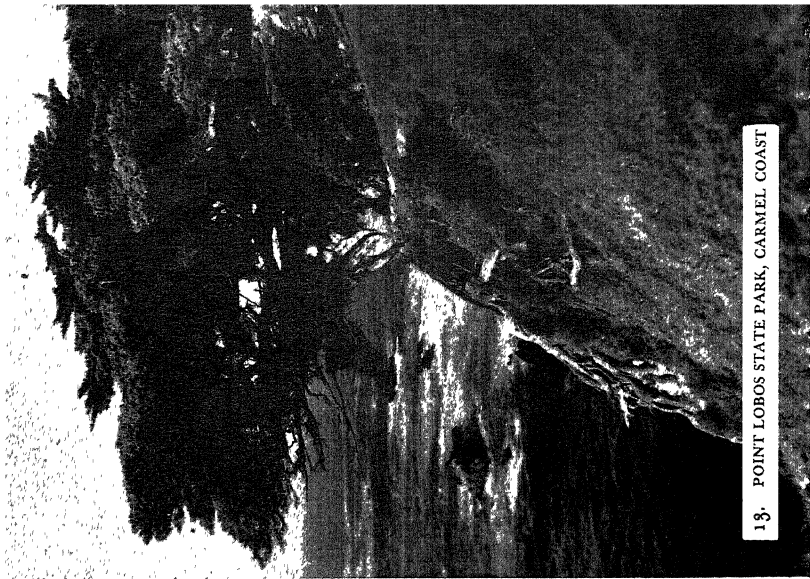
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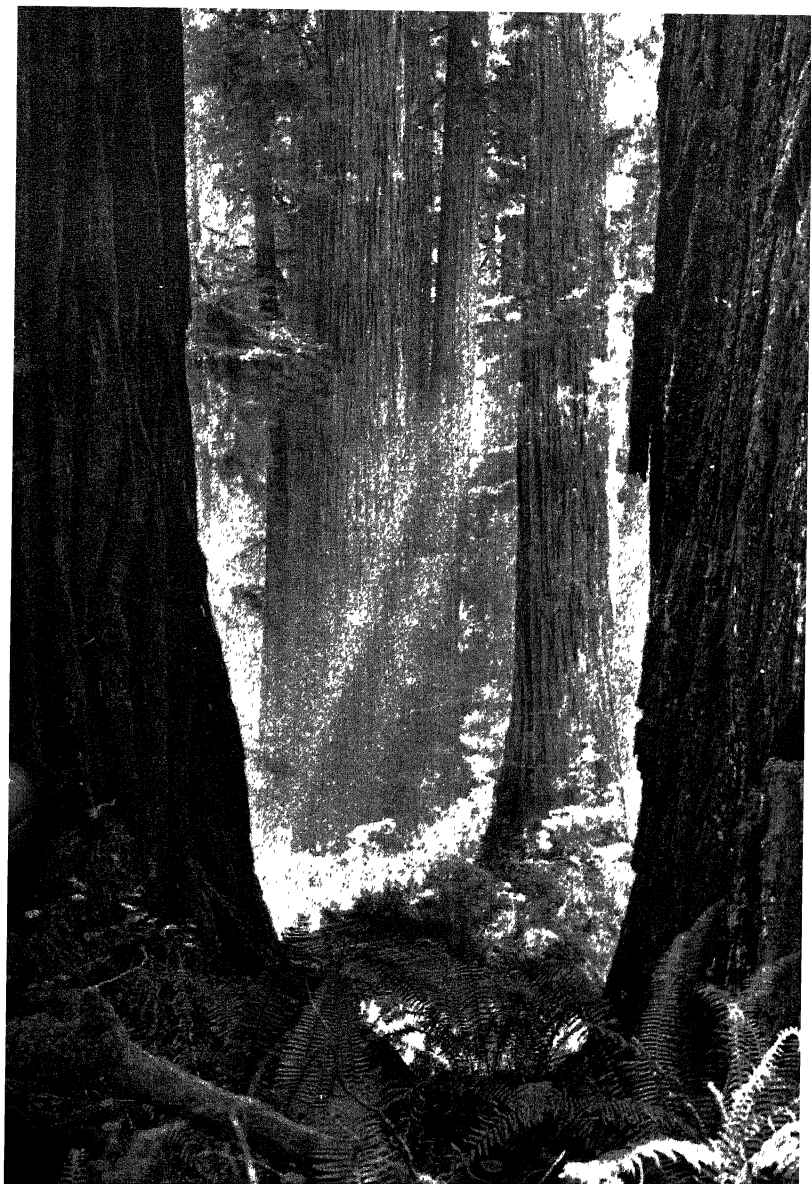


13. POINT LOBOS STATE PARK, CARMEL COAST



14. SUMMER VACATION TIME, RUSSIAN RIVER

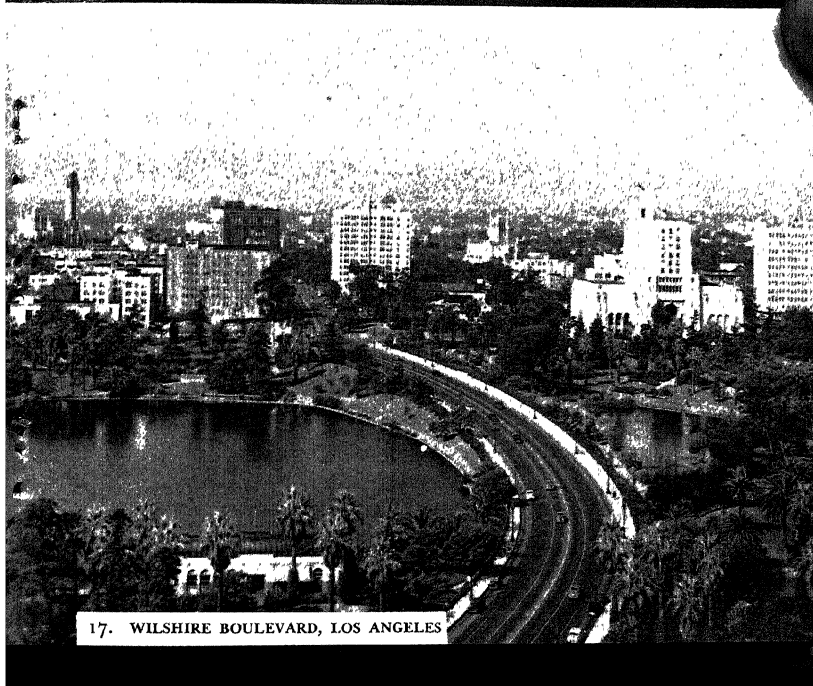




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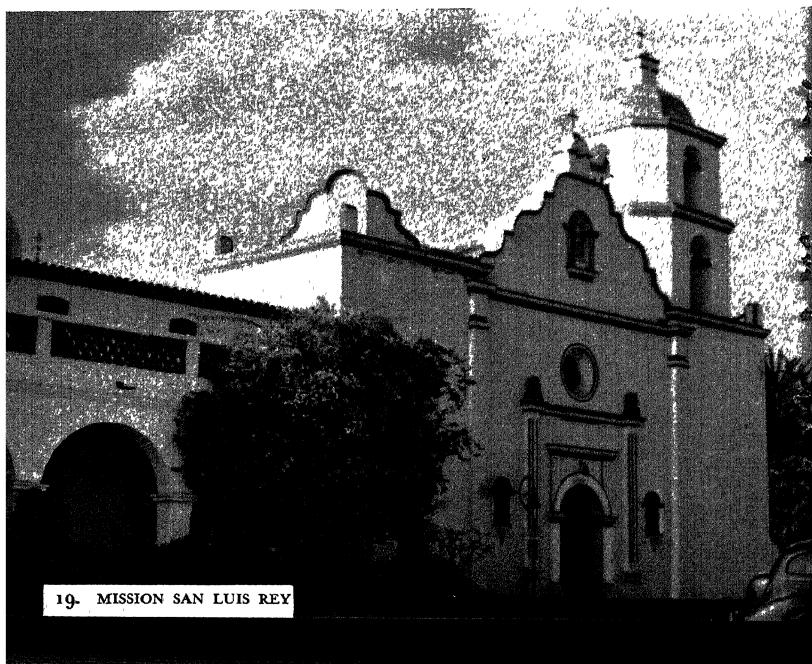


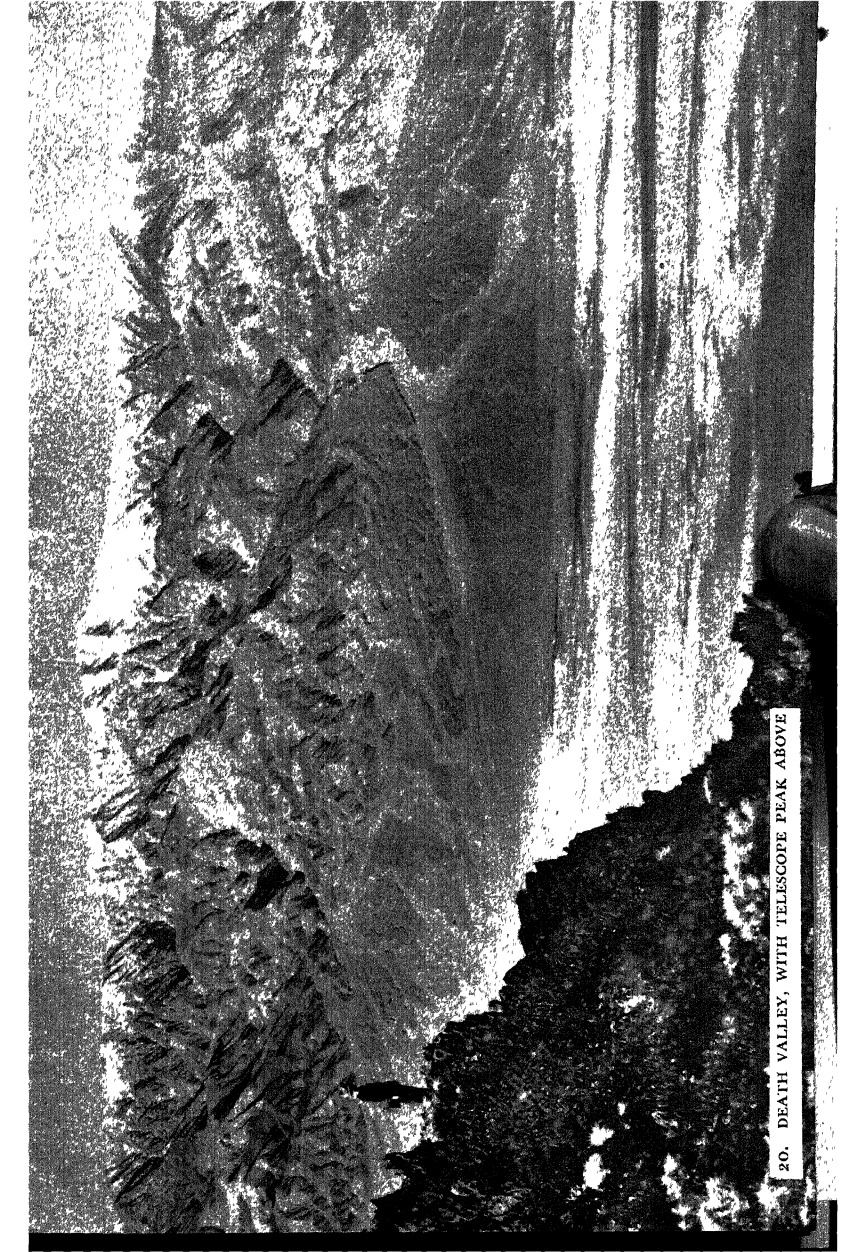
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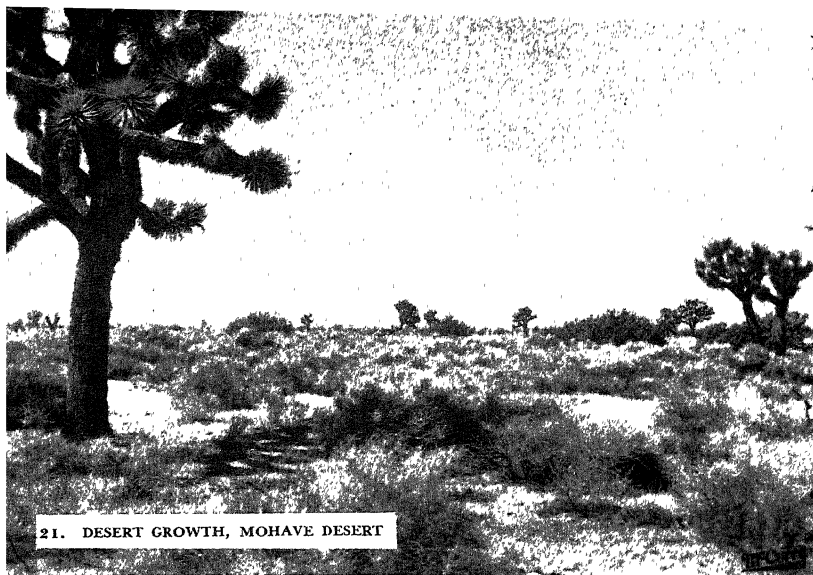
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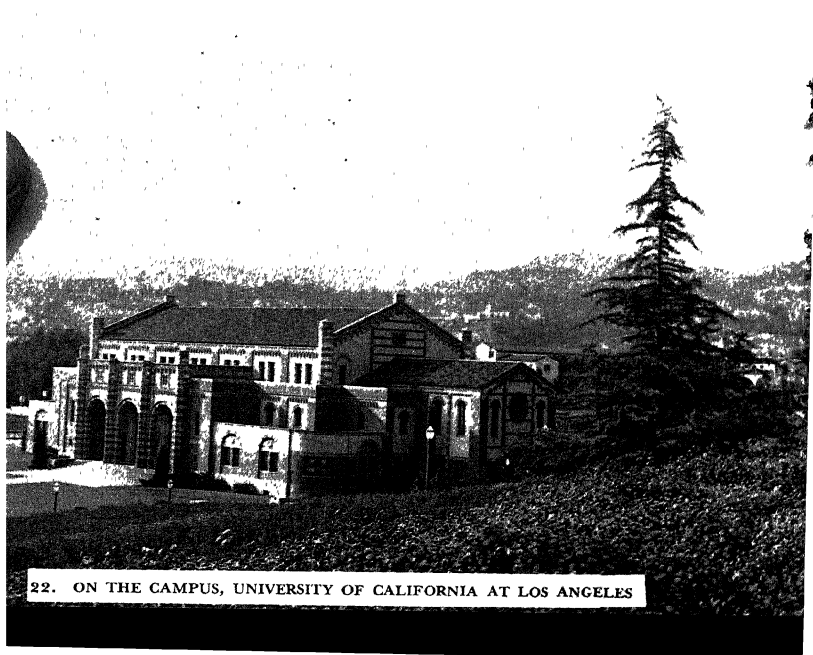




20. DEATH VALLEY, WITH TELESCOPE PEAK ABOVE



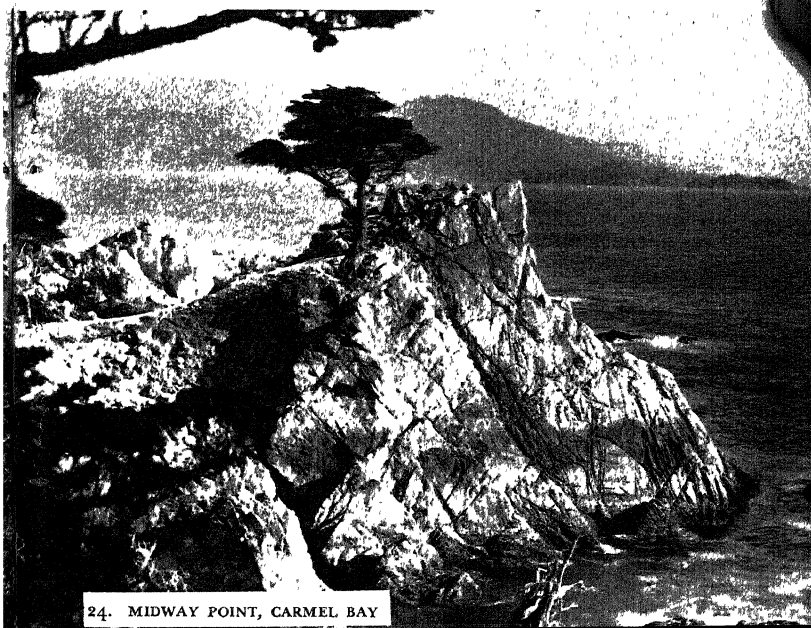
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22. ON THE CAMPUS, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES



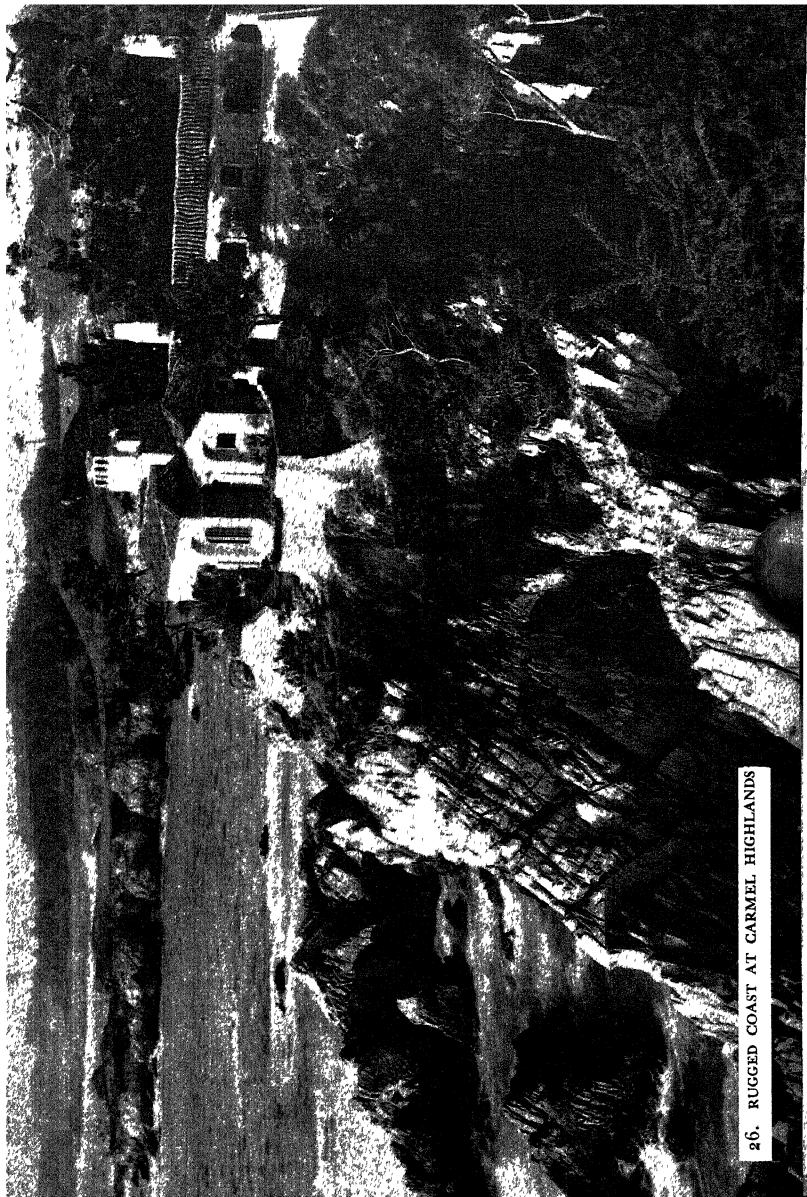
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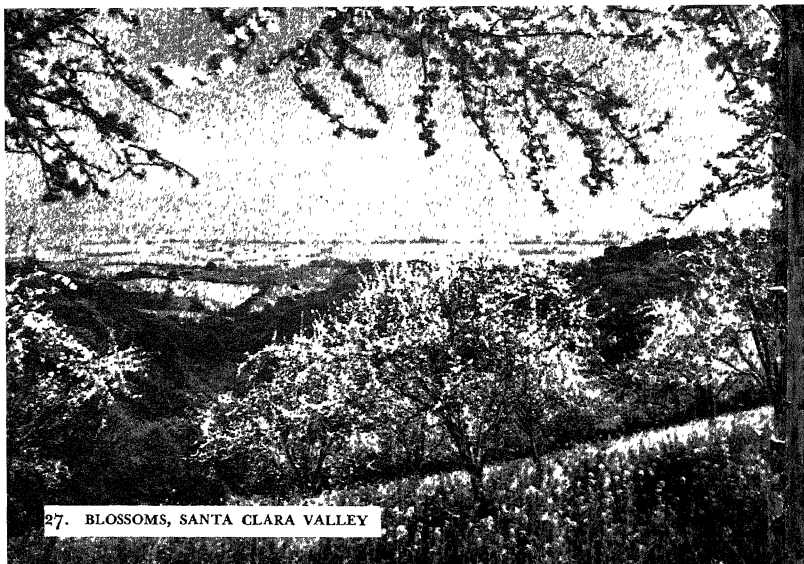
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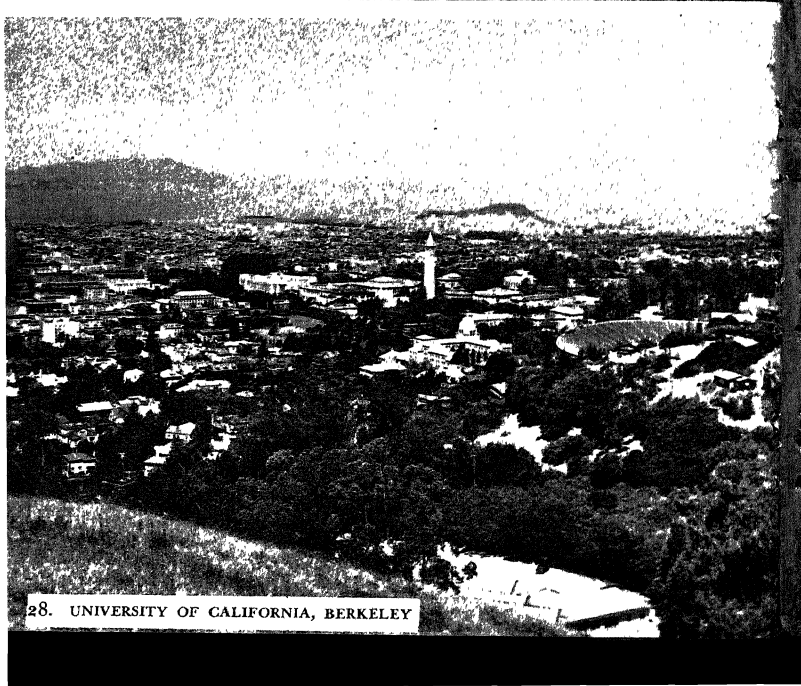
26. RUGGED COAST AT CARMEL HIGHLANDS







27. BLOSSOMS, SANTA CLARA VALLEY



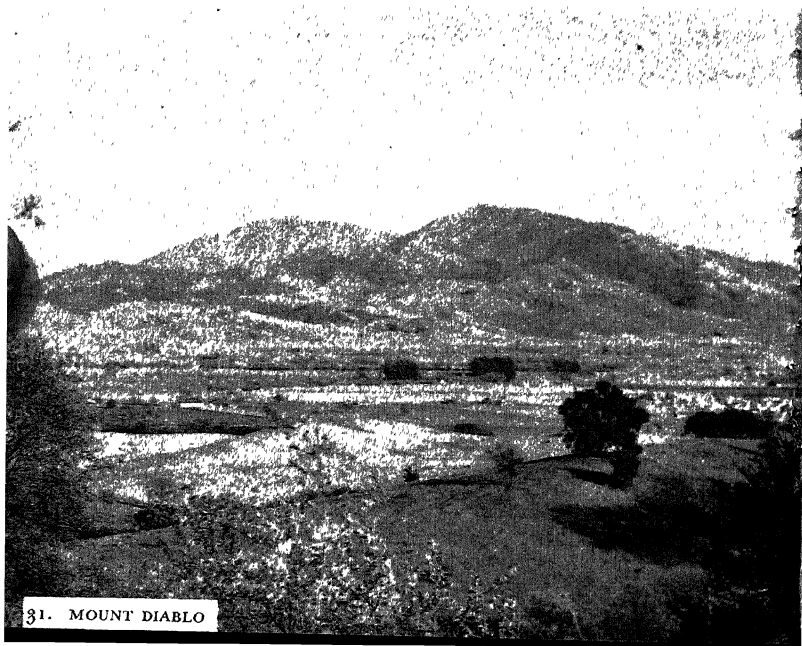
28. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY



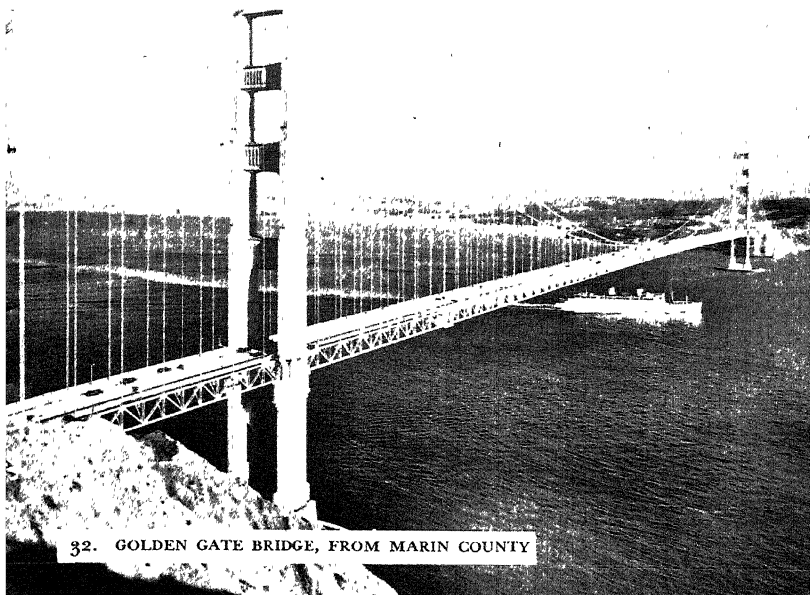




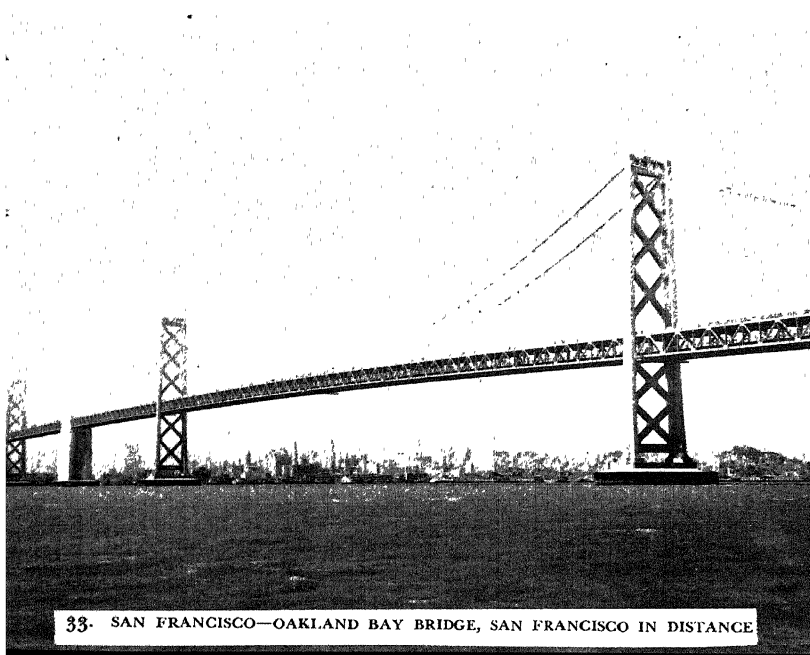
30. OAKLAND AND LAKE MERRITT



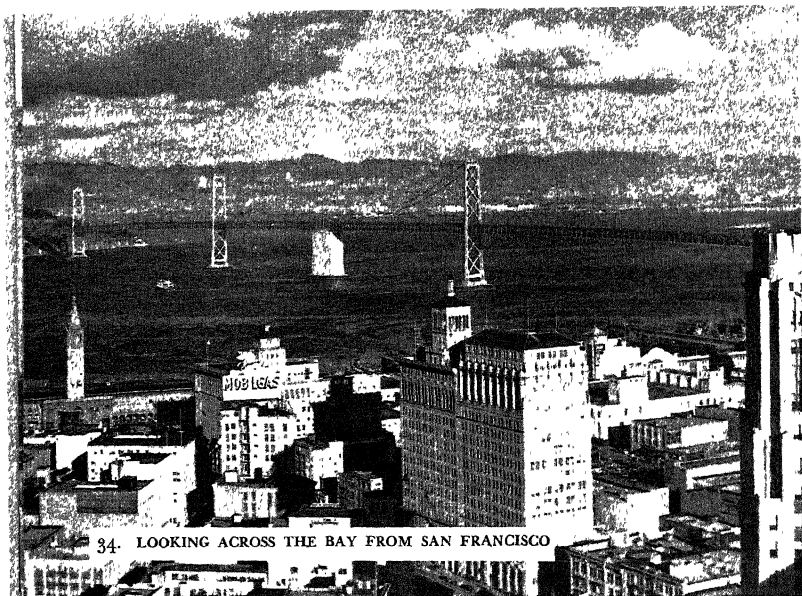
31. MOUNT DIABLO



32. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, FROM MARIN COUNTY

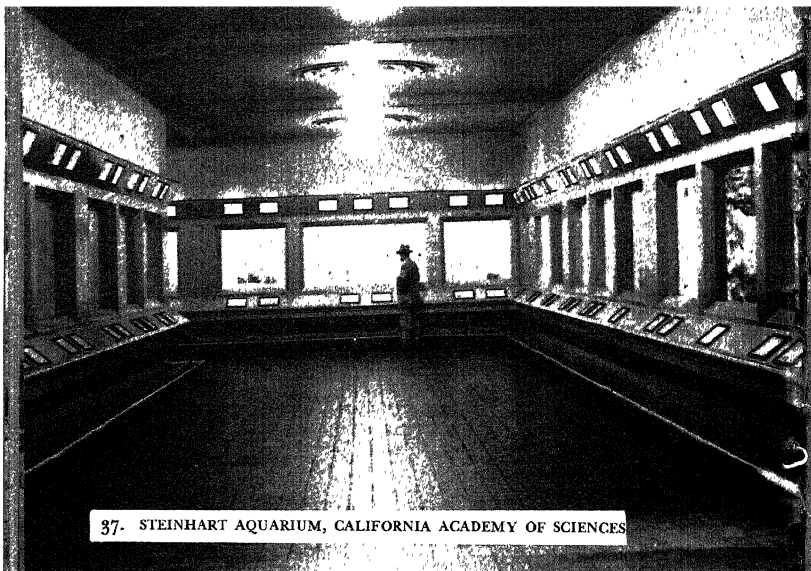


33. SAN FRANCISCO—OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO IN DISTANCE





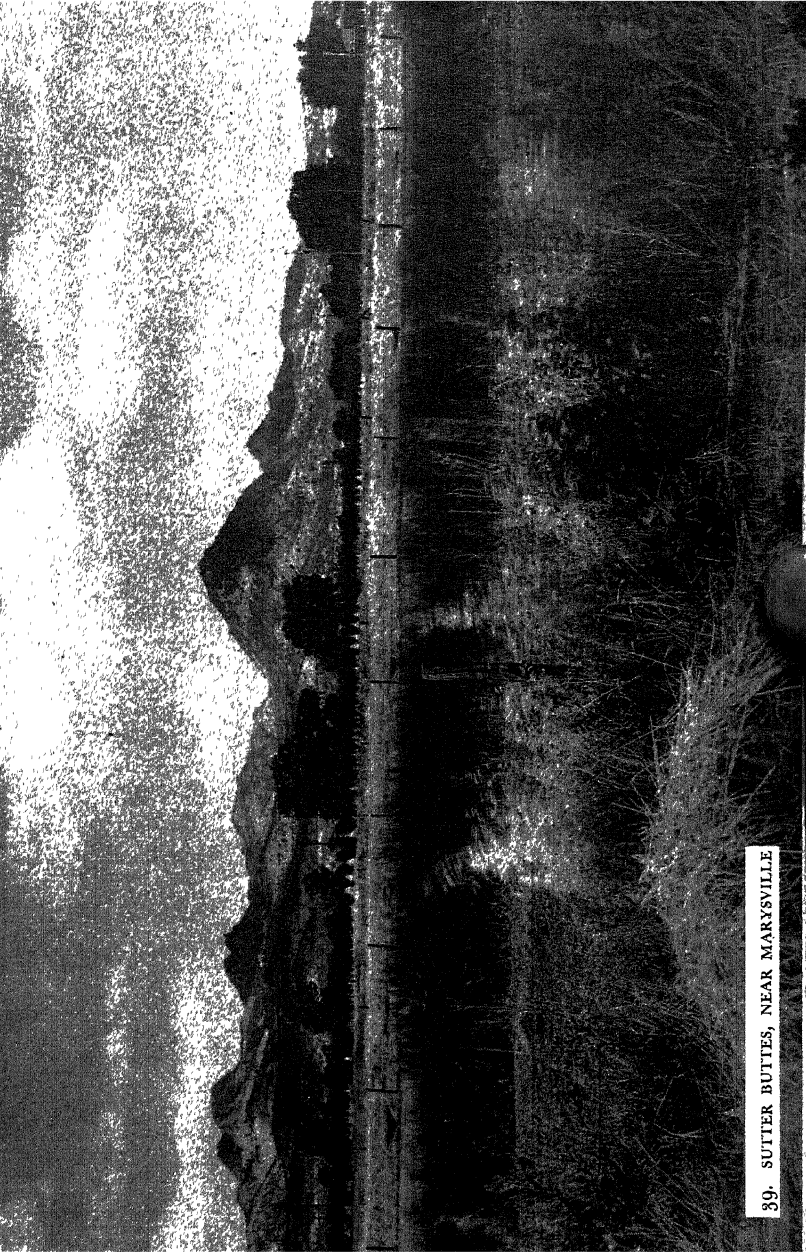
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37. STEINHART AQUARIUM, CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

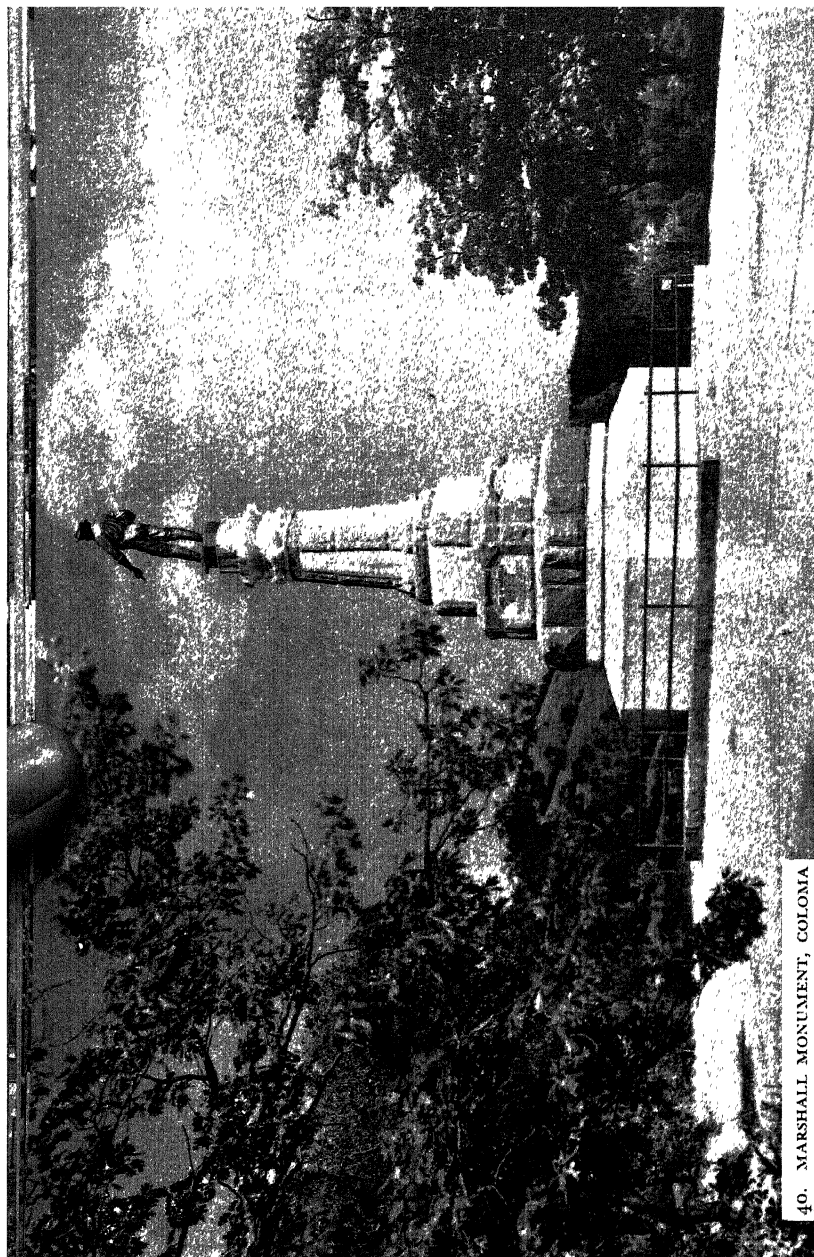


38. CAPITOL, SACRAMENTO



39. SUTTER BUTTES, NEAR MARYSVILLE



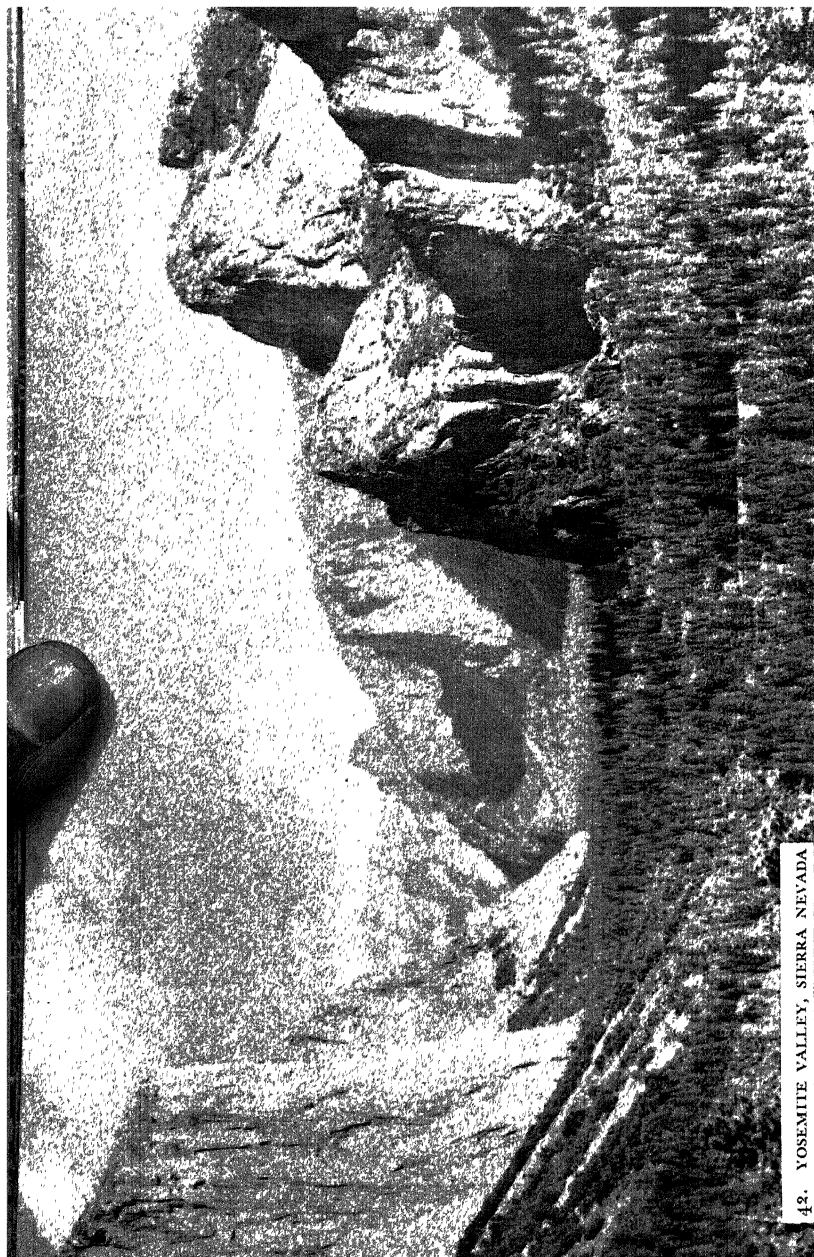


40. MARSHALL MONUMENT, COLOMA



41. COLUMBIA, ON THE MOTHER LODGE

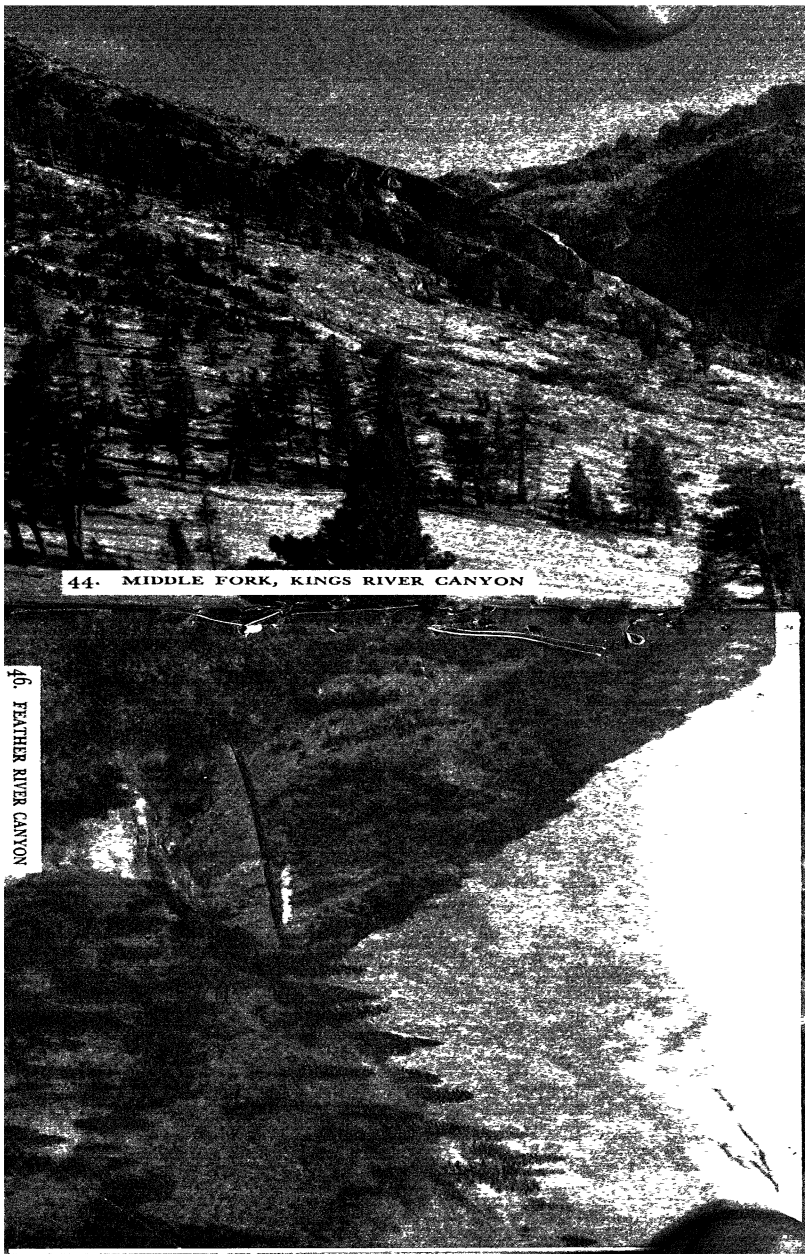




42. YOSEMITE VALLEY, SIERRA NEVADA



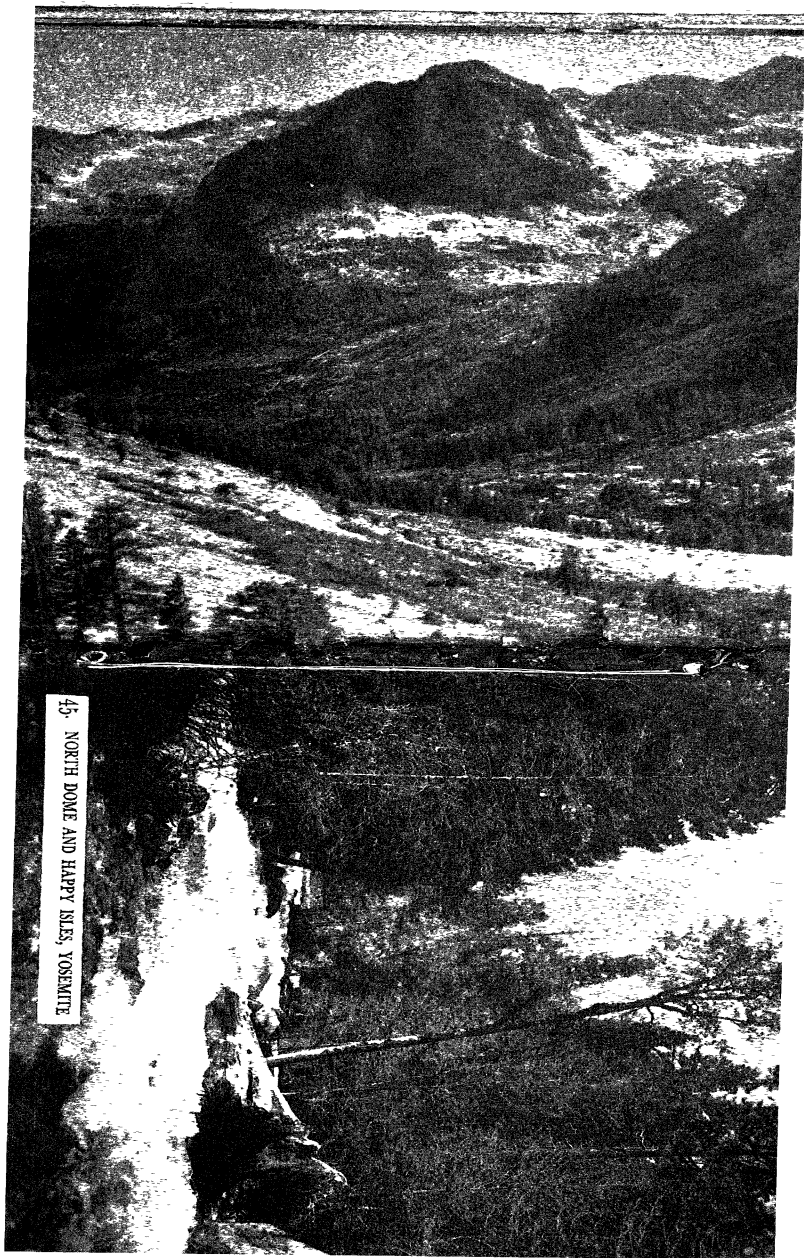
43. EMERALD BAY, LAKE TAHOE



44. MIDDLE FORK, KINGS RIVER CANYON

46. FEATHER RIVER CANYON

45 NORTH DOME AND HAPPY ISLE, YOSEMITE



47. IN THE SIERRAS ABOVE BLAIRSDEN



## C A L I F O R N I A





## CHAPTER I

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### *A Land of Blue and Gold*

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CALIFORNIA—aglow with color as a vast iris-garden! Changing tints with the varying seasons, above all its color-accent is those of blue and gold. Overhead, at midday a vault of stainless blue, at sunset a glory of luminous gold; on the seaward horizon, turquoise; inland, across the tawny deserts, the hazy blue of distant ranges. Heralds of the spring, wildflowers blazon forth the dominant tincture and the metal—*azure* and *or*—in vivid bloom, the golden California poppies mingling with lupines yellow and lupines blue; the wild mustard with the wild lilac. Oranges glow golden in the groves. The autumn hills have the sheen of burnished brass.

Blue are the waters, and gold the sands.

Yet in California you will find no dull *duotony* of effect—there is variety in coloration as in everything else within its generous boundaries. It is this charming diversity which draws visitors again and again.

A magnet which attracts humankind, California embodies every satisfying phase of scenery and climate. Some liken its spell to the lure of the lotus; yet none may say where the lotus blooms—whether in the valley, on the mountain-side, or in deep *arroyo*—by the sandy seashore or fringing crystal lakes—amid orchards abloom, in purpling vineyards or beneath the lengthening shadows of sequoias.



The appeal of our westmost land is in its variety—in terrain, climate, communities. Here is the world in little scope. Scarcely is there a region on the surface of planet Earth which has not its counterpart somewhere in California.

By many, comparison has been made with the Riviera. California has indeed just such a stretch of sunny shoreland, blessed with a like serenity of climate (minus the *mistral*), and now it has scenic highways which in grandeur match the *Route Corniche*. Yet California has much more: mountains the highest in our land, mirror-clear lakes, torrents which dash downward in long white waterfalls and cascades through shadowy canyons, broad rivers of commerce, forests of giant trees, valleys which are vast gardens. From these vales where oranges gleam like rich gold amid dark foliage you gaze up to lofty peaks sparkling with snow-crystals. From Mount Whitney's granite summit you look down to Death Valley, deep below sea-level—from the highest to the lowest point in our country. Within one day you may travel through the four seasons.

For scenic settings, the cinema artist needs must shift his camera within only a comparatively narrow radius of Hollywood. At Palm-dale he photographs Libyan Desert; near Las Turas Lake, the Wicklow hills; at Avalon and Monterey, the Levantine littoral; below Kearsarge Pinnacles, the Alps. The broad Sacramento flows across the silver-screen as the Mississippi; Santa Cruz Island is envisioned as Tahiti; and the Truckee region in winter as snow-bound Siberia!

If called to delimit California in schoolmasterly manner, we would recite that it is bounded on the north by Oregon; on the east by Nevada and Arizona; on the south by Lower California, a Mexican territory; with the great Pacific to the west. But the precise boundary-lines dotted on the map only hint at natural barriers far more formidable.

"California is a State, but it is also a country," declaimed James Bryce, a lover of this Western land. Isolated from all the rest of the world by mountains and deserts and sea, it is a natural geographic and economic unit—imperial in extent.

Of all the states, it is second only to Texas in size; it has an area of more than 155,000 square miles. Its coast line is 1,200 miles in length; much more, if all the sparkling inlets are measured—and

who would not delight in carrying forward such a coast and geodetic survey? On this bold coast, though, there are only a few landlocked harbors, notably San Diego, San Francisco, and Humboldt bays. Los Angeles Harbor, on San Pedro Bay, is largely a made-to-order port.

California in size is about equal to all the New England States, New York, and Pennsylvania combined; it is little smaller than prewar Germany. The total longitude of England and Scotland is only three-fourths the length of California. Julius Cæsar, in all his legion-leading to enlarge the boundaries of the known world and extend the Roman dominion, was almost never so far from home as a resident of Calexico when he tilts his sombrero and gazes agape at the towering sequoias of Del Norte.

Yet this great commonwealth—so admirable is the system of highways, railroads, and other transportation facilities—may be traversed with greater ease than many of the smaller states. From Crescent City to San Diego, almost 800 miles, it may be spanned by airplane in a few hours. Next best to that is to study the panoramic relief-map, mighty and marvelous, in the Ferry Building corridor at San Francisco, faithful presentment of the characteristics of the Golden State.

If it were possible to gain an air-view of all of California, to reveal the outstanding geographic features at a glance, in the center would be seen a vast level expanse—350 miles long and from 40 to 80 miles wide—in reality a single valley region, but in local parlance divided into the Sacramento and the San Joaquin valleys. Walling this valley on the east rises the Sierra Nevada, a mountain system matching the Rockies in height and grandeur—a vast tilted block of the earth's crust, with its long incline on the Pacific side. To the west is the lesser Coast Range, actually an almost unbroken chain of mountains, though different sections bear local and lovely names, such as the Santa Ynez, Santa Lucia, Santa Cruz, and Gabilan ranges. In the northeast rise the Cascades; in the far north, the Siskiyou and the Klamath Mountains. At the other end of California are, among others, the Sierra Madre, the San Gabriel, Santa Ana, San Bernardino, and San Jacinto ranges, and the Peninsular Range which forms the backbone of Lower California.

On the far side of these ranges and of the Sierra Nevada lie desert basins, some of them without outlet to the sea, some part of the drainage system of the mighty Colorado River, which bounds California on the southeast.

Throughout the coast region and in the lower Sierra Nevada are scattered many fertile hill-circled valleys at varying elevations, and this diversity of topography not only lends charm to travel, but also has much to do with California's abounding agricultural prosperity.

Every crop grown in the United States is produced commercially in California except tobacco—which can be raised, too, but which appears to require low-cost labor for profitable production. As to flora and fauna, so richly varied, much will be said in the course of our progress through the state, and special note will be taken of them in concluding chapters of this work.

With all the difference of terrain, a corresponding difference of temperatures prevails, though this is little affected by latitude. California's climate has been much commended for its clemency, but it is to be praised also for its diversity. Tonic air redolent with the balsam of mountain fir; the salt tang of the sea in coast breezes; the arid health-giving atmosphere of the far southern plains—the very air you breathe is ever-changing as you traverse this Land of Sunshine. In California there is far more climatic variety than in the stretch of our eastern coast between Plymouth and Charleston, though both regions lie within identical degrees of latitude—more variety, but not such extreme variation.

Mark Twain puts at the front of one of his books a description of the weather, to serve for the entire volume. In like manner, California's climate may be reviewed at the outset, because the weather conditions here are of prime interest to traveler and sojourner.

"A man may still speak truth with smiling face." 'Tis more than a merry quip that in California there are only two kinds of weather—good and unusual. Eloquent testimony is afforded by the fact that California, in any quarter of the year, calls to outdoor activity and enjoyment—in the highlands, in the lowlands, and along the seashore.

"The blue sky of Italy" is sung by the poets, but this is no less

fair; and the sparkling clarity of the atmosphere is as that above the Mediterranean. Set high on mountain-tops perch not dark turreted castles, but white domed observatories—there because of conditions of visibility most favorable to star-gazing. George Davidson, pioneer scientist, averred that while standing on Mount Diablo one brilliant day in springtime he was able to descry the mighty form of Shasta to the north, and gazing southeastward he saw looming above the far snowy uplands what he believed was the ridge of Mount Whitney.

In most cities of California the thermometer has a narrow range throughout the year. The average temperature at San Francisco in winter is 51 degrees, and in summer is 59.

Rainfall is confined in many seasons to six weeks, beginning at the end of December; and umbrellas are usually needless impedimenta from May to November. The *dependability* of California's summer climate is its most ingratiating phase—you can start upon an outing with confidence in the continuation of fair skies. Summer thunderstorms are rare, save in the Sierra. Old Probabilities, the clerk of the weather, boasts a high score in mid-year, and rates as somewhat of a prophet in his own country.

The most perfect month in California's calendar is September—but all its months are agreeable.

Climate is indeed California's primary asset. In the main, its mildness is due to the prevailing winds from west to east, off the vast surface of the Pacific; for the sea is everywhere the great equalizer of temperature, and much of California has an oceanic climate. Without excesses of heat or cold, the days vary little in the coastland. Eureka, in the northwest, is the only city in the United States where the thermometer has never recorded higher than 85 degrees. Though the coastal climate is equable, it is not monotonous. Occasional sea-mists swirl along the shore, lingering usually for only a few hours and vanishing before the sun.

In the interior valleys the mercury in midsummer often climbs above 100 degrees, but the lack of humidity inland makes the higher register of temperatures bearable.

Of course, generalities on the climate are not possible in such a vast state, where the precipitation varies in some years from less

than an inch on the Mohave to a hundred inches on the northwestern coast.

Possibly because of the absence of snow in the lowlands, allusions have been made as to a "sameness" of climate—but there is really much variety, particularly for a traveler who can visit the different parts of the state at will. As to dressing for California, medium-weight garments are the rule, except in the interior valleys in summer, and in the mountains in winter.

Within this realm of varied terrain and varied climate life is more than mere existence. Variety is the spice of California life. Monotony is banished from this land. A rich spirit of pageantry enters into the daily life of the people—scarcely a village or town which does not hold its fiestas and floral celebrations, and many of the carnivals are quite Mediterranean in atmosphere. You will be invited to participate, for these hospitable folk speak the universal language of good will and amity.

Whatever you desire in the way of living, it shall be yours in California. If rest is your wish, you may seek out any of the hundreds of mountain and seashore retreats scattered throughout the state—and here it is not always necessary to forsake the mountains to worship beside the sea. City pleasures may be combined with country-club life in manner most entertaining; and about sports afield and afloat chapters can be written—they'll fill one of ours to overflowing.

A delectable region in which to linger and to live, this land of blue and gold.

## CHAPTER II

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### *The Stream of History*

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ONLY fifty years after Columbus first beheld the New World, the coast of California was discovered. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, like Magellan a Portuguese admiral sailing under the banner of Spain, was the bold navigator who explored these shores, voyaging northward from Mexico. With two ships, the *San Salvador* and *Victoria*, Cabrillo sailed from Navidad on the Mexican west coast, followed up the Lower California shoreline; and on September 28, 1542, arrived at a landlocked harbor where he anchored his caravels and sent canoes ashore. In his log, mention is made of the "large cabins, and herbage like that of Spain," of the "high and rugged land." The bay he called San Miguel; later it was to receive the name San Diego.

Then, as now, there were two Californias—Baja California or Lower California, an arid peninsula reaching southward, and Alta California, one of the world's garden-spots. In the accounts of the voyage of Cabrillo reference is made to the upper coastland which he was the first to see as *California*, extending the use of the term from the region farther south, which for several years had borne that name—bestowed upon it by some obscure followers of Cortez. It was the name of a mythical island mentioned in a popular Spanish novel of the time—an island ruled by beautiful amazons bearing arms of pure gold. Montalvo was the author, he who wrote a version of that florid romance, *Amadis of Gaul*, and in this book, of the ex-

plots of that hero's son, Esplandian—fantastic adventures such as those at which Cervantes poked fun in *Don Quixote*. It is likely that Montalvo had come upon the name California in the ancient "Chanson of Roland" (for there it is, as *Califerne*), had fancied its beauty and had bestowed it upon the bright land of his imaginings, saying: "Know that on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California very near to the terrestrial paradise."

The coast of Lower California which the first explorers saw is wellnigh barren, and the name of the land in proximity to the terrestrial paradise may have been given in sportive derision by the travel-worn *conquistadores*. Various etymologies of the name California are hazarded, but most of them are indeed laughable.

In 1540, Hernando de Alarcon and Melchor Diaz explored the lower Colorado River, and some historians believe they ascended into territory which now lies within the boundaries of California.

California long was thought to be insular in position. Even as late as 1700, English maps continued to indicate this part of the continent as an island, though by then Spanish map-makers had corrected their earlier blunder.

When this new-found land was first explored it was inhabited by a teeming Indian population, living mostly in villages, termed *rancherias* by the Spaniards. The Indians were of many different tribes, speaking more than a hundred dialects. Not a warlike race, they subsisted on any food easily secured, and most were fat and well content. The early American trappers called them "Digger" Indians, and esteemed them not at all, terming them the lowest of all aborigines. Under the Spaniards, especially when instructed by the good padres, they made some advance in agriculture and in the crafts, many showing an aptitude for artistic attainment, notably in the decorative arts.

Aside from the remote Asiatic origin often ascribed to Amerinds, it is generally believed that in these tribesmen flowed a trace of Chinese blood. In all probability this coast had been visited by mariners from Cathay, and certain it is that in the course of the centuries numerous junks had been blown hither—as some have been within historic times. Many traditions in the Chinese chronicles tell of Mongol and Tartar explorers whose ships disappeared, and some

of these perhaps were blown by great winds to the shores of America.

The ships of the earliest white visitors to the coast, the Cabrillo expedition, after pausing a few days at the first landfall, sailed northward. Cabrillo crossed to the Channel Islands, exploring with care—islands which now assuredly should be named in honor of the dauntless seafarer the Cabrillo Isles, for nowhere is he properly commemorated along the coast which he discovered to the world.

From this archipelago, where dwelt a teeming native population, Cabrillo returned to the mainland, putting ashore at a bay believed to be that today called San Pedro; then sailed northward, entered "the Bay of Pines" (probably the waters now bearing the name of Monterey), passed the entrance to San Francisco Bay without noting it, and voyaged about as far as Point Arena. Here tempestuous weather induced him to turn back. Cabrillo's arm was broken; tragically, infection set in and on January 3, 1543, the discoverer died in the land which he had found—on the Isla de la Posesión (now called San Miguel) where still he lies in an unmarked grave.

The companions of Cabrillo, under the brave pilot Ferrelo, continued the exploration of the coast, probably as far north as the present Oregon line, and then returned to Mexico, with no glowing accounts of this new land. Ferrelo had passed the greatest headland on the northern California coast, named Cape Mendocino in honor of Don Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy of New Spain.

In 1579 came the *Golden Hinde* bearing Francis Drake—not yet Sir Francis, for he was knighted on his return to England, on the deck of his ship, by Good Queen Bess. This minister's son, called by his victims *El Pirata*, harried the seas for Spanish treasure, and the hold of his galleon bulged with goodly store of doubloons and bar silver. It is thought that his anchorage was in the shelter of Point Reyes, where the whiteness and configuration of the coast reminded him of his native Devon. More than twoscore years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, this was called by him New England—*Nova Albion*. Planning to colonize, Drake formally took possession of the land for Queen Elizabeth, but she did not make good the claim.



Drake careened and refitted his ship, laid in wood and water during his stay of thirty-seven days here, his men being hailed as gods by the simple natives. On July 23, 1579, the English admiral left the "faire and good harborowe," sailed over to the Farallones (off San Francisco's peninsula), stocked his ships with seal meat, and two days later started across the Pacific to return to England by the Cape of Good Hope.

Other navigators in Spanish ships came—Captain Francisco Gali and Captain Sebastian Cermeño, notably—a few years after Drake, circling around on the way from the Philippines to Mexico. Galleons on this route sometimes were wrecked along the Alta California coast or were periled by roving English freebooters, and a Spanish king, Philip III, determined to discover harbors where the galleons could be sheltered from storms and find refuge from the harriers. Sebastian Viscaino was sent out on this mission, and in due course rendered reports upon the harbors of San Diego, Monterey, and the Channel Islands, but, like his predecessors, he knew nothing of the finest harbor of all. After some time in Lower California, Viscaino, as captain-general of an expedition transported in three vessels, arrived on November 10, 1602, at the Bay of San Diego, which he named. As he sailed up the coast he bestowed saintly appellations generously upon the bays and points and islands thus rediscovered; and these are, in the main, the names set down upon the maps today. To the "Bay of Pines" he gave the name of the Count of Monterey, Viceroy of Mexico, who had authorized his expedition.

After reaching Cape Blanco (now in Oregon) the captain-general turned back, arriving in Acapulco on March 21, 1603. Viscaino, the first California "booster," submitted a glowing account of his voyage to the King of Spain, proclaiming the new land rich and fertile, and he urged that he be placed at the head of an expedition for colonization. But affairs moved slowly in those times, and a halt was put to plans for settlement.

As far as we know, for more than a century and a half after Viscaino no exploring expeditions visited California. Spain, however, maintained claim to the land, though it was counted of little worth. The galleons from the Philippines continued to make their yearly

voyages, often in sight of the coast, which they followed southward, but no efforts at settlement were made. English navigators and the Danish-Russian, Vitus Bering, aroused apprehension among the dons by hovering around on the outskirts of the region claimed as Spanish. It was decided that Spain must more definitely establish possession over this coast, and accordingly Don José de Galvez, *visitador-general* of New Spain and a member of the Council of the Indies, launched an expedition of exploration and colonization.

Galvez was a man truly great, and with keen perception chose as his principal missionary to christianize the Indians of California, a padre native to the Balearic island of Majorca—Junipero Serra. In the island capital, Palma, this inspired cleric had held the chair of Philosophy at the university; but from youth he had dreamed of converting the heathen, and when the call came for him to leave for Mexico he was accompanied by boyhood friends, Padre Francisco Palou and others of the same Majorcan monastery. After his arrival in Mexico in 1749, Padre Serra taught in the College of San Fernando, and became a spiritual leader of wide influence among the descendants of the Aztecs.

Serra and his missionaries were sent to Alta California with the military contingent under Don Gaspar de Portola, the whole constituting the Expedición Santa. The padres were all of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, that "mirror of perfection and husband of poverty," who early in the thirteenth century banded his disciples under vows of unrelenting self-denial. It was of him that a scoffer wrote that he was the first Christian after Christ, and that the trouble is there have been none since. But Padre Junipero certainly could not be left out of the count in answer to that challenge.

There were, indeed, two expeditions—one to proceed by land and the other by sea. The land expedition was likewise divided into two sections, with the second of which went Padre Serra and the general-in-chief, Portola. The rendezvous of all the parties was to be the Bay of San Diego.

The first ship, the *San Antonio*, arrived in the bay on April 11, 1769; the second, the *San Carlos*, almost three weeks later. A camp was made by the sick and weary seafarers, who anxiously awaited the coming of the expedition by land. They were greatly rejoiced

by the arrival of the first division, under Rivera, on May 14th. A new camp was established, on a hill in what is known now as Old Town. A great many of the force were carried away by sickness. Just as the *San Antonio* was about to put to sea in search of succor, the column under Portola arrived, with provisions.

Portola set off in search of Monterey Bay on July 14th, and two days later Padre Serra, who remained at the camp, founded the Mission San Diego de Alcala, the first of the chain of twenty-one missions whose development spanned more than half a century. The last, and the northernmost, was established at Sonoma in 1823, shortly after California had passed from Spain to Mexico.

The northward march of Portola with his leather-jacketed soldiers is ever-memorable as the first real exploration of California by land. On the way he and his followers bestowed place-names, many of which today are still attached. The Bay of Monterey they passed by, without recognizing it as the magnificent harbor reported by Viscaino. Continuing on, they toiled up a high-backed peninsula and suddenly a party of scouts came in sight of the Bay of San Francisco, thus discovering from the landward side one of the world's greatest harbors, which the seamen had failed to find! That momentous discovery was made on November 1, 1769. After exploring this region, on November 11th the return journey was commenced, and about two weeks later Portola's men reached Monterey Bay, where they encamped for a time, then continued southward to San Diego, arriving toward the end of January.

Conditions were desperate at the new settlement, and plans were afoot to abandon it and retreat to Baja California, but the providential arrival of the good ship *San Antonio* with abundance of supplies saved the situation, and Portola soon was off on a second expedition to Monterey Bay, which he had been ordered to make the center of his activities. He went by land, Padre Serra by sea, and their expeditions joined upon the pine-clad peninsula, where the new frontier capital was set up on the curving bayshore.

Early in 1774, a force under Juan Bautista de Anza, starting from Spanish settlements in northern Mexico, traversed the deserts westward, across the Gila and Colorado rivers, and on to San Gabriel, proving the feasibility of this southern overland route.

In the memorable year of 1776 he led a second expedition across the deserts from Tubac—then in Pimeria Alta, now in southern Arizona—with colonists for the founding of San Francisco. A quaint adobe town today is Tubac, this “little mother of San Francisco,” with low mud-colored houses and the ruined Mission of San José de Tumacacori near by. After a strenuous march of more than eight hundred miles, Anza reached Monterey, reinforcing the scanty garrison, and continued on to the end of the San Francisco peninsula, fixing on the site for the *presidio* (garrison post) on March 28, 1776.

Settlers came in with these and successive expeditions. Some of the earliest colonists in California were Catalonians, as were Serra and Portola. The life of the new colony centered about the presidios, the missions, the pueblos and the ranchos. Monterey was the civil and ecclesiastical capital. Next to its presidio grew a little town, and on the near-by Carmel River stood the head mission, San Carlos de Borromeo, where the *Padre Presidente* dwelt. The other principal presidios were at San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, and (in the period of Mexican rule) Sonoma; the principal pueblos at San José, Los Angeles and Branciforte, near Santa Cruz. A straggling town, Yerba Buena, grew up on a bay-shore cove near the mission and presidio of San Francisco, but this was a number of years later—beginning in 1835. San José, founded in 1777, was the first pueblo, and it did not increase rapidly in size; nor did Los Angeles, the southern pueblo established in 1781.

Besides the twenty-one Franciscan missions in the coastland of Alta California, there were several chapels at *visitas*, Indian villages near the missions, to some extent under authority of the padres. Nor must we forget, as many forget, two missions in the far southeastern corner of what is now California. These were Purísima Concepción and San Pedro y San Pablo, on the Colorado River—ruthlessly destroyed by the Yuma Indians in revolt in 1781, closing the southern overland route for many years. Elsewhere in California the natives were more peaceable and the number of neophytes, as the Indian converts were called, grew steadily. Mission Indians are reputed to have been indolent, but they gained skill in agriculture and some of the handicrafts. Usually they were on terms of affection with the padres, though sometimes their savagery broke

forth, as when in 1824 at some of the southern missions they rebelled, burning and slaying.

Missions were situated in the most beautiful and fertile spots at distances of one day's journey from one to another. The architecture was the best semblance of the Spanish Gothic and Romanesque styles which could be contrived with tools and materials at hand. The main share which the Indians had in the erection of the missions was in bearing beams and stone, and making the adobe bricks for the walls and the soft-hued red tiles for the roofs, tiles which took their characteristic tapering shape from being molded over stalwart thighs.

California was isolated, but it was not destined to be a pastoral paradise undisturbed. About 1789 the governor at Monterey received messages warning him against the possible appearance of the *Columbia*, flying the flag of the new American Republic. But it was not until 1796 that this flag was carried into the Bay of Monterey—displayed by the *Otter*, out of Boston.

Navigators of many nations voyaged hither. The British under George Vancouver, who made journeys inland; the French under Count de la Pérouse, whose ship was destined to founder in the South Seas; the Russians, with Rezanoff, no less ill-fated—these were early visitors. A Russian scientific expedition in the *Rurik* under Kotzebue came a few years later, in 1816; and one of the most exciting visitations was that of the buccaneer Bouchard (or privateer, as some call him), with a motley crew, flying the revolutionary flag of Buenos Aires, at war with Spain. In 1818 he appeared, sacked Monterey, swooped down on several other coast settlements, then sailed away.

From their outposts in Alaska the Russians were edging southward, and in 1812 they established themselves in a stronghold at Fort Ross, holding it until 1841, when they withdrew.

More and more American trading-ships were seen in these waters, as they plied northward for furs, and soon they were conducting a brisk trade for the hides and tallow offered by the Spanish Californians. When Mexico established itself as an independent republic, the Californias—Upper and Lower—adhered to the new régime by 1822, though the padres, most of whom were native Spaniards, liked

not the move. Secularization of the missions, a ruthless Mexican policy begun in the early '30s, meant ruin to church control, so that the missions were rapidly waning as the *rancheros* gained in prosperity.

At the beginning of Mexican independence from Spain, the California missions were thriving, the colonists increasing, the herds multiplying on the widespread ranges. An opulent land this California was becoming, and calculating Yankee traders who looked in liked the prospects. As we have seen, hides and tallow attracted the "Boston men" at first, and one may read of that traffic in Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*; but there were far loftier attractions, for shrewd Yankees settled in the land, who espoused daughters of the dons, and grew wonderfully in affluence.

Within the quarter-century which followed proclamation of the republic, California became more and more restless. Monterey and Los Angeles were alternately named capital by contending factions during the turbulent times while Mexico held sway. Greater autonomy for California was demanded and conceded.

Americans were drifting into the new land not only by sea, but over the barrier mountains. In the early '20s, Jedediah Smith and a band of trappers in a series of expeditions made known the unexplored trans-Mississippi region, and opened an inland passage to Oregon and California. He was the first American to enter California by the overland route, crossing near Cajon Pass in 1826. Kit Carson followed the trail he blazed—as a trapper, and later as hunter and guide for Frémont. In 1839, John Augustus Sutter, a Swiss-American adventurer, established himself on his princely land-grant along the Sacramento River, and American settlers toiling overland resorted to his fort at New Helvetia—now within the fair city of Sacramento. Emigrant trains of covered wagons began coming in, the first being that led by Bidwell and Bartleson in 1842. One of those that followed, in the winter of 1846-47, was the Donner party which became snowbound in the Sierra, thirty-six of its members perishing.

At the head of an exploring expedition which reached California in 1845 rode a dashing commander, John Charles Frémont (then brevet captain), who had been commissioned by the Government to survey and report upon this region and its advantages for settlers.

He had been in California the year before, returning from Oregon to "the States." An ambitious leader, "The Pathfinder" exceeded his duties as an engineer and became involved in contests with the Mexican authorities, who had reason to suspect and resent his marchings and countermarchings. All over California, local historians point out Frémont camping-places, of which he had as many as Washington had headquarters in New Jersey.

There were then about 300 American inhabitants in California. The Texas epic had been enacted, inspiring Americans in the Nápa, Sonoma, and Sacramento valleys to emulation. The Yankees wished that this rich region might become annexed to the States, and they acted in that hope, which gave rise to the "California Independent" movement, with the Bear Flag hoisted over the plaza at Sonoma on June 14, 1846. But California was to have no Alamo and no Goliad. There developed desultory guerrilla conflict, but no great revolutionary war.

The Government of the United States—fearing possible encroachments by Britain or France—had anxiously viewed the turn of events in California. War had broken out with Mexico and the occupation of this maritime province was ordered. It was only a few days after the Bear Flag incident that the American flag was raised at Monterey by Commodore John Drake Sloat, July 7, 1846. In the war, it was manifest, California was one of the capital prizes. Frémont's "scientific" expedition, by remarkable coincidence, happened to be on the spot just as the outbreak of the conflict gave the United States a chance to gain California.

No resistance was offered to the raising of the American flag at Yerba Buena, Sonoma, New Helvetia, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, Los Angeles, and San Diego. But the conquest was not secure, for in September the pueblo of Los Angeles revolted, and the invaders under Lieutenant Gillespie retreated thence to San Pedro, on the coast, while the small American garrisons at Santa Barbara and San Diego withdrew. An attempt to retake Los Angeles was beaten back at the Dominguez Rancho. Meanwhile troops under General Stephen Kearny had marched from Santa Fé, and on December 6th met the Mexicans at San Pasqual, and the way was opened to San Diego. Commodore Robert Field Stockton, with the main American force,

brushed defenders aside at the San Gabriel River and entered Los Angeles, January 10th. Three days afterward the Mexican commander, Andres Pico, surrendered to Frémont at Cahuenga, and the conquest of California was complete. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, made February 2, 1848, the United States acquired California and New Mexico from the Republic of Mexico, paying \$15,000,000.

It was just before the great treaty was signed, in January, that James Marshall, a boss carpenter for Sutter, while constructing a mill race for a sawmill near Coloma on the South Fork of the American River, discovered mineral particles which proved to be gold. Before December, gold dust to the value of \$6,000,000 had been taken from the placers of California. Upon the news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, a messenger was dispatched by water and horseback to New Orleans, whence the news was telegraphed to Washington.

"Diggings" soon were being worked to north and south of the American River. Miners were active with "rocker" and pan upon the sand-bars of almost all the large streams flowing down westward from the Sierra, and mushroom camps sprang up overnight in gulch and on flat. The great supply depots for the mines were San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, and Stockton. Center of the "gold excitement" was San Francisco, which grew with astounding rapidity, even though its transient population was steadily leaving for the "diggings." Robert Louis Stevenson marveled, "This City of Gold to which adventurers congregated out of all the winds of heaven—I wonder what enchantment of the Arabian Nights can have equaled this evocation of a roaring city, in a few years of a man's life, from the marshes and the blowing sand."

Some of the fortune-seekers came by sea "around the Horn," others *via* the fever-ridden Isthmus of Panama. Swarms of those who adventured to California traveled the overland route, in covered wagons drawn by oxen, horses, or mules. These crossed the plains and the mountains in caravans or "trains," undergoing dire perils and hardships.

Soon it was apparent that the greatest need of California was stable civil government, and the first Constitutional Convention met



in Monterey, in 1849. Next year, California was admitted to the Union as a state, the thirty-first star in the constellation—on September 9th—now celebrated fittingly as Admission Day, a general holiday throughout California. The capital was shifted several times in the new state—San Jose, Sacramento, Vallejo, and Benicia enjoying briefly this distinction. Sacramento finally was fixed upon as the capital in 1854, and has remained the center of government ever since.

Chaotic conditions brought about extra-judicial methods to cope with them, the most important being the activities of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. Bandits, notably the dashing Joaquin Murieta, as ubiquitous as he was iniquitous, infested the hills, until at last put down by the iron hand.

In the Civil War, California was loyal to the Union, despite the presence of many Southern sympathisers, and no draft was ever put in effect, for the volunteer enlistments always far exceeded the state's quota for the Union army. California's golden treasure aided mightily in strengthening the resources of the Federal Government and in the winning of the war. The great silver-and-gold bonanza of the Comstock Lode in near-by Nevada was developed, beginning in 1859, and almost all of this new wealth gravitated to California, launching vast enterprises in industry and agriculture.

Exciting days of the Pony Express and the overland stage-coach lines, with perils from Indians and bandits, were followed by improvements in transportation, though stage-coach routes existed in the California mountains for half a century. After years of agitation, the first transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869, when with the driving of the golden spike the rails of the Central Pacific were joined with those of the Union Pacific at Promontory, Utah. Seven years later, Los Angeles and San Francisco were linked by a railroad.

The State Constitution of 1879 was adopted amid intense political conflict and economic turmoil. California still has it, in modified form—one of the longest and most cumbersome constitutions chargeable to democracy. Political scandals and "flare-ups," labor troubles, real-estate booms and collapses, came, but all the while California was advancing in real wealth. The agitation against the Chinese

immigrants, which was headed by Denis Kearney with the cry "the Chinese must go," led to their exclusion by federal laws; and in later years a similar agitation against the incursion of Japanese and other Oriental laborers stirred up international complications, quiescent, but not yet settled. Californians are determined to keep theirs "a white man's country."

The Spanish-American War of 1898 had far-reaching results for California: Dewey's victory on that momentous May Day in Manila Bay turned the eyes of the nation across the Pacific. From San Francisco Bay sped the newly-launched battleship *Oregon* on an exciting race around the Horn to aid the fleet in the Caribbean—and among others, Theodore Roosevelt deplored the drag of time, and doubtless made up his decisive mind right then about the urgency for an inter-oceanic canal.

With the turn of the century, in rural California the large single-crop ranches were becoming unprofitable, and gradually small farms with diversified crops became the order of the new day. The great grain-growing era of which Frank Norris wrote in epic manner in *The Octopus* was brought to a close by this intensive development, which included the planting of widespread orange groves in the Southland. Gigantic irrigation and reclamation projects, of which the largest rescued the Imperial Valley from the desert, advanced the transition.

San Francisco expanded as a world port and manufacturing center, its progress stayed but not stopped by the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, one of the worst disasters in history. The courage and enterprise of the city were attested by a great international exposition in 1915, commemorating the opening of the Panama Canal. But the preëminence which the city by the Golden Gate had held since 1849 was challenged by Los Angeles, which displayed magnificent growth, virtually all of it during the present century. The development of the fabulously rich petroleum-fields and the creation of the motion-picture industry, centered here, enabled the city of the south to advance with giant strides. Manufactures increased, a splendid port was created for overseas and intercoastal trade, transcontinental railroads and highways were perfected. People poured in by the hundreds of thousands, especially from the

Middle West, and by 1920 Los Angeles had passed San Francisco in population, taking the leadership in many things, though San Francisco has so far held its position as the financial center of the Pacific Coast. Both cities have shown wonderful progress, the metropolitan areas of Los Angeles and San Francisco each counting more than two million inhabitants, so that already they rank among the earth's great population-centers. There has been a friendly rivalry, and each has been an inspiration to the other.

The first World War, in which California took a patriotic part, brought new opportunities as well as new responsibilities. Industrial and commercial expansion continued apace. At the census of 1930, California showed by far the fastest growth of any state—65 per cent increase in ten years—with a total of 5,677,251 inhabitants.

By 1940, California had 6,907,387 people.

In World War II, after the attack on Pearl Harbor, California became the scene of mighty military and naval preparations, and from here were launched many of the operations which led to ultimate victory in the war in the Pacific and brought treacherous Japan to its knees. Shipbuilding and the construction of airplanes on a vast scale led in the remarkable industrial development of California, which still continues, though the wartime trends have been modified. The Central Valley project is to advance agriculture also.

In 1946, the population of California was estimated at 9,000,000. The Golden State holds a prominent place in national and world affairs, and appears destined for even greater things.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who declared: "The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America; the Atlantic era has reached the height of its development; the Pacific era, destined to be the greatest, is just at the dawn." In this Pacific era, California is to assume a brilliant place, for it may be that a new civilization is in the making here on the shores of the greatest of oceans.

## CHAPTER III

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### *California Literaria*

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WITH a variety of themes California has inspired a host of gifted writers, visitant and native-born; and scarcely a locality within its borders but is enriched with memories from the tales which they have recounted in poetry and prose.

Mining-camps of the days of gold, with their red-shirted prospectors, their gamblers and motley mobs of camp-followers, yielded resplendent ore to Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and the many—shall we say the minors?—who worked the same vein. Courtly years of Hispanic sway, when California was inhabited by pious padres, gay caballeros, and black-eyed señoritas (other types, at least, form only a blurred background in romances of latter-day writers) have an insistent appeal. The early agricultural era of vast grain-farms, about which Frank Norris wrote in heroic style; the teeming waterfront of San Francisco, portal to the Orient and the South Seas; the mountains and forests and deserts, which have served as settings of innumerable “Westerns”—all have bulked large in fiction.

The underworld of the old Barbary Coast and mysterious Chinatown “before the Fire” figure in many a lurid tale of San Francisco. Latterly, the intrigues of the motion-picture lots of Hollywood have vied in magazine fiction with “ranch romances.”

What ever-memorable scenes are these which have been set forth in California stories! The trial of Tennessee and the pleading of his

partner; the big frog-jumping contest in Calaveras; the falling of the drop of blood from the loft abovehead onto the hand of Sheriff Jack Rance—tense moment!—discovering the hiding-place of the lover of the Girl of the Golden West; that epic plowing in *The Octopus*; the good Padre Salvierderra pushing his way through the lush man-high mustard of Ramona's sunny homeland—such vivid pictures by the masters are not likely to lose their colors with the years. Immortal, they belong to the romantic heritage of the West.

Supreme classics of California pioneer life are the tales which flowed from the pen of Francis Bret Harte. He went to California as a youth in 1854. From San Francisco he went up to Sonora; he taught school, then turned his hand to mining; but as he found little "color" he began to stick type on rural newspapers. He himself set up in metal his earliest literary efforts. After a sojourn among the redwoods around Humboldt Bay, he became a compositor on the *Golden Era* in San Francisco, began magazine-writing, edited the *Overland Monthly* wherein his finest work appeared. For six years he was secretary of the mint at San Francisco, which served as a substantial background to his writing.

Just as Poe was the father of the mystery story, Harte was the father of the "Western"—his first offering, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. Then followed *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *An Idyll of Red Gulch*, and countless others, till his lode was wellnigh worked out. Read those first stories, re-read them (an unerring test of permanent worth, for their interest fails not nor flags with repetition), and then you will have insight into the manners and mannerisms of those early dwellers in the lower Sierras—yes, and into their hearts, stirred with primal impulses and passions.

Detractors of Bret Harte are rife who would deny the greatness so inalienably his. Theatrical he has been called, melodramatic; a sentimentalist, thinly romantic. Most of this carping, how pathetic to record, came first from thin-skinned and thick-witted Californians of his own day, who had not the grace to see the essential verity of his portraits of the folk of Calaveras and Tuolumne: they shrank from having readers in the East and in Europe, where his tales vaulted to instant popularity, gain the impression that *all* Californians were rough-speaking, rough-mannered people. Therefore they

sneered or snorted; speeded Bret Harte on his way, when he left in 1871, never to return. Bret abroad lost somewhat the raciness and smack of the soil—he needed California as desperately as California needed him.

An often-made charge is that he dealt only with vulgar types—that same indictment brought against his literary kin, Dickens and Kipling. Bret Harte “loved the lowly, laughed at pride,” as Joaquin Miller exulted, and the tug at the heart-strings was the more potent therefor. Pathos, humor, keen character-drawing—all are his at his best. He ushered in a new type of fiction, and indited three of the greatest masterpieces in the golden book of the short story. What name more distinguished can be set above his in the roll call of California writers?

Contemporary with Bret Harte in San Francisco was Mark Twain—Samuel Langhorne Clemens—four years the elder of the famous two. Mark had wandered down from Nevada, where he also had been compositor and reporter, on a lively sheet of the Comstock mining-camps; and in the city of the Argonauts his talents found wider scope. For a few months, when “hiding-out” in the mountains after an affray, he dwelt on the Mother Lode, and dabbled in pocket-mining. Of his Western experiences you may read in *Roughing It*, his second book (his reputation had been established by *Immocents Abroad* in 1869). A couple of years before that Mark had written *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras*, which captured the popular fancy, just as did Bret Harte’s *Plain Language from Truthful James*, with its quaint philosophizing on the Heathen Chinees.

Mark Twain became the most successful man-of-letters in his generation, and it was the Pacific West in those formative years of his youth which gave him his point of view—the basis of the triumph of “the Lincoln of our literature.”

The roistering pioneers of California were celebrated thus by men of supreme talent. It remained for a woman—Helen Hunt Jackson—to bring back vivid pictures of the Arcadian age. *Ramona*, a story of the pastoral era and of the wrongs suffered by the mission Indians in the after-years, was published in 1884, and it has held an enduring place as an idyll of California. A tale pathetic as “Evangeline,” it has endowed with romance a score of places in southern

California, and every year a Ramona pageant is presented near Hemet, not far from Riverside. "Ramona's Marriage-Place" at San Diego, old Camulos Rancho and Guajome Rancho, the village of Temecula—all claim the distinction of having part in the inspiration of the story.

Helen Hunt Jackson was author of charming California travel sketches, besides other works; but her deepest interest was in the aboriginal people who had been despoiled (she cited many of the counts in the telling indictment, *A Century of Dishonor*) and from her deathbed in San Francisco in 1885 she wrote in pathetic petition to the President for "the righting of the wrongs of the Indian race."

The days of the dons were expansive, carefree times, as all are aware who have reveled in Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*—so much of a crowned classic that it is one of the uniformed half-hundred in Dr. Eliot's "Five-Foot Shelf of Books." Dana, a weak-eyed young Harvard man sparing his sight, shipped as a seaman on a hide-drogher to California, and memorable for their freshness are his descriptions of the life at the missions, on the ranchos, and roundabout seaport settlements such as San Pedro, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. A familiar coast line is this to the visitor who has been there before in fancy with the Yankee lad in his hide ship.

In *The Splendid Idle Forties*, Gertrude Atherton has brought back vividly a decade of romance. Some of the novels of this prolific writer carry one into the glittering social whirl of early San Francisco, which she knew so well; and she has to her credit an informal but informative history of California.

The later era of agricultural development, when the wheat-ranches were as large as counties and the embattled grangers struggled with the railroad, forms the background for the great novel by Frank Norris, *The Octopus*, a story based on the Mussel Slough episode in the San Joaquin Valley. Of his projected trilogy of wheat, "an idea as big as all outdoors" in his view, Frank Norris wrote but two novels, *The Octopus* and *The Pit*; this young man of tremendous promise died before rounding out his master-work. No writer has left a more faithful picture of life in old San Francisco than has Norris in *McTeague*, pronounced by Galsworthy one of the su-

preme naturalistic novels. The rough-and-tumble life on the city waterfront and the adventure that lay beyond the heads enliven *Moran of the Lady Letty*, but the book reads less like most of his than like Jack London's stirring tales—*The Sea-Wolf*, for one.

Sea and tropic isles and Alaskan snows most appealed to London, but in many of his yarns you gain glimpses of his native California. The background for his writings was picked up in an adventurous, tumultuous life of forty years. One in whom the red blood surged strong, he served before the mast as a lad, rushed to the Klondike with the first stampede of 1897, vagabonded around the world (sleeping sometimes in jail), and followed the wars as a strong-arm correspondent, running to snug harbor at last in a cove of the hills near Glen Ellen, his ranch home above the "Valley of the Moon."

Throughout Europe, especially in Russia and France, this meteoric personage won ardent following, and his books are read there avidly today no less than in America. Into literature he brought a new vigorous note: especially did he reveal virile character in fierce combat with adverse environment and with the elements.

Romanticism rather than realism pervaded the prose of another who, though he spent only a comparatively brief time there, is looked on almost as one of California's own. Robert Louis Stevenson came in 1879, dwelt in San Francisco and Monterey, and wrote winsomely of both. In California he married, and he spent his honeymoon at an abandoned mine on the slopes of Mount St. Helena. *The Silverado Squatters* records his life there, and in *The Wrecker* he tells of the smugglers and plungers of early San Francisco. It was from the waterfront that the treasure-seeking schooner *Norah Creina* set forth for the South Seas.

In like manner, in 1888, Stevenson put out from this port in the *Casco* for the isles beneath the Southern Cross. Part of his inspiration for the cruise came from Charles Warren Stoddard, lovable Californian writer who wandered south of the Line in the van of that horde of writer-folk who since have lolled on coral strands in the shade of the towering palms, fanned by sea breezes. Stoddard, gently gifted author not now so widely read as he should be, enshrined his impressions in *South Sea Idyls*. Another book of sketches,



*In the Footprints of the Padres*, is mainly a record of romantic episodes in San Francisco and elsewhere in old California.

Frederick O'Brien, whose *White Shadows in the South Seas* was a best-seller, was a latter-day California writer who maintained the cult of Polynesia. Writer of best-sellers in England—widely read in America, too—is Horace Annesley Vachell, many of whose novels have a Californian setting, as well they might, for he dwelt for eighteen years near San Luis Obispo as a *ranchero*.

A star which now is in the ascendant above the dead-level horizon is the repute of Ambrose Bierce. The "mighty censor of the press" was the lion of San Francisco for a quarter-century, rending lambkins of literature, his keen wit and satire enjoying free play in the journals of the city. A host of his essays and shorter pieces pertain to California, but most of his short stories have another background—often that of the Civil War, in which he saw action. Some of his soldier stories and his tales of the supernatural rank with the best; and in essay-writing, too, he was brilliant as an epigrammatist. But he had a biting pen—dipped in acid, charged his enemies, who were legion, and who branded him "Bitter Bierce."

What a refreshing transition to turn to another titan of the time, John Muir, whose nature-writings carried on the tradition of Thoreau. "John o' the Mountains," loving the Sierra Nevada, was endowed with power to pass on this intense love to others. Let every prospective visitor to the Big Tree groves, the Yosemite, and the higher granite fastnesses read first deeply into the writings of John Muir, and he is likely to enter inspired into that exalted mountain-land which walls California from the desert.

But that desert was the inspiration of Mary Austin, as in *The Land of Little Rain*. Moreover, she wrote fascinatingly, in an ever-elevated tone, of all of California. Of gifted writers on the desert, one calls to mind John Van Dyke, Charles Lummis, George Wharton James, Charles Francis Saunders, and J. Smeaton Chase, besides fictioneers such as Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright.

Stewart Edward White, author of "red-blooded" yarns and woodsy sketches, is another California mountain-man who casts the true spell of the Sierras over his readers. Many look upon Clarence

King's *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* as the supreme classic among works on the high country.

"The Poet of the Sierras" was Joaquin Miller, who spent his wild youth in the mining-camps and on the ranges of Oregon and California. In 1870 he wandered to England, there published his first book of verses, *Songs of the Sierras*, and forthwith was hailed (as was Walt Whitman, with whom he was compared) as expressive of native American genius. Upon his return to California he dwelt for years on "The Hights" above Oakland, turning out poems in execrable hand-of-write with goose-quill pen. Much, alas! was mediocre, but some of his verse has swing which is superb—exulting in the mightiness of the mountains and the wastelands. "Give me room!" he cried, with his Kit Carson, "room to turn 'round in, to breathe and be free. . . ." A stalwart, picturesque figure, with wide hat and miner's boots, with flowing beard and locks—a story-book Westerner in the flesh—Joaquin added color to the literary California of his long day.

To many Joaquin is known solely by his "Columbus," with its steadfast insistent refrain, "Sail on, Sail on," just as Edwin Markham is known to the majority only by "The Man with the Hoe." This poem of protest, a work of exalted genius, was inspired by a famous painting by Millet and was written in Oakland, where the bard lived for many years, though his boyhood was spent in the vales of Solano, a few miles north of San Francisco Bay. A poet of lofty talents, Markham has added luster to the name of California.

The lamented George Sterling, whose Bohemian career came to a tragic close, was a singer more passionate. "A Wine of Wizardry" is his best-known poem, but his entire output of verse is of a high order of merit. His literary course was run in San Francisco. More elemental, more "powerful," are the lines of Robinson Jeffers, who dwells in his stone castle on a surf-beaten headland just south of Carmel. His "Roan Stallion" has been characterized as "a sensational blend of beauty and violence," in the tradition of Walt Whitman. Of an elder age were Edward Rowland Sill and Ina Coolbrith—"sweet singers," not realists in the sense of writing unpleasantries. The poems of Bret Harte, while scarcely matching his best prose, are exceptional for their music and fancy.

Far more weighty are the works of Henry George, "the prophet of San Francisco," whose political economy embodied in *Progress and Poverty* has won worldwide attention, more than 2,000,000 copies of that book having been printed. At first a sailor and later type-setter, he became here an editor, and after writing his early books went to New York, where he won a prominent place in public life. At his best, Henry George was the commander of a magnificent style.

Josiah Royce, philosopher, was one who brought his native state solid repute; and his history of California gives an authentic picture of the early American period. Hubert Howe Bancroft, too, was a painstaking historian of note, with a host of followers. In the present generation, Herbert Bolton is the foremost historian of California and the Southwest. Harold Lamb, a Californian, has recounted history of far lands and alien conquerors in fascinating style which has won wide recognition.

Contemporary authors by the scores dwell in California; others, native sons and daughters, have gone to New York or abroad, but still keep in touch with their homeland. Even to name the best-known would call for a list as long as the Hundred Rolls.

Among the writerfolk now dwelling some of the time in California may be named Donald Culross Peattie, John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Frank J. Taylor, Joseph Henry Jackson, George Stewart, Eugene O'Neill, Don Blanding, Max Miller, Idwal Jones, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Peter B. Kyne, James Hopper, Kathleen Norris, Hazel Havermale Bruce, Homer Croy, Upton Sinclair (author of *The Jungle*), Robin Lampson, Marshall Maslin, George D. Lyman, Rupert Hughes, and a multitude of others, great and near-great. George Creel lives in San Francisco; Martin Flavin at Carmel Highlands; Samuel Blythe has a place among the Monterey pines.

Zane Grey, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Harry Leon Wilson, Miriam Michelson, Charles Norris, Jackson Gregory, Rex Beach—these were among the writers who lived in California.

A lively journalism has flourished from 1846, when in Monterey the versatile Walter Colton printed his little newspaper on a press brought round the Horn, with a Spanish font of type, so that

he had to use two "v's" (vv), lacking any "w." Of present-day publicists, none has so influenced American journalism as William Hearst, resident at San Simeon.

Among those writers who went from California out into the great world (or who scribbled here for a time before they departed hence) may be mentioned the Irwin brothers, Will and Wallace; Gelett Burgess (who wrote some sparkingly good stuff on San Francisco of yesteryear), Richard Walton Tully, Robert Hobart Davis, Sinclair Lewis (the initiator of American self-criticism was a pink-haired reporter on a San Francisco newspaper), Lloyd Osbourne, Leonard Bacon. The Benet brothers spent their early youth in California; Robert Frost, poet of New England, was born in San Francisco. Sidney Howard, eminent dramatist, divided his time between his native state and New York. Frederick Schiller Faust (Max Brand) was our most prolific writer.

With such an array of talent, imported and exported, what wonder that California themes and scenes bulk large in current literature!

The fame of this golden strand has been rendered greater by a host of visitors who have written, not seldom in rapturous style, about people and places in California. Richard Henry Dana and Robert Louis Stevenson, wanderers already mentioned, wrote copiously about their visits. From the days when Chamisso, the Franco-German writer and scientist (creator of Peter Schlemihl, the man who sold his shadow), explored the coast with the *Rurik* expedition in 1816, down to the present time, journeymen writers have found here a wealth of inspiration.

The young Kipling wrote exuberantly of San Francisco, which he visited in 1888, on his way from India to England—"From Sea to Sea." Algernon Charles Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, Sir Edwin Arnold, James Anthony Froude—to name a few—all made visitations. "Charmed," they chorused, on and off the lecture-platform.

William James lived for a space in California; and the Polish novelist, Henrik Sienkiewicz, may have thought of *Quo Vadis* while rusticating in Santiago Canyon, in the south. Leon Trotsky was a starveling journalist on the radical press in San Francisco. Winston Churchill wrote *The Inside of the Cup* at Santa Barbara, and Booth Tarkington indited *The Gentleman from Indiana* at Carmel. Bayard

Taylor, foremost of the journalists who ventured here in the gold days, discoursed pleasantly upon his El Dorado tour in prose and verse; and Lieutenant George Derby (John Phoenix), pioneer humorist, added to the gaiety of at least part of a nation with *Phoenixiana*. Keyserling, traveling philosopher who visited more recently, has written reflectively upon Yosemite and the Big Trees, and in more informal strain about the contrast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Carmel-by-the-Sea is most noted of the retreats of the *literati* and other workers in the arts. La Jolla, Laguna Beach, Los Gatos, Palo Alto, Berkeley and Sausalito, too, shelter their coteries. Hollywood is drawing writers, especially dramatists, from New York. In San Francisco, the artist colonies seek the heights of Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill, as of yore; and the Bohemian Club, which so interested Kipling, still remains the rallying-point of artistic endeavor in the West.

Something of "the Greek spirit," it has been said, inspires such as dwell beneath these clarid blue skies; and certainly the artistic urge in California has embraced painters, sculptors, participants in the dramatic arts. William Keith, who loved oaks like a druid and painted them in somnolent California landscapes; Charles Rollo Peters, bewitched by the moonlight on mission ruins; Albert Bierstadt, who came hither to catch the moods of Yosemite; Julian Rix, Thad Welch, Jules Tavernier—these were among the early-day painters. A host of artists of attainment—such as Francis McComas, Arthur Hill Gilbert, Paul Dougherty, William Watts, James Swinerton, William Ritschel, Maynard Dixon—now are painting in California. As for the sculptors, such Californian names as Jo Mora, Arthur Putnam, Haig Patigian, Robert Aitken, and Douglas Tilden are chiseled on the tablet of fame.

Even in the '50s, California was regaled with Shakespeare and grand opera. Edwin Booth dwelt in a little house out by Mission Dolores, in an early San Francisco directory setting himself down as "comedian and ranchero"; and he journeyed among the mining-towns in a "wagon show," beating his own drum like Canio in "Pagliacci"! Lawrence Barrett and Edmund Keen wandered here in those rude days, and John McCullough long was actor-manager

in San Francisco. The colorful feminine contingent included Adah Menken, who came in 1863, to play "Mazeppa," and Lola Montez, notorious Countess Landsfeldt (both women of erratic genius), besides little Lotta Crabtree, who amassed a fabulous fortune on the stage.

Helena Modjeska made her American début at San Francisco in 1877, having come to California with the Polish colony to which Sienkiewicz belonged. David Warfield, Mary Anderson, Blanche Bates, Nance O'Neill have been among California's contributions to the stage; David Belasco, master of showmanship, was a San Francisco lad. And the names of the favorite actors, actresses, directors, and producers in "the celluloid drama" emanating from Hollywood are better known today than those that have gone before.

Hollywood is Olympus for some; other visitors wend their way to more quiet countrysides—to the Mother Lode, with its memories of Bret Harte and Mark Twain; to the Stevenson country above Calistoga; to the sun-drenched land of *Ramona*. California, expansive and many-sided, satisfies all comers among the pilgrims who journey hither to pay devotion to literary shrines.

## CHAPTER IV

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### *San Diego—and the Southwest Corner*

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SAN DIEGO, "where California began," is its southernmost big city, less than a score of miles from the border of Old Mexico. Built about a great park fronting a splendid landlocked harbor, and sheltered by a range of mountains at its back, San Diego is thrice favored in situation. Few cities possess such a setting, and in its equable climate, too, it is fortunate. The fame of its cool summers and temperate winters brings throngs of visitors to San Diego, and the city is well prepared to receive and entertain its guests.

Climate, scenic beauty, historic background, aviation fields, the naval establishment—all make this an attractive place to visit.

A city of more than 350,000 inhabitants, San Diego is assured of commercial importance, for it is the nearest Pacific Coast city in the United States to the Panama Canal and is port of call for ships from every ocean. This harbor—often termed "Port of the Sun" by prideful publicists—extends southward almost sixteen miles, flanked on the seaward side by North Island, Coronado and the narrow Silver Strand, and on the east by the city and its mainland suburbs, rising in terraces from the water's edge. The harbor entrance, sometimes called the Silver Gate, is between lofty Point Loma and low-lying North Island.

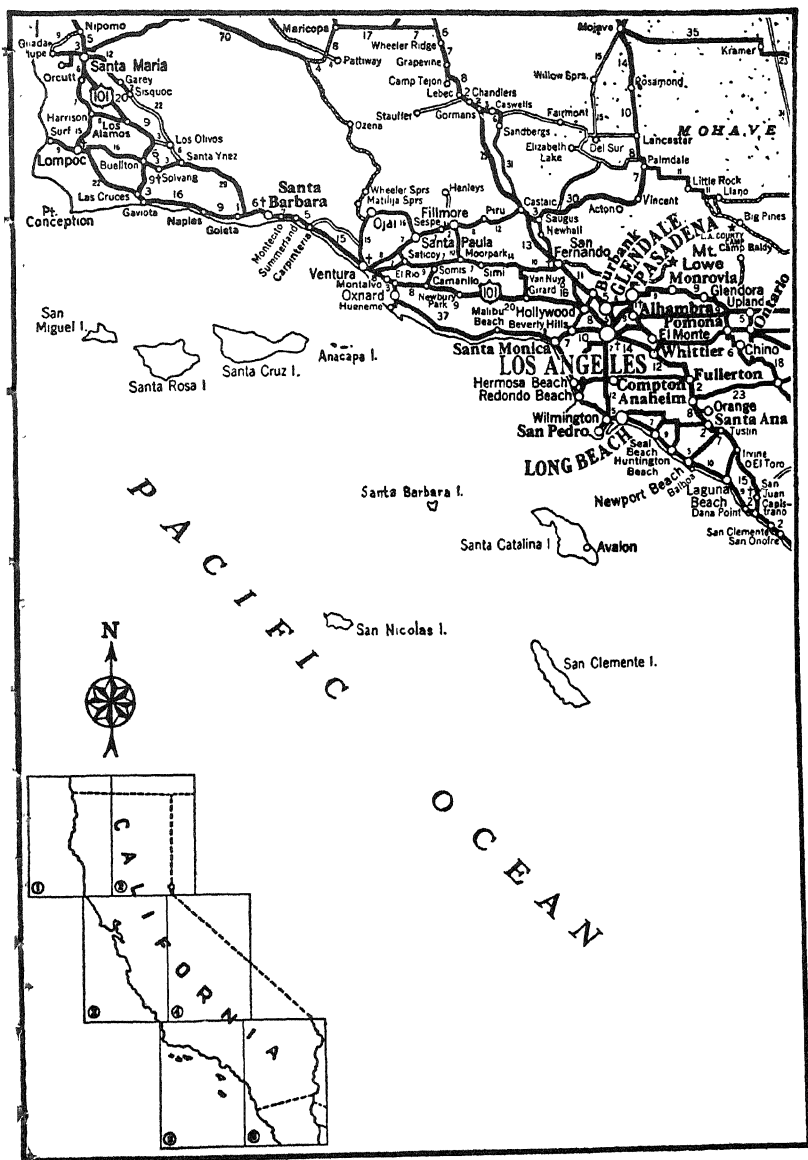
From the municipal pier on the west waterfront extends the city's Broadway, main business thoroughfare. Substantial and attractive is



MAP 6. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—East Part  
 Showing Main Travel Routes  
 (Arabic numerals indicate mileage)







MAP 5. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—*West Part*  
 Showing Main Travel Routes  
 (Arabic numerals indicate mileage)



San Diego's central district, and many of the outstanding buildings are of characteristic California Spanish architecture, in keeping with the traditions of the place.

Historically, San Diego goes far back, for the first discoveries and the earliest settlement on the Pacific Coast of the United States were made here. It is to be remembered that in 1542 the bay was discovered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who called it San Miguel, and that it was Sebastian Viscaino, sixty years later, who named it San Diego de Alcala—not after St. James the apostle, as so often surmised, but after St. Diego, a holy Franciscan of the fifteenth century who dwelt at Alcala de Henares, in New Castile. No settlement was made by the Spaniards until the arrival by sea of a division of the Portola expedition from Mexico, April 11, 1769. An encampment, as has been told, was laid out within a stockade on a hill in what is now called Old Town, and on July 16th Padre Serra founded a mission.

The little town remained little for more than a century. Four years after American occupation San Diego was incorporated as a city, but it was no great place.

In 1867 came hither a Connecticut Yankee named Alonzo Horton. A man of vision, he foresaw a fair city which should rise farther south, on the shores of the bay, and he induced the city trustees to offer for sale part of the pueblo lands, then a tangle of cactus and brush, inhabited only by lizards and jack rabbits. For about six cents an acre he acquired the lands upon which has grown the business section of San Diego, as well as the residence section for a number of blocks easterly and northerly.

Horton lived to see part of the realization of his dream. Gradually the new "addition" drew upon the earlier settlement, and even the name of San Diego was bestowed upon it, while the first group of ancient adobes came to be known as Old Town. Now these and other sections are all combined in greater San Diego, a city with a destiny of good fortune.

Outstanding in its history was the Panama-California Exposition, held throughout 1915 and 1916, and even into the early months of 1917—a charming international exhibition with the Hispanic atmosphere dominant, as befitted the occasion celebrated, the opening of

the Panama Canal. The California Pacific International Exposition was held here in 1935-36, adding distinction to San Diego. The scene of the Expositions is Balboa Park, a tract more than two square miles in extent, commanding vistas of harbor, ocean, and distant mountain peaks. Bounded by the business section on the south and west, and in other directions by residential districts, Balboa Park slopes from broad sunlit mesas, trenched by deep canyons. The topography is varied, and much of the area is covered with the indigenous vegetation of southernmost California—native shrubs and wildflowers in profusion—as the general plan for the improvement of this vast park is along naturalistic lines, though several hundred acres are landscaped and plotted, as they were for the first Exposition.

The principal entrance is by way of Laurel Street, which leads to Cabrillo Bridge, its seven-arched span linking the permanent buildings with the western reaches of the park. More than a hundred feet below glistens Laguna de Cabrillo, where dense masses of lotus and pond lilies flourish. This enchanting entrance has been compared by travelers to the approach to Toledo over the River Tagus.

All this part of the park is adorned with trees and shrubs, interspersed with formal gardens of showy blossoms. The year-long procession of bloom is inspiring; stately yuccas of the desert thrust up from massed foliage of jungle origin. Hibiscus from the South Seas flames among roses and lilies, against a backwall of graceful palms.

Beyond a massive stone gateway at the end of the bridge, within groves of trees and set off by verdant lawns, are grouped imposing structures, many of them the legacy of the first Exposition, still intact, and maintained as centers of cultural activities. Of Spanish Renaissance architecture, with ornate portals and towers, courts and colonnades, they are ranged on either side of a broad shaded avenue, the Prado. Within, one may well wander for hours; and without, every side-path leads to some delightful spot—flower-scented patio or mirror pool, rose-garden or pansy-bed.

In Exposition-time, the Prado is called the Avenue of Palaces, and some of these *palacios*, of permanent character, deserve more than passing comment.

Near the east end of the Cabrillo Bridge rises the majestic Cali-

fornia tower, a landmark for many miles round about, and its lofty observatory galleries command widespread panoramas.

The Palace of Science and the Museum of Anthropology are in the shadow of the California tower. Faring farther along the Prado (the Avenue of Palaces), you come to a great quadrangle, an open space in the center of the group of buildings. Here stands an equestrian statue of *El Cid*, the valiant national hero of Spain. This striking bronze statue is the work of Anna Hyatt Huntington. To its north lies the Plaza de Panama, and to its south lies the Plaza de los Estados. Fronting the former is the Palace of Fine Arts, with paintings mostly by American artists of the Southwest, and by Mexican and Spanish artists. Outstanding among its possessions is "St. Francis of Assisi" by El Greco. Here, too, are landscapes by Corot, Courbet, and other French artists, besides precious tapestries, including a Gobelin.

At the southern end of the Plaza de los Estados the great Spreckels organ is sheltered within a pavilion, flanked by graceful curving peristyles. This outdoor pipe-organ is heard in concerts daily throughout the year—a source of delight to San Diegans and visitors. Orchestral, choral, and oratorio concerts, pageants, public meetings are held here—it is a real community center. A season of symphony orchestra programs is usually a feature of the musical year. The main industrial and commercial exhibit palaces of the 1936 Exposition were mostly to the south of the Plaza de los Estados, beyond the Spreckels organ. In this "Palisades Area," several of the structures remain, used by public and semi-public organizations of a cultural or educational character.

North of the Prado, Laguna de las Flores, with its thousands of pond lilies and lotus blossoms, mirrors the lath dome of the Botanical Palace, through which giant bamboos reach fronded heads. Here and in the near-by conservatory luxuriate tropical plants and other delicate exotics which might not thrive outside, even in the mild climate of San Diego.

Among the buildings beyond the Plaza de Panama, the Natural History Museum fills a vast structure on the northeast corner of the Prado. In its great halls are displayed admirably mounted specimens, with emphasis placed appropriately upon the flora and fauna of the San Diego region, especially attractive habitat groups of native

birds and animals presenting them as in their natural surroundings. Prehistoric creatures are reconstructed for modern man to marvel at, notably a forty-foot duck-billed dinosaur which roamed this very country in remote ages. "Identification groups" are here, too—displays of mammals and reptiles, birds and butterflies and shells, far excelling any color-plates that ever invited you to buy an encyclopedia. It all makes you long to join one of the "nature walks" on Saturday mornings, under expert guidance through the park and surrounding territory—attractive features of the museum's educational program.

North of the buildings lining the Prado, in a vast enclosed area of canyon and hillside are the Zoological Gardens, notable among America's natural history collections. Paths wind in and out to bear dens and caverns where lions lurk as in their native haunts; to elk, bison, and deer parks; to lakelets where seal, beaver, and aquatic birds disport.

The Zocalo, the extensive amusement zone of the 1935-36 Exposition, lay to the east of the Zoological Gardens.

To the southeast, on Golden Hill, spreads a municipal golf-course, and throughout the recreational area facilities abound for engaging in outdoor sports, from horseshoe-pitching and archery to football and track athletics in a giant stadium. What a fortunate people to romp in such a playfield!

About three miles northwest of the center of the city of San Diego and within the corporate limits is Old Town, truly the oldest thing in the way of towns California has to show—it was the earliest permanent settlement of Europeans on our Pacific Coast. The place still retains a touch of its Old World atmosphere, for some of the adobe houses remain, each with its heritage of romantic legendry. The Machado, Bandini, Estudillo, Carrillo, Pedrorena, Stewart, and Cota houses all have just claim to antiquity. Most renowned of the adobes is the Estudillo house, popularly known as "Ramona's Marriage-Place," facing the little Plaza on the south. Built about 1825 and restored to its original aspect, it is a large establishment—with twelve rooms and a family chapel—all opening upon a flower-graced patio, with a sparkling fountain. Now the house is crowded with

relics of the mission days—old furniture and ornaments, paintings and engravings, costumes, and much else quaint and curious. Thick adobe walls, massy beams bound together with rawhide thongs, heavy red tiles, all characterize this delightful *casa*, about which cling fragrant memories of the past. For more than half a century the distinguished Estudillo family dwelt here. After 1887 the old home fell into disrepair, but two decades later it was rescued from ruin and now is saved as an historic shrine.

Among the heirlooms shown visitors is the chair in which Helen Hunt Jackson sat ('tis said) as she wrote *Ramona*, at Guajome Rancho. One legend has it that the couple who probably served as prototypes of Ramona and Alessandro were married in this house, but Padre Antonio Ubach, who performed the ceremony, asserted that it was in a little parish church near by, which had been originally the house of Don José Antonio Aguirre, and which in turn has been succeeded by a more modern church, just south of the Estudillo house.

Strolling to the end of an arbor on the northern side of the patio of the Estudillo house you come upon "Ramona's Well," magical in its qualities as a wishing-well, so the story goes, and into it you will cast a coin to get your dearest wish—coppers apparently are most propitious, judging from their preponderance, or else you have been preceded by a host of cautious wishers. An old bake-oven of rough construction stands in the garden, and you will pause, too, before an overland stage-coach and an old Spanish *carreta*, a cart of crude make.

The Casa de Bandini, across the street from the Estudillo mansion, was built about 1826. Its furnishings include many interesting antiques. Long these old *casas* were centers of gracious hospitality. In this vicinity, Mexican wares are offered for sale by picturesque vendors.

Above the Plaza, center of Old Town, an American ensign was raised by Frémont on July 29, 1846—for the first time officially in southern California. A force of Mexicans reoccupied the place in October of that year, but soon they were expelled and, emulating Jack Van Arsdale, who ran up our flag above the Battery when the British evacuated New York, an adventurous American



(name of Smith) scaled the flagpole under fire and replaced our banner. A boulder monument in the Plaza bears an inscription commemorating the flag-raising by Frémont, and another marks the end of the Kearny Trail—for here, on December 12, 1846, arrived the force led by General Stephen Kearny, which had marched all the way from Santa Fé and had battled Pico's lancers at San Pasqual.

Near the foot of Presidio Hill towers a tall date palm, thought to have been planted by Padre Serra in 1769, and still green and prospering. Popular belief has it that this noble palm bore no fruit until it had passed the century mark.

Beside a massive cross on the hill above stands the Padre Junipero Serra Museum, a beautiful white-towered structure of Spanish architecture, holding relics of the founder of the California missions, and of his time—notably handsome old Spanish furniture. With the historic ground surrounding, it was given to the public by George White Marston, philanthropist of San Diego.

This was the site of the ancient Indian village of Cosoy, and on this spot the first settlement of whites was made. It is the birth-place of the California missions. Virtually no remnant of the *presidio*, the military post, is to be seen; nor does a vestige remain of Fort Stockton, as the earthworks thrown up by the American forces in 1846 were called.

The great cross which rises on the slope of Presidio Hill honors Padre Junipero Serra who (as has been recounted) founded the first mission here in mid-July, 1769, and it was here in the following March, when the presidio was about to be abandoned (at least, so some say, though this intent is doubted by other historians), that the pious padre prayed for nine days for the arrival of the long-awaited supply-ship from Mexico—the ship coming in the nick of time, a miracle, just as the departure of the settlers was to commence. These dramatic episodes hold important place in the plot of the Mission Play of San Gabriel.

Here the first crude chapel was enclosed within the palisade, together with the presidio, but when in 1771 Padre Luis Jayme and Padre Francisco Dumetz arrived from Mexico and were placed in charge of the mission, they decided to remove the establishment

about six miles up San Diego River to a locality which the Indians called Nipaguay. The removal was made in August, 1774.

The route to the mission, today marked by the bell guide-posts of *El Camino Real*, leads up the narrow hill-walled valley.

In its early years the mission suffered from the attacks of hostile Indians, and in November, 1775, the chapel and other buildings were destroyed, and Padre Jayme and two artisans of the settlement were murdered. A cross marks the resting-place of Padre Jayme, who was tortured to death by the howling savages. When Padre Serra learned of this, he raised his hands and his eyes to heaven. "Now glory to God," he cried, fervently, "the soil is moistened with the blood of a martyr. The conversion of the heathen assuredly will follow."

Despite setbacks, the mission did prosper; by 1783 there were more than 700 neophytes under the care of the missionaries. A second church had been completed in 1780, but in 1803 it was wrecked by an earthquake. The third church on this site was begun in 1804 and dedicated on November 12, 1813. After secularization, the mission steadily declined and in 1846 it was sold by the Mexican authorities, but the United States Government declared the sale invalid and the property reverted to the church.

For years, little more than the façade and the base of the belfry remained, presenting a graceful outline against the sky. Behind the façade only two or three ruined walls still stood. In 1931 the mission was restored—rather, a new structure was created, on the site and along the lines of the old, though of course the façade and other remnants—including the baptistry arch and the buttress wings at the front—were incorporated in it. The most striking feature of the restoration is the cross-crowned *campanario* (bell-tower) next to the old façade, with five bell-arches, though only three bells are hung. An outside stairway now ascends to the choir-loft. A patio has been enclosed on the site of the *campo santo* (cemetery). Within the long and narrow church you may view several of the old statues and sacred paintings, though the interior is as bare and benchless as was that of the edifice which first stood here. Four sets of Padre Serra's vestments are in the museum room (the sacristy of the old church), together with a well-preserved monstrance, altar cloth,

and secular relics of old mission days, such as stirrups, hollow iron cannon-balls, stone mortars and pestles, and an olive-press used by the padres. Parts of the original beams of the church, brought by the Indians from the mountains forty miles away, are likewise here; and two old millstones rescued from the ruins are also to be seen at the mission.

Opposite the church lies a century-old olive-orchard, planted by the earliest missionaries, with some of the trees still bearing. In this orchard is an abandoned well which legend alleges had an underground passage connecting it with the mission, to be used by the padres if their establishment was attacked. Tall old date-palms tower near by, last of a grove once more extensive.

California's earliest engineering feat—its first irrigation project—comprised the dam and nine-mile flume or conduit of the Mission San Diego, and the course of this still can be traced, for even though covered with débris in some places, the flume of masonry is to be found beneath, and part of the granite-and-cement dam stands intact at the head of Mission Gorge.

At the northern end of San Diego Bay lie the United States Marine Post and the Naval Training Station, establishments which were greatly expanded in the war time. South of here, at the quarantine station on the inner side of Point Loma, is the site of old La Playa, where the hide trade was carried on a century ago, as recounted by Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast*. Later this was a whaling station and it still has a considerable fishing community. The modern suburb called La Playa is somewhat north of the historic settlement of this name.

Where the cliffs of Point Loma give way to the mainland lies one of San Diego's most select residential districts. Ocean Beach, a resort strand with the usual amusement concessions, faces the Pacific on the outer side of the promontory, with the cliffs rising above.

Point Loma, reached by launch from San Diego or by a scenic boulevard leading around the upper end of the bay, is a lofty peninsular ridge less than a mile in width, rising 400 feet above ocean and bay. High upon it, back of modern La Playa, within gardens and groves, is a famed colony of Theosophists. Under the guidance

of Madame Katharine Tingley—The Purple Mother—the Theosophical Brotherhood of America established its world capital here in 1897 and created shrines and other colorful edifices which the public is free to visit. The architecture of the main structures is after the styles of ancient India, Greece, and Egypt, and fittingly they rise from amid rare exotic plants and trees. Raja Yoga Academy and another temple-like edifice are topped with colored glass domes. In the outdoor Greek Theater (built in 1901, first of its kind in this country) many classic plays have been presented.

To the south, on the highest point of the ridge, in the Military Reservation, stands a Government telegraph station, and beyond this is the naval cemetery where sleep the victims of the *Bennington* disaster of 1905, and others who died in the service of their country. Farther down the eastern slope of the point is Fort Rosecrans, a small coast-artillery post founded in 1897, named after General William Rosecrans, memorable as the leader of the victorious Union forces at the battle of Stone River, in the Civil War, and who later for a time was in San Diego.

From the old lighthouse upon the crest of Point Loma, which blinked welcome to sailing-vessels after their long trip around the Horn, a panorama of grandeur is revealed. On one side the precipitous cliffs face the breakers of the Pacific, while on the other lie the placid waters of the bay, with the long expanse of the city beyond. This lighthouse is often called the Old Spanish Lighthouse, but that is a misnomer, as it was built after the American occupation in 1851, and the light was placed in 1855—it is said to have been then the highest lighthouse in the world. Later, when the new light-tower was built far below under the seaward cliff at the tip of the point, the old lighthouse was abandoned, and now, with several acres round about it, is within a reservation; and plans contemplate the erection here of a monument to Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, for this was doubtless the first land the discoverer sighted within our borders.

It is believed that his first landing-place was Ballast Point, the little tongue of land which juts out at the bay entrance, and here, too, now stands a lighthouse. The Spanish early established here a

*castillo* (fort), which on March 23, 1803, engaged in a lively bombardment of the American brig *Lelia Byrd*, attempting to carry on contraband trade with the inhabitants of California.

Across the harbor gate, at the tip of North Island, is Zuñiga<sup>1</sup> Point, with a military reservation, and a jetty reaching southward.

On the opposite side of the bay from central San Diego, whence it is accessible by ferry, is Coronado, with a long-established hotel which is a social center for the élite, and with a pleasant stretch of beach. The famous hostelry, set within an estate of rich beauty, is built around a garden of semi-tropic luxuriance, exhibiting such rarities as the Australian flame tree, red bougainvillea, and Mexican blue palms. Coronado boasts polo-grounds, golf-links, and other playfields where national and international championships have been decided.

Upon North Island—really a peninsula, reached by ferry and causeway, northwest of Coronado—is one of the foremost aviation fields in the world. Climatic conditions here are as nearly perfect as can be found on the continent for scientific navigation of the air. It was here that Glenn Curtiss perfected his famous hydroplane. Charles Lindbergh received early training at North Island, and from this place began his epochal flight to Paris, May 11, 1927. Here are extensive army and navy aviation bases, and both Rockwell Field (the army field) and the Naval Air Station are open to visitors. Lindbergh Field, municipal airport, is on the bay shore opposite. Airplanes by the score are to be seen soaring over San Diego, often in formation.

From Coronado along the ocean front, on that slender ribbon of land, the Silver Strand—a state park—one may speed on a road straight and smooth, beside a snow-white beach. In spring, for ten miles wildflower-beds are ablaze with bloom on both sides of the drive, which links Coronado with the mainland.

Distant but sixteen miles from San Diego by road or rail is Old Mexico, and every tourist makes a point of crossing the international boundary, if only with the innocent intent of sending post-cards with Mexican stamps affixed.

Upon the mainland side, on the trip thither, you pass through

<sup>1</sup> Usually, now, called Zuniga.

National City, a southern residential suburb of San Diego situated on the rolling hills of old Rancho Nacional, facing the bay; and Chula Vista, which so well justifies its name, signifying "pretty view." In the rich hinterlands lemons and other citrus fruits are produced in abundance, along with succulent celery.

Seven miles farther on, beyond San Ysidro, is Tijuana. Great iron gates across the road, surrounded by groups of uniformed officials, announce the fact that the border has been reached. The Mexican and the American customs-houses are adjacent, on the international boundary. A garrison citadel and gambling-halls are among the sights of Tijuana. Most of this little city lies in Mexico, with a clutter of curio stores where quaint Mexican mementoes—blankets, serapes, drawnwork, fragrant cigars, pottery, banded onyx, and such like—may be purchased. Tijuana was a focal point in at least one of the Mexican revolutions, and a battle was fought near here in 1912. The name of the town was formerly written Tia Juana, Spanish for "Aunt Jane." Here, however, Tia Juana is incorrect, the place-name being really a rendering of Tiwana, an Indian word meaning "by the sea."

Mexicans are anxious that Tijuana shall not be thought typical of their country. It is, in spots, a tough place; yet the town is modern, with paved streets and with police and fire departments. Visitors are treated with courtesy and find no difficulty in crossing the international boundary, passports not being needed by American citizens.

Two miles beyond, by paved highway, lies Agua Caliente, which has offered the games and pleasures of the Riviera resorts—a place at times frequented by Hollywood film-colony luminaries. Agua Caliente has a golf-course, and mineral-water baths in an open-air natatorium, polysyllabic Agua Caliente signifying nothing more than "hot water in Spanish. This mineral water, it is claimed, possesses medicinal qualities.

Overlooking the valley of the Tijuana River, this resort has been created, in which the architecture of Spain prevails, the white buildings standing in a setting of semi-tropic verdure. In a patio café you may dine to the soft strains of Spanish music. The great racecourse of Agua Caliente is acknowledged to be one of the finest, but the

call "They're off" rings out infrequently. In recent years, the racing has not been under favoring auspices, though it may be revived in full glory.

Southward from Agua Caliente, a road winds over hill and through valley, past yellow sand dunes and rocky headlands, and then around the point of a cliff to Ensenada, a little city situated on a beautiful crescent bay. You are in a foreign land, but you'll find accommodations good and refreshments ample. *Ensenada de Todos Santos* (to give it all its saintly name) is a popular objective of excursion steamers during summer, and many of the California yacht clubs make it the goal of pleasure cruises.

Offshore, and reached by excursion boats from San Diego, rise the Coronado Islands. First sighted by Cabrillo in 1542, sixty years later they were visited by Viscaino. Los Coronados were named in honor of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, renowned for his march into the heart of our continent in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola.

These islands, three in number, lie fourteen sea-miles south from San Diego in Mexican waters—about seven miles from the Silver Strand. Rising steeply from the aquamarine depths, Los Coronados are believed never to have supported a permanent population, because of their aridity. They are noted chiefly for the fishing in the waters surrounding and for the submarine gardens which are viewed from glass-bottom boats. Large herds of sea-lions disport on the reefs, some of them quite tame, and thousands of aquatic birds nest here, probably because of the absence of animals of prey. South Coronado is the largest of the three islands, rising above the waves 672 feet; the Middle Coronado is the smallest. North Coronado, a rough and barren pile of rock, is also known as Cortez and Corpus Christi. These islands present a remarkable aspect from the mainland shore, often seeming nearer and larger than they really are, due to the mirage effects of the sea.

Lying west of Los Coronados are two "banks," to which is given the romantic name of "The Lost Islands." Tanner Bank (named after Captain Tanner of our navy) is a veritable mountain of the sea, reaching up to eighty feet below the surface of the water, from a surrounding sea about two-thirds of a mile in depth. Cortez Bank,

or the Shoal of Cortez, farther south, is also a submerged mountain. Rising from water over half a mile deep, its highest point, Bishop Rock, comes to within fifteen feet of the surface of the sea! The clipper ship *Bishop* struck there in 1855.

Fascinating stories are told of a Pacific Atlantis which once rose here and which has sunk to oblivion. Mere fictions, these, but they lend romance. Fishermen's tales give details of walls and of ruined cities seen through the clear waters, and of weird hulks which float above them, while eerie bells ring on the air of stormy nights. Despite the specific nature of some of these reports, 'tis certain that the only building projects upon these banks have been citadels of kelp piled by the currents, and their only inhabitants the roving population of sea creatures.

A longer and drier trip than that to Tijuana or the Coronado Islands is the journey to the Imperial Valley, over to the east. This garden-spot which was once a desert is reached by highway, and also by railway, the line crossing and recrossing the international boundary. A scenic route is this, often taken by travelers entering or leaving California.

The first part of the rail journey is that just described, to Agua Caliente, the route continuing thence through Old Mexico to Tecate, entering the United States again near Campo and continuing to Jacumba. Due north from here the route extends for eleven miles through Carriso Gorge, a spectacular canyon, its granite walls rising in sheer ascent, remarkable for grandeur even in the Southwest. Across its sun-drenched precipices and crags are spread marvelous patterns of color. The depth of the canyon below the railroad is wellnigh a thousand feet. This gorge takes its name from a grass growing profusely in its lower reaches (*carisso* or *carriso*), used by Indians in basket-work. Geologists are interested in the fossils discovered at the mouth of Carriso Gorge, which include corals similar to those now in the Atlantic and not found among living Pacific fauna, indicating that in the past there has been water connection here between the Atlantic and Pacific. After the route swings to the east, leaving the gorge behind, it descends into the Imperial Valley.

East of San Diego lies a mountain region of unusual charm, accessible over the main highway route to Imperial Valley, the Old



Spanish Trail. The first considerable community reached is La Mesa, in a rich region devoted to intensive farming and floriculture, and orange groves and avocado estates lie round about.

Remarkable here is the variety of geological formation: on one summit may be an outcropping of gray granite, near by rise red buttes, tumbled about in confusion. This contrast is strikingly exemplified by Mount Helix and Grossmont, the higher peak being red and the lesser gray, with great round boulders piled up as by a giant builder. For a panorama of surpassing beauty, a point of vantage is the pinnacle of Mount Helix at sunrise or sunset; and at the spacious amphitheater near the summit are held impressive sunrise services every Easter morn. Grossmont, isolated peak rising several hundred feet above the plain between La Mesa and El Cajon, is scaled by a road of easy grade, and the view is a rich reward for the ascent.

El Cajon lies in the valley of that name, which signifies in Spanish "the chest." Citrus and deciduous fruits, olives, grapes, raisins, and grain—varied are the products of the countryside. The ascending main route continues east through Alpine, a retreat in the highlands, and Viejas Valley, thence climbing the Sweetwater grade and beyond skirting the village of Descanso, a prominent stage station of early days, a "place of rest," as its name betokens. Through green groves of live-oaks leads the way now, on into Pine Valley. From Laguna Junction a road diverges into the recreation area in the Laguna Mountains, delightfully wooded though overlooking the Colorado Desert.

Sweeping around southeast across a rough country, the main route comes to Jacumba, on the border, then goes up over the tortuous Mountain Springs grade and down again on the other side, and so to Coyote Well, another stage station of yesteryear, though only traces of it remain. Entering the Imperial Valley, the highway journey concludes with a straightaway to El Centro.

Besides this main highway, another road into the interior from San Diego leads to Encanto and Lemon Grove, just south of La Mesa, traversing the mountains southeastward through the historic Jamacha country and Jamul, a rancho often raided in old wild days by cattle-rustlers from Mexico. An alternative route

hither passes between the Otay reservoirs, to the north of lofty Otay Mountain. Barrett Lake and Morena Lake, large reservoirs in picturesque settings, lie farther east, and north of the route we are following. Beyond Jamul Ranch the road passes Dulzura, crosses Cottonwood Creek and the Potrero meadows, and so comes to Campo, looking lazily across the Mexican boundary, thence continuing on and joining the main highway into the Imperial Valley.

When the present century opened there were not fifty people in the valley, for this was an almost unknown region, called a "desert" and shunned as a savage waste, a forbidding Sahara. Foresighted men, perceiving the neglected possibilities of the soil and climate, began to colonize in 1901, irrigating land which proved of astounding richness. The fame of the valley spread abroad and settlers thronged to take up holdings which before had been considered worthless. In 1905 came the break in the Colorado River banks, when the great stream changed its course, pouring its flood into the Salton Sea and threatening the inundation of the Imperial Valley, but by titanic efforts the runaway river was bridled and brought back to the way it should go. Harold Bell Wright's novel, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, deals with this exciting era, though not with exactitude in adherence to historic facts.

The cultivated area was expanded year by year, until today the fertile green fields stretch away in every direction as far as eye can see. Flourishing cities and towns have sprung up in this valley well called Imperial, for it is an empire of prosperity shared by thousands of contented inhabitants.

Irrigation has done all this. Water is carried hither from the Colorado by great main canals which are engineering wonders. Distribution of the water by hundreds of subsidiary canals is not difficult, since the valley-floor is far below the river; in fact, most parts of Imperial Valley are beneath sea-level. For centuries the Colorado River deposited here its immense burden of silt, building up a flood plain of great depth and fertility. The river's water is distributed over 600,000 acres of the old delta land, and the total irrigated acreage will be more than 1,000,000 now with the completion of the great All-American Canal, diverting more water here from the Colorado River and bringing this immensely deep soil under cultiva-

tion. The All-American Canal, as its name implies, is entirely within our territory. Leaving the Colorado River at the new Imperial Dam, above Laguna, the route of the main canal makes its way to Pilot Knob, seven miles west of Yuma; thence along (but above) the international boundary, crossing the mesa-lands and the desert sand-hills; and thence for 22 miles across the irrigated lands to the West Side main canal. The canal-waters are carried across the New River, west of Calexico, by a concrete siphon.

The climate of the Imperial Valley, with its ardent sunshine, has proved a great asset to the agriculturist, though from May to September it is too warm for the comfort of the visitor. The "forcing climate" aids production of early crops, and Imperial Valley vegetables and small fruits are the first in the market. Especially in early cantaloupes and other melons, in lettuce, asparagus, and grapes, does the region excel. The diversity of the crops is no less remarkable than their abundant yield. Dates and other fruits, every sort of grain, alfalfa, vegetables, all are grown in profusion. Many fine dairy farms and extensive bee-pastures are here, and the export of beef cattle and other livestock is large. After 1909 the Imperial Valley became known for a time as California's "Dixie," producing a superior cotton, and some cotton is still grown.

The chief towns of the valley—Brawley, El Centro, Calexico, Calipatria, Westmoreland, Imperial, Heber, and Holtville—are energetic and progressive communities. Brawley is the biggest town, and El Centro, "the center," next largest settlement in the district, is county seat. A beautiful plaza, with rare date-palms and cactus varieties, is a feature of Brawley. In El Centro, sidewalks are covered with pillared arcades throughout the shopping district, and everywhere trees shade the streets. The city lies within the oldest agricultural settlement in Imperial, for hither water was first led through irrigation canals.

The part of the valley lying in Mexico is generally reached from Calexico, third in size among the communities. Mexicali, across the international boundary and across the street from Calexico, is the seat of government for the northern district of Baja California. From Calexico or Holtville you can motor eastward to Yuma, in Arizona, traversing the sand dunes of the Colorado Desert.

North of the main highway to Imperial Valley lies a mountain-land of appealing beauty. To reach it you may turn onto divergent roads from El Cajon or Descanso.

Lakeside, north of El Cajon, is an all-year resort noted for the loveliness of its surroundings; and continuing onward you come to the town of Foster, whence roads extend northeast through the hamlets of Ramona and Witch Creek, traversing green pastures and oak-groves, to Santa Ysabel, where the ruins of the old mission *asistencia* of that name are to be seen. Santa Ysabel was founded in 1821. Originally a church and several other structures were here, and until lately a crumbled wall of the adobe chapel remained standing. The Indians in past years were wont to build a rude bower of branches of trees and *tules* (rushes) upon the old site, this serving as a chapel for the devout; and at one time they came from thirty miles around to worship. Two old bells of the mission swung from a cross-beam between two upright posts near the ruins, and a rustic cross rises near by. The modern chapel, little and ugly, which replaced the old adobe, though on a different site, belongs to the school of packing-box architecture.

From Santa Ysabel you may continue northwest to Mesa Grande (grand plateau), with Lake Henshaw, an expansive reservoir on the upper San Luis Rey River, about four miles to the northeast. The rolling mesa land is dotted with live-oaks and pine groves; enviroining hills are mantled with forests and slashed with rugged canyons, rendered perennially delightful by air-cooling waterfalls and springs. Attractions of scenery and climate make Mesa Grande popular as a mountain resort.

Northeast, on Warner's Ranch, burst forth the hot springs known to the Spaniards as Agua Caliente—at an elevation of more than 3,000 feet. Warner's Ranch is storied ground. This was the refuge of the sick and wounded from all of the surrounding Indian tribes, and writings left by the padres record that the springs and their curative powers occupy prominent place in Indian folklore, running back many centuries before the missionaries set foot here. Warner's Ranch, a cattle-grazing tract of more than 40,000 acres, of which the resort is a part, was granted in 1840 to Jonathan Warner, who came to California with other trappers in 1831. Warner married a

local heiress; Jonathan became Juan, and he rose to eminence in southern California. An old adobe house built by this Don Juan is still standing a few miles from the resort. Warner's Ranch is historic also as having been on the Emigrant Trail, and later a station on the old Butterfield stage route. This, the longest stage line in the world, running from San Francisco to St. Louis, was established in 1858. The ruins of the stage station are to be seen about a mile east of the ranch-house. Over the near-by pass General Stephen Kearny and his soldiers climbed in 1846 on their march from Santa Fé to San Diego. At Warner's they halted for rest and food before marching on fifteen miles farther to engage in the sanguinary battle of San Pasqual, the fiercest fight on California soil in the war with Mexico.

Years later, in 1903, Warner's Ranch was the scene of a dramatic eviction of the Indians, which aroused much sympathy for those thus branded trespassers in the land of their fathers.

This mountain-land is great apple country, especially around the town of Julian, which since 1870 has been a center also of gold-mining activities. From mines and claims of this region, most of them now abandoned, several millions of dollars in gold ore have been taken out, besides silver, too, and from here likewise come sparkling semi-precious gems—beryl, tourmaline, jade, topaz, hyacinth, garnet, and kunzite. The latter is found only in this region and, in inferior quality, in Madagascar.

From Julian you may make your way easterly to Banner, another old mining town, then over the Banner Grade, and after a dozen miles or so turn northward to the Anza Desert Park, a vast domain in state ownership. In Borego Canyon, Thousand-Palm Canyon and several other little valleys grow groups of native palms (*Washingtonia filifera*), often silhouetted against color-streaked cliffs that rise above. The ocotillo in April turns the desert scarlet with its bright flowers like candle flames; smoke trees and mesquite abound, and the bisnaga, cholla, and other grotesque members of the cactus tribe add to the utter strangeness of these wild gardens, above which loom San Ysidro Mountain and companion peaks.

South of Julian, from Inspiration Point, is revealed a wonderful view of the Imperial Valley and Salton Sea. The road running south curves around Cuyamaca Lake, great reservoir sheltered amid the

peaks; and it traverses meadows where dashing *vaqueros* (cowboys) herd stock among the arroyos. Rancho Cuyamaca, now a state park, lies upon the headwaters of the Sweetwater River, which here runs through Green Valley, with Lake Cuyamaca at its upper end. A picturesque lodge within the park receives guests. In the west rises Cuyamaca Peak, loftiest in all this part of California, with slopes densely wooded with pine and incense cedar and fir. Oak groves add to the charm of the country, which annually is visited by heavy rainfall. Cuyamaca, according to some, means "no rain beyond," though others translate it "the end of the fog."

One road diverges almost due east from Julian, as we have noted; and another trending southeast also leads toward the Imperial Valley, lying outspread below. At Vallecito, on this highway, stands an old stage station—the chief remaining landmark of the pioneer Butterfield route—its adobe walls recently restored. Ruins of Butterfield stations are at La Puerta (Warner's Ranch) and Carrizo Creek.

Full of romantic interest is this southwestern corner of California, seen on the tours round about San Diego, linked with Old Mexico—colorful and charming.

## CHAPTER V

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### *First Steps along El Camino Real*

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THE Royal Road, *El Camino Real*, as we have seen, from San Diego northward linked all the missions in the chain; and now throughout almost its entire course the historic route is that of a magnificent state highway, so the time-honored name is used, and will be, down the centuries, much as if it were a Roman road, imperishable. Where once the dusty-sandaled padres trudged along, now you may spin over pavements smooth and wide, covering in an hour the distance which with them was a weary jornada (a day's journey). The railroad companions the main highway, for many of the cities which both serve grew up around the old missions.

One of the fairest stretches of the *camino* (road) is that between San Diego and Los Angeles—now to be followed in these pages—leading as it does for so many miles beside the sea, and being hallowed with the presence of missions which are among the most imposing founded by the Franciscans.

After leaving San Diego's urban district, the route runs northward through Old Town and Morena, along the shoal waters of Mission Bay, site of a state park—False Bay, the lagoon is called also. The main highway follows through Rose Canyon. Brief detours take you to Pacific Beach, where the surf breaks upon a broad, circling shore, and to La Jolla, fourteen miles from the city's center.

La Jolla (it is to be pronounced *La Hoya*), a residence suburb

of San Diego, within the corporate limits, is a seaside resort, its sheltered beaches popular with bathers. Ledges extend into the ocean, and among the tumbled rocks reach secluded nooks and coves.

Sandstone cliffs north of the beaches are fantastically carved by the sea, and many rocks have been worn into strange shapes. Devil's Slide is a way to Rocky Beach, where abalone shells are found on the reefs at low tide. Formerly venturesome visitors slid down the face of the cliff here, and then clambered up again as best they could, but now a stairway of about a hundred steps makes the visit to this beach less breath-taking—going down. La Jolla bathing cove lies in the shelter of Alligator Head.

Looking down from Goldfish Point, you may discern schools of golden perch—gleaming *garibaldi*—swimming among submerged crags and kelp-beds. Sea-mosses hereabout are notably beautiful, and as they retain their delicate traceries and much of their coloring, even when dried, they are collected with delight by beach-combers.

The undercut cliffs are penetrated by deep caverns, the famous caves of La Jolla, opening toward the sea, to whose ceaseless action they owe their origin. Ten principal caves are here, running back under the mesa for a couple of hundred yards; and some of these vast sandstone vaults are 200 feet high. The Western Cave, which may be entered by a tunnel driven down from above, is the largest and most beautiful. A dome-shaped roof arches above walls oddly sculptured by the waters; and when the tide is up the whitecaps break far inside the cave with an awesome roar as of heavy artillery. This is the cave which appears in *Monte Cristo* and such-like motion-pictures of treasure trove, and even to descend the mysterious long stairway—passage amounts almost to an adventure. A quick-pattering guide escorts visitors and shows where striking silhouette photographs can be taken at the cave mouth.

While the Western Cave is easily accessible, other caverns face deep water and should be visited only at extremely low tide and by explorers garbed for bathing. In the fourth cave from the Devil's Slide is the White Lady, formed by the bright light at the entrance and outlined on the cliff walls within, and about this phantom figure



a fanciful story has been written—it may be procured at La Jolla. Another legend ascribes the origin of the caves to blows made by an irate chieftain, the thwarted suitor of an Indian princess. There were giants in those days of that hard-handed brave and hard-hearted maiden.

Writer-folk congregate at La Jolla, congenial locale, along with painters, sculptors, musicians.

Back of La Jolla towers Soledad Mountain, rising more than eight hundred feet almost from the water's edge. The panorama from the summit is far-reaching—on a clear day can be seen most of the lofty ranges of southern California, the Channel Islands to the north, and to the south San Diego and its harbor, with the mountains of Mexico in the distance.

A mile or so beyond La Jolla, overlooking a concrete pier reaching out to sea, stands the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, a unit of the state university devoted to research in marine biology and meteorology. Notable studies are being made here upon the relation between sea-surface temperatures and rainfall. Interesting features to the visitor are the aquarium and the museum, displaying oceanographic exhibits, forms of marine life, sea weeds and shells.

At the mouth of pretty little Soledad Valley, near the coast about six miles north of the town, you come upon Torrey pines—trees which are the only ones of their kind growing native, except for a few on Santa Rosa Island, off the coast. The pines sprawl mainly along the bluffs in fantastic attitudes, driven by the winds which dwarf their growth; for instead of becoming tall upstanding trees, as they do when planted inland, here they attain but a few feet in stature, and because of the incessant breezes from seaward the spread of almost every tree is many feet to the east of the trunk. These pines were identified as a distinct species (*Pinus torreyana*) in 1850, and named in honor of the eminent botanist, Dr. John Torrey of Columbia University.

Torrey Pines Park is a public reserve, extending for several miles along the coast, with many sheltered little canyons leading down to the sea. Characteristic trees are seen to advantage from the tortuous old Torrey Pines grade, near the crest of which stands an adobe rest-lodge of the hacienda type. The newer highway cuts through

the mesa at a gradient less steep, somewhat farther inland. Traveling north, you descend from the mesa to Soledad Creek, where you officially take leave of San Diego.

Over to the east the terrain was once crowded with thousands of tents, for here was Camp Kearny, one of the great military training-camps during World War I.

Beyond Torrey Pines one soon reaches Del Mar—as its curtailed Spanish name signifies, “of the sea.” A resort-place is this, a social center, known for its ample bathing-beach and eucalyptus groves and its Elizabethan inn, many-gabled, but most of all for neighboring Torrey pines. Del Mar now has a modern racetrack, too.

Following the route up the coast, you cross the mouth of the San Dieguito and pass through the new town of Solana Beach. Inland lies Rancho Santa Fé, once the lordly domain of the Osuña family, holding by grant from the King of Spain, now one of the most delightful restricted residential parks in California, its homes of authentic Spanish colonial architecture set amidst orchard estates and mighty eucalyptus groves.

Encinitas presents stretches of clean white beach; and a few miles beyond the delighted eye sweeps a sparkling lagoon, though the nose may be crinkled. What a mellifluous name, Agua Hedionda, has this malodorous *laguna* (lake)—’tis the Spanish way of saying stinking water! Another fine white beach is at Carlsbad, beyond, with avocado-groves and mineral springs which inspired the name, for not unlike are they to the Bohemian spa. Then comes Oceanside, at the mouth of the San Luis Rey Valley.

Turning eastward from Oceanside you may reach the little inland city of Escondido, in the beautiful and fertile Escondido Valley—its Spanish name signifying “hidden”—sunkist vale surrounded by foothills, the lower levels planted with muscatel vineyards and groves of oranges, lemons, avocados. Strategic is the site, for this is a hub from which radiate highways in every direction—southward to Camp Kearny and San Diego; westward to Del Mar and Oceanside; eastward to Mesa Grande, Santa Ysabel and Warner’s Ranch; northward to the frostless region about Fallbrook, and farther inland to Pala, goal of pious pilgrimages.

At Escondido, folk will point out an attractive old adobe house,

long the home of the Alvarado family. It was built in 1840, though Escondido as a city was not laid out until 1885.

In the village of San Pasqual, a few miles southeast of the hidden vale, are the picturesque ruins of an old adobe chapel where the Indians were wont to worship, before their eviction. Between San Pasqual and the present Escondido was fought the cavalry action, December 6, 1846, between the Americans under General Stephen Kearny and the native Californian troops commanded by General Andres Pico, which was the principal engagement of the Mexican War on this front. The Americans lost about thirty-six men killed and wounded, but retained possession of the field, their opponents retreating after a running fight down the valley, in which the superbly-mounted lancers made "the last stand of knighthood," as Harry Carr has picturesquely termed it. Kearny was twice wounded. Kit Carson, gallant young Edward Beale, and an Indian scout slipped out from the American camp by night and after great privations made their way through hostile territory to San Diego, to summon a relief column from Commodore Stockton, in command there. A monument and a bronze tablet fittingly mark the battlefield of San Pasqual, part of which is a state park.

Mission San Luis Rey, four miles northeast from Oceanside, is situated on a slight eminence (a characteristic of the missions), with a commanding view over the surrounding region. Near by flows the San Luis Rey River—that is, it does not always flow in the summer, but it is likely to be a torrent in winter.

The mission was founded June 13, 1798, by Padres Lasuen, Santiago, and Peyri, its full title of San Luis Rey de Francia honoring the crusading St. Louis, King of France, who was himself a Franciscan. Under the charge of Padre Antonio Peyri it soon advanced to the forefront of the missions, leading all others in number of neophytes, wealth of land, cattle and produce, as well as in the size and (as many believe) in the grandeur of its buildings. In 1826 it had an enrollment of almost three thousand neophytes.

Upon the expulsion of Spaniards from California in 1829, Padre Peyri returned to Spain forever, heartbroken. So attached to him were his Indian converts (and he to them) that he deemed it best to leave them secretly by night; but they learned with bitter grief

next day of his departure, and several hundred followed him to San Diego, spurring madly after him on racing steeds, only to see him raising his hand in farewell blessing from the deck of a ship just getting under way. Two Indian boys who swam after the vessel were taken aboard and carried to Europe; for a time they studied at Rome, but both died young.

This mission was the only one which progressed somewhat after secularization, but it, too, fell into a decline, and bullfights were held in its garden court. During the Mexican War it was used as a military post by American troops. After years of decay, the mission in 1892 was rescued by Father O'Keefe, and is again in the hands of the order which founded it, the brown-robed Franciscans, serving now as an ecclesiastical college.

Mission San Luis Rey was built in the form of a large square, with the church (completed in 1802) at one corner. To its right is the *convento* (convent) wing, newly restored; and beyond, a long cloistered row of arches gives a hint of the appearance of the great quadrangle a century ago. Some fragments of arches stand alone in the fields, pathetic remnants.

The architecture of the church is possibly more true to the Saracenic style (which often the padres intended to copy) than that of any other mission. The bell-tower—with its two bells, one above the other—rises massive, yet graceful; the spacious church presents likewise an imposing doorway and a finely modeled façade. The mission was built of adobe, faced with burnt brick and covered with plaster. A sense of newness, sadly at variance with other portions of the structure, is imparted by the arched convento wing; but in time even the restoration work will be venerably old (as in European cathedrals), and the unity of the mission once more will be apparent.

On the interior walls of the church may be seen fragmentary remains of mural decorations, also much restored. Interesting features are the two Moorish arches, one on the left leading to a *ladrillo* tile-paved patio with its old fountain and the worn steps ascending to the belfry, and one on the right forming the entrance to the mortuary chapel. This chapel, octagonal, has at each corner a brick pillar molded in the round. In the burying-ground without

is the grave of a noted missionary, Padre Zalvidea, long associated with Mission San Gabriel.

Standing alone in the quadrangle area towers a gigantic pepper tree, often declared to be the progenitor of the many beautiful trees of this kind in California, though this is mere legend. Its seed was brought from South America by a sea-captain and presented to the padres for their garden.

Another old mission establishment, that of Pala, stands near the headwaters of the river, up which a highway leads. Near this road, four miles east from San Luis Rey lies the Rancho of Guajome, with its red-tiled adobe casa built about 1852, reputed to have been one of the places after which Helen Hunt Jackson drew the rancho in *Ramona*. Certain it is that she spent several weeks at Guajome, and doubtless gathered here local color—though the descriptions in the book show that the author had mainly in mind not Guajome, but Camulos Rancho, not far from Ventura.

Passing the little town of Bonsall, you traverse a pastoral region where dairy herds thrive, reaching the Indian settlement of Pala, reposing in a sequestered valley surrounded by mountains. The shape of the valley may have given the name<sup>1</sup> to the village, Pala meaning "shovel." In the hills round about are unearthed gem-stones of various kinds, chiefly tourmaline and beryl and kunzite, which was discovered at Pala and occurs (as has been said) only in this corner of California and in far Madagascar.

San Antonio de Pala was founded as a branch establishment to Mission San Luis Rey in 1816, by Padre Peyri, and within two years a thousand converts were enrolled. The restored buildings are long and low, constructed entirely of adobe, now whitewashed, and roofed with red tiles. Unhewn beams support the roofs. Originally the buildings formed a square, but all is obliterated except a part of the front, with the church, still in use by the Indians. Within the church, interesting for its primitive decorations, is a statue of San Luis Rey, formerly at the mission dedicated to him. This, and the wooden statue of the Virgin, were brought from Spain, some say; others aver that the saint was carved by Indians.

About ten yards from the buildings, overlooking the graveyard

<sup>1</sup> *Pala* means "shovel" in Spanish, but "water" in local Indian dialects.

or *campo santo*, rises a bell-tower unique among the missions—there is no other campanile like it. Restored, it is constructed of stone and cement, overlaid with white plaster, and from its two arched openings, one above the other, swing sweet-toned bells. Surmounting this monumental structure is a cross, beside which grows a sturdy cactus, such as took root there long ago. This campanario (bell-tower), Pala's most beautiful and distinctive feature, is a favorite subject for artists.

Pala has been referred to as a much-restored mission, but it is intensely interesting, none the less. No other mission establishment has so many Indian communicants. Those resident in the village are mostly of the Palatingwa tribe, evicted from Warner's Ranch in 1903, and here given a home, the original Indians at Pala having been dispersed after the American occupation. Of course, too, some folk don't include Pala in the list of missions, as it was only an *asistencia*; but the distinction is not vast, and visitors will continue to term it a mission.

From Pala a highway extends southeast to Rincon and Lake Henshaw, whence Mesa Grande, Santa Ysabel, and Warner's Ranch are readily accessible. From this highway you may turn up the steep Nigger Grade (named after Nigger Nate, a familiar mountain character of pioneer days) and cross a spur of Palomar Mountain, joining the main route at the lake, after a most spectacular drive.

A state park commands the western end of the mountain at the head of the Nigger Grade, and includes two famous mountain meadows, the Upper and Lower Doane Valleys. A new county road ascends from the San Luis Rey canyon near the La Jolla Indian Reservation, and this will replace the steep Nigger Grade. On Palomar Mountain tower lofty cedars, big-cone spruce, firs, and pines which rival the trees of northern California forests, and beyond are delightful valleys with running streams and lush meadows, seldom visited except by vaqueros.

Palomar Mountain has come into fame because it is the site of the observatory which will house a 200-inch reflecting telescope, the largest of its kind, under the direction of the California Institute of Technology. More than three years were required to grind and to

polish this great disk. Its final installation in the observatory is planned for 1947.

But to return to the seaboard: north of Oceanside, on the route between San Diego and Los Angeles, after crossing "the Bridge of San Luis Rey" at the mouth of the river of that name, the scenic coast is followed through Las Flores, where the great Santa Margarita grant, "last of the ranchos," reaches away in broad acres—once there were almost a quarter million of them within its borders. The two-story adobe ranch house, with wide verandas above and below, is one of California's finest. Farther on is San Onofre, with San Mateo Rocks viewed offshore, and San Onofre Mountain towering above, a mile from the surf line.

The coast highway leads to the "Spanish village" of San Clemente, presenting an example of what can be done in creating a community after an Old World model, and at the same time incorporating present-day conveniences. A "show-place," San Clemente is entirely modern, but much of the illusion of olden times is maintained. All residences and other buildings in the village (an incorporated city) are white, bonneted with red tile.

South of the village is San Clemente State Park with its hundred acres of mesa-land and more than a mile of beach. To the north, at the mouth of San Juan Creek, is another state park.

On this coastland trip, hills are upon one side, ocean upon the other. The road winds in and out: now the great heaving expanse of water fills up all the west; now it is hidden, as the highway turns inland for a space. In their springtime glory, wildflowers along the way make it even more colorful.

Ascending the east bank of San Juan Creek, you pause at another old mission town, one of the loveliest of all. A village in siesta, San Juan Capistrano is truly of the vanished era, retaining many adobe *casitas* where still dwell descendants of the Spanish-Indian colonials.

Mission San Juan Capistrano stands within the town, near the main road, on a long hill-slope looking toward the sea, three miles away. Of the great stone church only the eastern sanctuary end, with carved archways and pilasters, remains—enough to show, however, the masterful architecture of the original establishment, as the

surrounding walls testify to its extent. Surely Capistrano is one of the most imposing ruins on our continent, venerable as a Melrose Abbey.

San Juan Capistrano was visited on October 30, 1775, by Padre Lasuen, with the intent to establish a mission, but (because of the Indian outbreak at San Diego) it was not until November 1st of the next year that a permanent foundation for a mission was made here by Padre Serra. It received its name from Saint John Capistran, a doughty medieval champion of Christianity, who strove against the Turks at Belgrade.

This mission became prosperous, though several others surpassed it in wealth and in size. The stone cruciform church whose ruins remain was begun in 1797, and dedicated September 7, 1806. Sandstone quarried in near-by hills was the main building material; logs of sycamore were carried hither for rafters, and the structure was roofed with tiles. This church, with its high terraced bell-tower, was one of the most beautiful and imposing of all the mission buildings. Partly destroyed on December 8, 1812, by earthquake, which killed twoscore worshipers at their devotions, the church was never rebuilt, though some attempt was made in the early '60s. Work of restoration has been carried out elsewhere at the mission; but the vaulted cathedral-like sanctuary of San Juan Capistrano, fragment that it is, will remain far more eloquent and appealing than any modern attempt at a replica of the old stone church. Pilasters, arches, and keystones are skillfully carved. Shattered walls rise above, mantled with ivy, and in their crevices nest colonies of white-throated swifts and darting cliff-swallows; and buff-colored owls tenant the ruin, coming out to bask in the silver moonlight beloved by artists who paint here.

The quadrangle of the mission, faced by graceful cloistered arches, is a place of haunting memories. You are like to walk along enchanted within the shaded colonnade, treading the dusty red ladrillos, the paving-tiles worn by the sandals of padres and their flock a century ago. In the front building is the former kitchen of the establishment, with a vaulted roof supporting a quaint chimney, much admired, unlike any seen at other missions. On the eastern side of the quadrangle rises a long adobe structure known as Padre



Serra's church, for he preached within its walls as early as 1778, and the claim is made that this is the oldest building in California. Long neglected, its restoration was begun in 1922, and now it is again the church of the mission. The altar and *retablo* in the sanctuary—the latter, several centuries old, brought from Spain—have been placed here in recent years, but the old font, high candlesticks, processional cross, and many of the figures and paintings are the originals from the old mission. The center niche in the *retablo* is held by a statue of redoubtable San Juan Capistrano, with a crusader's banner in his hand. There is a painting of him, too, in the museum-room, together with another venerable painting—one of the familiar Mexican ecclesiastical subject, Our Lady of Guadalupe, dated 1778—both having hung in the mission of old.

The padres' patio is a place of blessed quietude, ever-memorable, filled with drifting fragrances of old-fashioned flowers. The campanario reaches across from wall to wall, bounding the garden on the south, its quartet of bells outlined in the arched openings against bright sky; and in the midst of the garden is an old fountain. No corner of the mission is more lovely than this, lying between the ruined stone sanctuary and Padre Serra's church. The four bronze bells, graduated in size, hung originally in the long-demolished tower of the stone church. Inscriptions reveal that the two larger bells were cast in 1796, the two smaller in 1804, and each bears a saintly name.

A spacious plaza before the church and front colonnade is now an enclosed garden, too; and near the entrance, amid the greenery, rises a bronze statue of Padre Serra and an Indian boy.

The mountain highway which ascends San Juan Canyon crosses the intervening range to Lake Elsinore.

Resuming the journey to Los Angeles beyond the San Juan Capistrano region, the traveler has choice of routes. One leads along the coast; the other—and this is the rail route as well as that of the main highway, El Camino Real—is inland, by way of Santa Ana, Anaheim, Fullerton and Whittier, leading for miles through fragrant orange groves.

On this inland passage you continue first due north across hilly country, from whose forested canyons the mighty beams for the

roof of the mission were carried so laboriously by the Indian converts long ago. In Arroyo Trabuco stands yet an adobe which was probably a mission *estacion* (station) under the care of San Juan Capistrano. An offshoot of the canyon above, in a region frequented by campers near Trabuco Peak, is called Holy Jim Canyon; and beyond is Horsethief Canyon, where in the old wild days Indian and Mexican rustlers rounded up stolen herds before driving them across the deserts to Santa Fé.

The village of El Toro lies just aside from the main highway, and if time permits a diversion you may continue toward dark Santiago Peak. In the depths of Santiago Canyon you come upon idyllic scenery which caused Helena Modjeska to call her estate here the Forest of Arden. She was the patroness of a Polish colony when she came hither in 1876, weary of the Russian censorship of the Warsaw stage where she had triumphed; and, as has been noted, one of the exiles was Sienkiewicz, author of *Quo Vadis*.

A trail leads up the canyon to double-headed Santiago Peak, loftiest in all this region. On Flores Peak in 1857 a posse led by General Andres Pico captured a bandit band under the notorious Juan Flores. Though the leader escaped by a daring horseback leap, he was taken later by Pico.

The main route toward Los Angeles does not turn aside to El Toro, be it noted, but extends through Irvine and Tustin to Santa Ana, founded in 1869, in the center of the fruitful valley of that sainted name. Avenues, shaded with cypress and palm and pepper trees, lead between rows of beautiful homes. Just a few miles to the north lies the city of Orange, with a charming Spanish plaza in its midst. Valencia oranges, which enrich this region, ripen early in May but will hang on the trees without deterioration until November.

Garden Grove, over to the west of Orange, adds a piquant flavor: it sends out more chili peppers, red and green, than any place this side of Mexico.

You continue from Orange across the Santa Ana River northwest to Anaheim, a city founded in 1857 by a colony of Germans who planted here expansive vineyards and prospered. A walled town

was this, entirely surrounded by a palisade of willow poles—some soon took root and grew gloriously to the proportion of trees—to keep out herds of foraging cattle, which in times of drought overran all the land; and the two great gates of the enclosure were solemnly locked every night.

Just north of Anaheim lies Fullerton, endowed with wealth from orchards and oil-fields. One of the largest of all orange-groves is here, and this little city is likewise the center of California's walnut industry. Walnut-groves round about have floors clean as well-swept rooms.

La Habra, reached by the northward-leading highway, stands amid groves of oranges and lemons, walnuts and avocados; and beyond lies Whittier. Though established by goodly members of the Society of Friends and named in honor of the Quaker poet, it is not in Quaker gray that this flowery community is arrayed. The oil-fields of this district are still productive.

On Whittier Boulevard, two miles northwest of Whittier, stands the Pio Pico Mansion, built by him in 1834. Of its former thirty rooms only sixteen remain, the rest of this spacious establishment having been swept away sixty years ago by floods of the San Gabriel River, on whose banks it stands. Pio Pico was not as pious as his name betokens, for as the last Mexican governor of California he gave the death-thrust to the mission system, confiscating and often appropriating its property. The old rascal called this place affectionately *El Ranchito* and here dispensed lavish hospitality, a contributing cause of the poverty in which he died. The two-story mansion, now under the ownership of the state, holds interesting relics, and the garden, Pico's pride, is especially attractive.

Our route toward Los Angeles crosses the San Gabriel River at Pico. At the corner of San Gabriel Boulevard and Lincoln Street, amid the oil-derricks on a hill overlooking the Rio Hondo, branch of the river, a monument and plaque mark the site of Mision Vieja (the old Mission), where the first Mission San Gabriel was established in 1771. Floods caused its removal to the present site, the log church and stockade being abandoned.

On the river near here was fought the battle of the San Gabriel, January 8, 1847. The American forces under Stockton and Kearny,

advancing toward Los Angeles, were met by 800 mounted Californians. The Yankees forced a passage of the river and entered Los Angeles, for good and all, two days later.

Continuing across Rio Hondo to Montebello, south of the great Montebello oil-fields, the way leads northwestward to the city of Los Angeles.

And now to view the alternative route between the San Juan Capistrano region and the metropolis. By this coast highway, then, you continue on, to the west of the road which diverges to the old mission and proceed to San Juan Capistrano Point, reaching seaward, with a magnificent view south to San Clemente, and overlooking a sheltered cove where the early traders in the Boston ships took off the hides cast from the cliffs above. This place made a deep impression on Richard Henry Dana, whose ship, the *Pilgrim*, in the spring of 1835 anchored in the uncertain shelter of the point—"a steep hill which overhung the water, twice as high as our royal-mast-head. The shore is rocky, and directly exposed to the southeast, so that vessels are obliged to slip and run for their lives on the first sign of a gale." As he watched the waves spouting round about the headland, he mused for an hour alone. "There was a grandeur in everything around," he wrote, "which gave almost a solemnity to the scene. . . . San Juan is the only romantic spot in California." To which an exclamation-point may be added!

Dana Cove, this is often called, and nowadays the headland is usually termed Dana Point. It lies just west of the village of Serra.

Passing Three-Arch Bay—named for the arch rocks—where tile-roofed villas perch above the surf, you approach Laguna Beach, on a glamorous stretch of coast with which you may be familiar: it has been pictured on a thousand canvases. Widely known as a place loved by artists, Laguna Beach possesses a group of studios, and an art gallery with paintings and etchings of exceptional merit. In and around the little city many celebrities dwell—or come hither as much as they can, finding here refuge from a workaday world.

Beyond, up the bold, rocky coast, is Newport Beach, into which have been merged Balboa and Corona del Mar. One of the loveliest communities on the southern seaboard, this is an incorporated city, with most of its homes on a tongue of land which stretches be-

tween the ocean and Newport Bay, giving the place a decided individuality. Still-water bathing is enjoyed in the bay. From this lagoon-like expanse of water rise several small islands, with clusters of cottages; and the bay shore also is lined with dwellings. Balboa holds the tip of the peninsula, with rugged Corona del Mar rising above and beyond, across the strait to the southeast. Hundreds of yachts and other pleasure-craft dot the surface of this sheltered harbor, and on several evenings in summer spectacular water carnivals are held.

Costa Mesa holds a commanding site on the tableland overlooking the bay, a couple of miles inland.

Faring onward up the coast, you come to Huntington Beach, where steepled oil-derricks throng to the verge of the palisades above the ocean. But the littoral is not surrendered to industry, for a great pleasure pier and a stretch of bathing-beach are here, to attract happy hordes of visitors. Part of the shore is in state ownership.

Catalina Island is seen to the southwest. Sunset Beach is the next in the long succession of seacoast strands on the low-lying coast, and Anaheim Landing is near by, with cottages lining the shores. Boating and bathing are enjoyed here in the calm lagoon waters of Alamitos Bay (into which the San Gabriel River flows), as well as in the ocean. Most of the resorts along this stretch of coast possess these dual attractions.

Seal Beach, on ocean and bay, lies to the northwest; and the basking sea-lions still to be seen explain the origin of the name. Continuing on, you pass a group of little resort-towns, soon reaching Long Beach, whence the run to Los Angeles may be completed over a choice of routes.

So you finish the first stage of a northward journey along the coast, through a land beloved of the padres. Combining sea and shore in matchless combination, it is likely to prove to you a country of memorable charm.

## CHAPTER VI

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### *Los Angeles*

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SITUATED on a broad plain sloping toward the Pacific Ocean, which is sixteen miles distant from the civic center, Los Angeles holds an imperial position. To the north rise the high mountains of the San Gabriel range, the Sierra Madre, and the Santa Monica range, while the plain is broken in other directions by hills and mountains of lesser elevation. Los Angeles—between the mountains and the sea—embraces thus a region of diversified terrain, in a setting of palms and orange trees, vines and flowers. Known abroad as a captivating place to visit, not the least of its attractions for travelers is this picturesque location; and the pleasures of the beaches and mountaintops within easy reach of the city add to its perennial charm.

Largest city west of the Mississippi River, Los Angeles is the metropolis of the great Southwest. The importance of the metropolitan area of which it is the center may be judged by the fact that round about are over sixty communities which may be considered as suburbs, amid a thickly settled orchard region devoted mainly to orange and walnut culture.

A broad belt to the east of Los Angeles is the greatest citrus fruit-growing tract in the world, and this is one of the prime reasons for the astounding development of the city. Another is the immense store of petroleum found in and around the urban area. Still another contributing cause is the climate, famous the world

over: the annual average temperature is sixty-two degrees, while the average rainfall is not more than sixteen inches in a twelve-month. It is the climate in reality which is responsible for the creation here of the world capital of the motion-picture industry.

Besides soil and climate, strategic location has been a potent factor in the upbuilding of the community, and this has increased with the full development of Los Angeles Harbor, on San Pedro Bay, with its vast facilities for commerce and manufacturing.

All of these advantages have combined to cause one of the most remarkable growths of population recorded in history. From a dusty little Spanish pueblo the community has sprung within a short span of time into a modern American city, one of the most progressive and energetic. Seldom are official figures so dramatic: in 1890 the population was 50,000; in 1900 it was 102,000; in 1910 it was 319,000; in 1920, it was 576,000; in 1930 it was 1,238,000; in 1940 it was 1,504,000; and the present population is around 2,000,000. With 451 square miles within its borders, Los Angeles in area is the largest city in our country.

"If you haven't been in Los Angeles in the last three months you are behind the times," runs a current saying in the Southland. Buoyant, adaptable, the Angelenos cherish a cheerful optimism. In the depths of a national depression, felt everywhere, a Los Angeles "go-getter" was heard to admit, "True, this is one of the smallest booms we have enjoyed in years."

The history of Los Angeles is replete with incident. Portola, on August 2, 1769, reached the site of the present city, and because that was a feast-day of the Blessed Virgin, the place was called "Our Lady the Queen of the Angels," or in the sonorous Spanish *Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles*. An Indian village, Yangna, was in this region, but the first Spanish settlement did not come until 1781. It was Felipe de Neve, then governor of California, who, commissioned by the Viceroy of Mexico to carry out the behest of the king that a pueblo be established, fixed upon the site of Los Angeles. On September 4th—that is the accepted date—a company of *pobladores*, or colonists, under Captain Rivera, duly founded the pueblo. This little band, brought from Sonora and Sinaloa, in Mexico, to establish an agricultural settlement to raise

grain and other provender for the soldiers at the presidios throughout California, was a mixed assemblage—72 Spanish-Americans, 1 European, 7 Indians, 22 mulattoes and 39 mestizos, by the roll.

Of the California pueblos, as has been noted, Los Angeles was the second established. On the morning of that memorable founding-day Captain Rivera mustered his forces, and the slender procession, headed by de Neve, left Mission San Gabriel and marched to the site of the plaza of the new pueblo. Soldados! Padres! Citizens on foot and on horseback! Three times the governor, the padres, the soldiers, and the *pobladores*, banners aflutter and drums flammng, paraded around the spot select. A cannon roared; the governor ('twas the Spanish custom then, as now) delivered a florid speech. Salvos, cheers! Impressive, that ceremony marking the advent of Los Angeles, one of the few American cities really *founded*.

This pueblito expanded slowly, and in 1831, half a century after the founding, could muster only 770 inhabitants. In January, 1847, it held a populace of scarce 1,500, but this was increased after the Mexican War, in which (as has been recounted) the town was the center of important military operations. It will be recalled that Los Angeles was occupied by American forces in August, 1846, but at the end of the following month, after an uprising of the inhabitants, Captain Gillespie withdrew his troops to San Pedro. Not until the battles of the San Gabriel River and La Mesa had cleared the way was Los Angeles retaken, the column under Stockton marching in on January 10, 1847. Following the American occupation, Los Angeles remained a small community until the completion of trans-continental railroads in the '80s. Boom years succeeded, with rate wars between the rail lines flooding southern California with newcomers, mostly from the Middle West. Annexation of new urban territory, harbor development, the building of the great Aqueduct, industrial expansion, followed. During World War II this became the center of the vast aviation industry, and manufacturing in the Los Angeles metropolitan area continues on a giant scale.

The central business section of Los Angeles extends along Broadway, Hill, Spring, and Main streets and the thoroughfares adjacent. Attractive and imposing are the office structures which line these arteries of traffic, but here are no skyscrapers, for the building



height limit is 150 feet, or 13 stories—only public structures may exceed this. Yet nothing is lacking in the aspect of Los Angeles to mark it as a modern American city of the first rank. At Seventh and Broadway, the swirl of traffic is little less than that at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Fifth Avenue, indeed, has its counterpart as a street of exclusive shops in West Seventh Street here, and the entire retail shopping district is notable for variety of wares and commodious quarters. The financial district centers along Spring Street, while wholesale and manufacturing activities extend eastward from Los Angeles Street and southward from the Plaza.

In the hurry of a new era, some of these downtown streets have lost their olden appellations. Main Street was once *Calle Principal*, Hill Street was *Calle de la Loma*, and Spring Street bore the musical title of *Calle de la Primavera*. A pretty legend has it that Lieutenant Ord, who made a survey of the place in 1849, set down this name for the first of a new range of streets as a tribute to his sweetheart, Señorita Trinidad de la Guerra, whom he serenaded as *Mi Primavera* ("My Springtime").

The Civic Center lies immediately north of First Street, with the imposing City Hall, tallest structure in Los Angeles—a precisian says that its tower is 452 feet high—rising above all. A building of admirable proportions is this, neighbored by other public structures of vast size—the Hall of Justice, Hall of Records, Federal Building, and State Building. This magnificent assemblage of great white buildings is entirely a development of recent years.

One of the city's architectural triumphs, in the same general style as the City Hall, is the Public Library, covering two blocks on a slight eminence at Fifth Street, from Grand to Flower streets, where Hope Street is interrupted. Hope, by the way, was *Calle de las Esperanzas* when the populace was bilingual; and Flower was *Calle de las Flores*. The Library, which has many branches throughout the urban area, combines beauty with utility. Its central rotunda is duly impressive, and it has stacks for a million volumes; a children's room charmingly decorated, and a vast main reading-room on the second floor. The visitor's eye cannot fail to be caught by the dozen murals by Dean Cornwell, for they are

among the largest painted in recent centuries. In symbolic manner they present the history of California; one of the most interesting depicts the founding of Los Angeles in 1781.

A pleasant place to stroll is near by, Pershing Square, bounded by Fifth and Sixth, Hill and Olive streets, and on the last-named side fronted by one of the city's most sumptuous hotels. Within the square—it's really a rectangle—flourish majestic old trees and palms, dating (no pun intended) from the time when this was Central Park. At the northeast corner stand the Spanish War Monument and an ancient, much-traveled cannon. Made at Douay, France, in 1751, it was abandoned in Spain by the troops of Napoleon in 1813 and found its way to Cuba, where it was captured by American forces, July 17, 1898.

As no city has been so vividly publicized as the Southwestern metropolis, a call is due to the fountainhead of all, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, reputed to be the largest and most efficient in the land, occupying a handsome building of its own on West Twelfth Street at Broadway—information headquarters, where each year hundreds of thousands of visitors are greeted, regaled with illustrated lectures gratis on scenic allurements and economic opportunities, and convinced with colorful exhibits which review the productiveness of southern California.

Among the imposing buildings of Los Angeles the hostelrys hold no minor place, for some of the greatest tourist and resort hotels in the country are within the city limits, as well as at Pasadena, Long Beach, and other neighboring cities. Apartment houses, even more numerous and varied, range from the pretentious ones in the close-in residence district to those more modest in the flowery suburbs. The bungalow court is an interesting, and often charming, feature of the community dwellings—each bungalow is a separate little house, yet all are grouped together, usually around a garden or lawn, to create an ensemble both artistic and homelike.

Los Angeles delights lovers of good living with its many pleasant cafés and restaurants and tearooms—thousands of them. In cabarets string-orchestras are wont to play languorous Spanish airs. The distinctive cuisine of Mexico—enchiladas, tamales, chile con queso, tortillas, and the like—may be enjoyed in surroundings reminiscent

of a Latin-American *fonda* (hotel). A cosmopolitan city is Los Angeles, and you may partake of the cuisine of France, Italy, Hungary, and China in restaurants truly authentic in their menus. Not missing, either, is the choicest cookery of New England and of the sunny South.

An institution which had its start in Los Angeles is the cafeteria, and there was some good-natured spoofing before the cafeteria idea "caught on" elsewhere. When it was new, a story goes, a visiting English lord (an earl without his belt) was dealt a tray as he ventured into a local self-service establishment and stood helplessly in the middle of the place like a crane on one foot, till he was led around the railings for his lukewarm gobbets of food! There are sumptuous cafeterias now, though, and they have even been praised as character-building institutions. It calls for a high order of self-control to refrain from overindulgence in the many tempting viands displayed. In the old days you were offered "all you could eat" for a middle-sized silver coin.

As befits the center of the cinematic art, Los Angeles boasts glittering motion-picture palaces, and the legitimate stage is well represented, too. In few communities is the Little Theater movement so avidly cultivated. Los Angeles patronizes seasons of grand opera and symphony concerts, the summer evening symphonies in the Hollywood Bowl—of which more anon—winning wide acclaim. Picture-galleries, public and private, attest the art consciousness of the citizenry, with the most important collections (and of these, too, more will be said presently) housed in the County Museum in Exposition Park, and in the Huntington Art Gallery at San Marino. Most of all, it is as an originaive art center that Los Angeles is eminent, for authors, actors, painters, musicians, costumers, and other creative geniuses have been drawn hither from all over the world, especially to serve the affluent motion-picture industry.

A worshipful community, nevertheless, is this. Churches in Los Angeles number half a thousand, ecclesiastical architecture adding much to the splendor of the city, which is noted not only for the strength of orthodox denominations, but also for the innumerable cults which flourish here, from Yogi philosophy to the Four-square Gospel.

Oldest church in the city is the so-called mission chapel of Our Lady of the Angels (*Nuestra Señora de los Angeles*)—often referred to as the Plaza Church, because it faces the Plaza, on North Main street, a few blocks above the Civic Center. The church, which in its architecture shows traces of Moorish influence, is in an excellent state of preservation and services are regularly held. This is not, strictly speaking, a mission, for it was founded as the pueblo church of Los Angeles. The citizens gained permission to erect such a church in 1811, to succeed a temporary structure, and they laid a cornerstone three years later; but floods caused a shifting of location, and the church on the present site was not dedicated until December 8, 1822. Contributions from all the California missions aided in its building, and an American, Joseph Chapman, who came to California with the privateer Bouchard, figured prominently in the construction work.

The present structure was erected in 1861, mostly with materials salvaged from the old building, and it has been restored and altered from time to time. On the façade are three stone tablets with inscriptions in Spanish, executed by Henri Penelon, a French artist, who also decorated the interior. Some curious paintings in vegetable colors are here to be seen—the work of mission Indians, they are for the most part somewhat crude. The chorals, vestments, and paintings brought originally from Spain deserve notice, too, and these pictures display higher artistic merit. Venerable relics in the museum collection include a breviary belonging to Padre Serra, printed in Spain in 1750; a statue of St. John carved by the Indians, and also the first cross, altar lamp and censer used in the services here. The inner court, or patio, adjoining the chapel, and the church garden, are refreshing with fragrance and color of flowers.

About Los Angeles, typical American city of today, still clings some of the romantic atmosphere of the Hispanic pueblo which for a brief space claimed to be capital of California. The Old Plaza or *Plaza Vieja* laid out by Governor de Neve, was gradually encroached upon, and the present Plaza, on a site adjoining to the southeast, set aside for the church and civic activities, took its place, becoming the center of the pueblo's life, and round it were ranged

the spacious adobe residences of the "first families." Not many landmarks of those long-vanished days survive.

Now the Plaza, on North Main Street a couple of blocks from the City Hall, holds not much more than an acre, within a brick wall with recessed seats, in the Spanish manner; and it is a favorite loitering-place for the Spanish-speaking folk of the neighborhood. Upon a boulder in a little pool stands an idealized statue of the founding *gobernador* (governor), Felipe de Neve.

Just north of the Plaza, almost in the shadow of the City Hall tower, lies a recreated fragment of the antique *pueblito*, called El Paseo de Los Angeles, a picturesque thoroughfare paved with tile, where Latin-American wares are vended in colorful open-air displays. High-peaked Mexican sombreros and lace mantillas are much in evidence in this quaint corner of "Sonora Town," as the old section has been called since the beginning of American occupation.

Fronting the street you see a Mexican tearoom in the old Pelanconi Winery, one of the city's earliest brick buildings, of the vintage of 1853. A diagonal zone of brick in the paving marks the course of an ancient ditch, or *zanja*, which conveyed the water-supply from the Los Angeles River through the pueblo—humble precursor of the giant aqueducts of today.

Beyond the carved wooden cross which marks its southern entry, the Paseo presents the aspect of a Mexican market-place, with awninged stalls and great gay umbrellas in the midst of huddled wares, curious and bizarre: pottery of the Aztecs, painted gourds, ingenious statuettes, miniature cactus-gardens, cigaros, flashy serapes, glassware, *dulces* (sweets) and roasted chestnuts—and lively Mexican jumping beans. The loitering step is arrested by a candle-shop; by a wayside shrine whereat one of its candles ever burns; by an old loom; by a sun dial dedicated to Kit Carson, who loitered here himself more than a century ago; there's enough in this very colorful block to hold you long. You may sup at sidewalk cafés, and the illusion is heightened by singing and guitar-playing in the Castilian mode, with a touch of heartbreak even in airs of gaiety.

Nucleus of the Paseo is the Avila adobe, oldest dwelling in Los Angeles, standing on the east side of Olvera Street. It was built at

least as early as 1824 by Don Francisco Avila (or Abila), later alcalde of the pueblo, who was slain during revolutionary turmoil; and his widow, Doña Encarnacion, dwelt in it when Commodore Stockton came in January, 1847, and made this his headquarters immediately after the forces under his command had recaptured Los Angeles from the native Californians; and General Kearny likewise made here his headquarters. Now you may enter the old casa and view its interesting portraits and its furnishings from the Hispanic time, as well as an old grand piano brought around the Horn in American pioneer days.

Other venerable dwellings such as the Lugo, Santa Cruz, Gallardo, and Manzo adobes, still remain in this section of Los Angeles—each could serve as the theme for a romantic story.

The Bella Union Hotel, later the St. Charles, which was on North Main street, was the leading hotel during the Civil War period, and here Secretary Seward was entertained after the Alaska purchase—"Seward's Folly," as some insisted. On the hotel site had stood an adobe which served as center of governmental activities while Los Angeles contested for the honor of being the capital of California during the later Mexican era. Here now is a parking lot.

At the southwest corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets, a bronze tablet on a building marks the position of that adobe (the residence of Captain Alexander Bell) wherein Frémont maintained headquarters while civil governor of California. Here the municipal government of Los Angeles was organized in 1850.

One of the oldest houses in Sonora Town, come down from the Mexican era, stands on North Los Angeles Street, fronting directly upon the Plaza. Built around 1840, it is the only two-story adobe remaining in the city. This was the hospitable home of Don Vicente Lugo; and here St. Vincent's College, now Loyola University, earliest institution of higher learning in southern California, was started.

The Pico House, once called the National Hotel, is near by, facing on North Main street and the Plaza. Erected in 1869 by Don Pio Pico, who had been the last Mexican governor, it was considered the most sumptuous hotel in the Southwest during the '70s, and its importance was augmented by the fact that it was the ter-

minus of the San Francisco-Los Angeles stage line before the completion of the railroad.

On the southwest corner of Los Angeles and Arcadia streets stood the Arcadia Building, erected by Don Abel Stearns in 1858 and named after his wife, Arcadia Bandini, daughter of Juan Bandini of San Diego.

Upon the site of homes of the Coronel, Del Valle and Lugo families, is Chinatown, east of the Plaza. A mere remnant of the former Chinese quarter, it affords some opportunity to view Chinese life in social, religious, and commercial phases—but much is modern, changed, so that as a fragment of Cathay this is not at all likely to meet your anticipatory vision. However, some Chinese shops, restaurants, and markets still draw interested visitors. A Chinese temple, on Ferguson Alley, half a block from the Plaza, is adorned with elaborate carvings. With its principal entrance on Main Street, near Macy Street, a China “city” has been developed, with shops and a little theater, to make up for the Chinese community destroyed when the big Union Station was built on its site, not so long ago.

Tong wars no longer disturb the serenity of Chinatown, and only an unsavory memory lingers of the massacre of October 24, 1871, when a score of Chinamen were killed here by a mob, in requital for the murder of white peace officers. Most of the luckless victims were strung up at a corral gate near by. A den of iniquity was this neighborhood then, when some godly folks called the hell-hole Los Diablos rather than Los Angeles.

Fort Moore, its site marked by a granite boulder and bronze tablet, stood at what is now the southwest corner of North Broadway and Fort Moore Place, a few blocks over to the west of the Plaza, but no part of the fortifications remains. The fort was thrown up by the Mormon Battalion, after the permanent American occupation of the pueblo, and was dedicated on a noisy Fourth-of-July, 1847. In reality, two forts were successively on this site, and it was the later, built by Lieutenant Davidson, which was named for Captain Benjamin Moore, killed in the battle of San Pasqual. Broadway was originally called Fort Street, because this stronghold stood directly at its head on the hill now pierced by the Broadway tunnel.

Foremost of the attractions of Los Angeles are the residence districts; in fact, to see is to admire, and hordes of visitors decide to make their permanent abode in Los Angeles after viewing the comely and comfortable homes along the wide tree-shaded avenues, row after row of beautiful residences. Many of them display the characteristic California Spanish architecture. The original East Indian bungalow style likewise has been modified and developed in this region so that now it is scarcely less distinctively Californian than is the Mission style. Streets are lined with palms and pepper trees, and the homes look out from amid flowers and lawns. In the residential sections, as downtown, Los Angeles expands *outward* not upward, and the multitude of low-roofed houses and the generous extent of the urban estates give unique charm to this populous but uncrowded city.

Los Angeles has fashionable homes in widely scattered parts of the city, but among the many attractive residential districts probably the finest homes are westerly of the downtown section on West Adams Street (the older aristocratic quarter), Wilshire Boulevard, Windsor Square, Beverly Boulevard, and in Westwood. Hollywood and Flintridge, to the north, are famed for stately dwellings, and Pasadena—as set forth in a chapter following—is known as the home of millionaires.

Each of the districts of the modern city holds attractions. In the southern and western sections of Los Angeles, for instance, one finds interesting places to visit—parks, universities, museums. One of the ways from the center of the city is out Figueroa Street, named for an able Mexican governor of California—José Figueroa.

The University of Southern California, opened in 1880, is an endowed coeducational institution in which the Southland takes justifiable pride. Under the control of a self-perpetuating board of trustees, it is undenominational, though founded by the Methodist Church, with which its School of Religion is still affiliated. This campus<sup>1</sup> is along University Avenue from Thirty-fifth Street to Exposition Boulevard; and the newer group of buildings, in Italian-

<sup>1</sup> The *downtown* University College, composed of afternoon and evening classes, is part of the University of Southern California. It is popular with local and visiting teachers, as is the Summer Session of the University.



Romanesque style of architecture, is imposing. Besides the College of Letters, Arts, and Sciences, which has been maintained throughout as the core of the university, now it embraces many professional and special schools and colleges, such as those devoted to law, medicine, engineering, education, commerce and business administration, as well as a large graduate school. The growth of the University of Southern California has been remarkable, the enrollment in all branches exceeding 12,000, and with this advance the present Chancellor, Dr. Rufus von KleinSmid, had much to do. Scholarly standards are worthily upheld. In athletic achievement none has stood higher than the "Trojan" teams representative of this large student body.

Just south of the university spreads Exposition Park, a spacious open area in the midst of the city, with the Coliseum, State Exposition Building, the Los Angeles Museum and National Guard Armory grouped together. Sunken gardens add charm to their setting.

Center of the Olympic Games in 1932, the stadium is a huge ellipse in which more than 100,000 spectators may gather to view major contests. The field within is 344 feet wide and 680 feet long; and an end-to-end statistician has figured that there are twenty-six miles of seats, from which spectators gaze down upon the pageantry and play below. The cinder track is one of the fastest in the world, and the turf field one of the best conditioned. Climatic advantages enable athletes to train here the year round. During the fall the Coliseum is the scene of intercollegiate and other football games, often before capacity crowds.

Among the trees south of the Coliseum lies the swimming-stadium, and the park affords many other recreational facilities.

The California State Exposition Building, a modern mission in appearance, holds enlightening exhibits of the resources and industries of California. Most remarkable of the collections in the park are those of the Los Angeles Museum, maintained by the county, embracing the fields of history, science, and art. Here children stand agape (yes, and most of the elders, too) before giant Pleistocene creatures, reconstructed from fossil bones rescued from La Brea asphalt pits. The other natural-history displays are not to be passed by hurriedly.

Besides its changing fine-arts exhibits, the museum at all times houses a display of contemporary American paintings, high in merit. Of historical exhibits, the Coronel collection pertaining to early days of the pueblo and the missions, is exceptional.

To southwestward of Exposition Park lies the city of Inglewood, occupying much of the old Rancho Centinela, of which the adobe ranch-house still stands within a remnant of the once-lordly estate. Rancho Cienega was near by; and one of its old adobes is incorporated in the clubhouse of the Sunset public golf-course at Vernon Avenue and Angeles Mesa Drive.

On the elevated banks of the dry bed of the Los Angeles River where it swings eastward, north of the city of Huntington Park, is the site of the battle of La Mesa, fought on January 9, 1847—the last engagement in the Mexican War on this front. Commodore Stockton, leading about 600 Americans, military and naval forces, after a spirited cannonade swept aside the native Californian defenders under General Flores, and the way into the pueblo of Los Angeles lay open. The battlefield on the mesa is marked with four massive granite boulders, three of them bearing commemorative bronze tablets, in front of the administrative building of the stock-yards on Downey Road near Vernon Avenue, not far south of the bridge spanning the *barranca* (ravine).

Among the westward-leading highways from the heart of Los Angeles, most notable is Wilshire Boulevard, which reaches from Westlake Park through a select residential section, including Beverly Hills and Westwood, to Santa Monica. Westlake Park, a luxuriant sunken garden surrounding a lakelet on which boating is a delight, lies not far from the center of the city, amid palatial hotels and apartment-houses. Open-air band concerts here are presented for the delectation of the public. One of the busiest city corners in the world, for automobile traffic, is where Western Avenue intersects Wilshire Boulevard.

Farther west, on the north side of Wilshire Boulevard, you come to Hancock Park, with the famous La Brea Pits. This place was noted early by the Spanish explorers because of its pools of *brea* or asphalt, which the Indians used for calking their canoes; and later, when this became known as Rancho La Brea, the asphalt was car-

ried in ox-carts to Los Angeles and used for roofing. Delvers, first under the direction of Dr. John Campbell Merriam, here have exhumed fossil remains of animals which roamed California ages ago, and some of the most remarkable finds are those exhibited now at the big museum in Exposition Park. For a thousand centuries animals and birds have become entrapped in these sticky pools, and their ancient bones are found here often as well preserved as those of present-day creatures. Elephants and camels, mastodons, extinct horses and bisons, lions mightier in size than any other felines living or extinct, great ground-sloths as large as rhinoceroses, a huge extinct wolf probably the biggest of that snarling tribe, giant bears unlike any living type, a multitude of cats with knife-sharp fangs (including many hundred saber-tooth tigers), an eagle-like bird greater than the condor—these are among the wondrous discoveries in “the dark pools which reflect the past.” Some of the monsters from the “fossil mine” have names as long and frightful as their skeletal remains!

Continuing out broad Wilshire Boulevard, you arrive in Beverly Hills, lovely residential city on the lower slopes of the Santa Monica range and outspread in the valley below. The luminaries of the motion-picture world dwell, most of them, in Beverly Hills—and the homes and broad estates of these stars are pointed out to their wide-eyed admirers who throng hither. Culver City, to the south, is a place of giant motion-picture studios; and to the east lies the longer-established Hollywood film industry center.

Beyond Beverly Hills, in the new Westwood section, you come to the University of California at Los Angeles, the main southern unit of the state university. The buildings conform in general to one type of architecture, the Italian-Romanesque, and their position on a rolling hillcrest heightens their stately appearance. Dominating the spacious campus, the twin rose-brick towers of Royce Hall stand out against the sky. The arcade and the great auditorium of this hall are notable features. Across from it rises the Library, distinguished by a beautiful rotunda and vast reading-rooms. Kerckhoff Hall, the University union building, is another outstanding element in the group. A great new building program is under way.

The National Soldiers' Home is at Sawtelle amid luxurious gar-

dens, and beyond here you may continue seaward along Wilshire Boulevard into Santa Monica, attractive beach city, to be glimpsed in the next chapter.

In another direction, northeast of the center of Los Angeles, you will find many interesting places to visit. Over beyond the Los Angeles River—no great stream except in times of torrential down-pour—and out Mission Road lies Lincoln Park, formerly known as Eastlake. It holds luring attractions for children, with playgrounds and a lake for boating; and a rare botanical display is also here, with the more delicate plants sheltered within an overflowing conservatory. On Mission Road near by are an alligator-farm and a large privately-owned collection of animals. Lions, leopards, bears, monkeys, and other quadrupeds are here to be seen, with a noted ostrich herd and a colorful assemblage of pheasants and other birds of brilliant plumage. Some of the animals and birds are trained as performers.

North of here, on the Arroyo Seco, toward Pasadena, is Sycamore Grove—a beauty-spot adorned with trees, lawns, and flower-gardens. With trees from every state in the Union, this homesome park is a favorite meeting-place for societies made up of former residents of the various commonwealths.

Overlooking Sycamore Grove, on the commanding summit of Museum Hill, at Avenue 46 and Marmion Way, stands the Southwest Museum. One entry is from the west through a tunnel, lined on either side with ingenious little dioramas depicting the life of the Indians and the coming of the white men, the museum being attained from this subway by elevator, the shaft piercing the heart of the hill. The archeological and historical riches of this museum will delight all who are interested in the cultures of the Indian tribes, especially those of the great Southwest. Indian basketry, pottery, and other handicrafts are well represented, together with a vast assemblage of materials of both historic and prehistoric times. Reminders of old Spanish days in California are displayed, with relics of good Junipero Serra and his *compadres*, and of the Americans who followed after, especially Frémont, "The Pathfinder."

Ancient Spanish tomes, and collections of rare books pertaining particularly to the Southwest and California, are among the highly-

prized possessions of the special libraries housed in one of the towers. From this vantage-point you may gain panoramic views of the city and the surrounding country, embracing Sycamore Grove, the Arroyo Seco, and the Sierra Madre.

Down below the hill, a short distance from the museum is a unique feature which it has created—Casa de Adobe, replica of a typical home of a family of gentlefolk during the Spanish occupation of California. To those who are weary of stucco houses whose Spanish character is "only tile deep," this authentic adobe house of an affluent *ranchero* will prove a satisfaction unending. One room is used as a *museo* for the display of articles which could not well be shown in the other apartments, but the Casa as a whole is not a museum, but a home—and in this lies its distinctive charm. Within its patio, patterned after that of Rancho Guajome, sparkles a fountain surrounded by a pool, set amid bloom and verdure.

Noteworthy among the pictures in the Casa is the Caballeria collection, most of them paintings which formerly hung in Franciscan missions of California, in the olden days, almost half of them antedating 1700.

Not far north of the civic center of Los Angeles lies Elysian Park, vast in acreage of rolling hill-land, and through its gardens wind boulevards and trails commanding views out over the great city to the south and the Cahuenga Valley, now filling with homes, to the north.

Even larger—in fact, one of the largest municipal parks in the world, for it is more than 3,000 acres in extent—is Griffith Park, to the northwest, holding a foothill site at the end of the Santa Monica range, sloping up from the Los Angeles River. Mostly in a native state, with oak-studded ridges, clear running streams, and wildflower-fields, this park holds diversified attractions. Playfields, picnic-grounds, archery-greens, nurseries, winding miles of roads, bridle-trails—all are here. The most scenic drive begins at the Western Avenue entrance.

An interesting old adobe house, once the home of Don Anastacio Feliz, stands now within the park boundaries.

One of the first and finest of municipal golf-courses was established here in 1910, and just to its north lies a municipal airport,

in a belt ever fog-free. In the upper reaches of Vermont Canyon, a sheltered place of natural beauty, is a bird sanctuary, with spacious zoological gardens not far distant. From the summit of Mount Hollywood, highest point in the park (the elevation is 1,692 feet)—a vantage-point accessible by automobile road—you command a superb view of surrounding communities.

On the western slope of Mount Hollywood stands the Griffith Observatory and Planetarium, "a popular plant of astronomical observation" with few equals. The Planetarium, a circular high-domed room 75 feet in diameter, shows the heavenly bodies in their relative positions. This main dome is flanked by two smaller domes, that in the east wing housing a powerful reflector telescope, and that in the west wing sheltering a Coelostat. Exhibits embrace many unusual scientific studies, including moving models. The solar exhibit is one of the most remarkable. A lunar exhibit displays a model of a section of the moon 35 feet in diameter, sculptured with great accuracy.

The Planetarium, as it is usually called, is reached by automobile by way of Western Avenue and Vermont Avenue in Griffith Park, or by bus on Vermont Avenue.

The mount overlooks Hollywood, that section of Los Angeles world-known as the center of motion-picture-making. This famed *faubourg* is in the foothills of the Santa Monica Mountains, with the Cahuenga Valley below. The residences of Hollywood rank among the finest in California and they make a visit to the community pleasant and interesting, some of the most imposing homes clustering on the heights to the northwest. Abundance of flowers, trees, and shrubs gives the setting a semi-tropic luxuriance.

Hollywood, at first a separate town, dating from the late '80s, has staged most of its growth since 1920. The inspiration for the name is believed to have come from the dense clumps of native holly (toyon) on slopes round about; but the abundance of cactus below gave the early name, La Nopaleria.

At the northwest corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, a short distance to the west of the public library, is the site of the Moorish villa where dwelt an early resident, the French artist, Paul de Longpré, whose paintings of California flowers have been much admired, though some have sought to discredit them as

being too "photographic." Castle Sans Souci, at Franklin and Argyle Avenues, is a show-place still pointed out to visitors. Its valuable art collection includes a Van Dyck—a portrait of Charles I, King of England.

The Japanese gardens of an estate situated on a hilltop, reached from Hollywood Boulevard by Orange Drive, are much admired. The residence, Yamoshiro, or "The Castle on the Hill," is of true Japanese architecture, and the gardens, representing the highest skill of landscape designers from Dai Nippon, abound in pools and paths, arched bridges and stone lanterns, all in a formal setting of trees and flowers.

Many fine boulevards invite to automobile driving in Hollywood. A route often followed leads along Vermont Avenue to Sunset Boulevard, and thence west to Highland Avenue, where a turn is made to the north through the famous Cahuenga Pass and along the Calabasas Road to Laurel Canyon, where the ascent of Lookout Mountain begins over a serpentine road, with glimpses into side canyons which slash its flanks. From the top of this mountain, a summit in the Santa Monica range, is one of the grandest views in all of the Southland—over the widespread city and its picturesque suburbs, the mountains and hills, and the ocean on the western horizon. The return on this automobile jaunt may be made by way of Laurel Canyon, Hollywood Boulevard, and Franklin Avenue. Throughout the trip are seen manorial residences, ever-blooming gardens, pleasant vistas.

When Californians revolted against Governor Micheltorena, in February, 1845, the two armies met in Cahuenga Pass, at a place called Los Alamos, below Lookout Mountain. It was *opera-bouffe* warfare: the only casualty of this "battle" was a mustang. Micheltorena retreated to Rancho Los Feliz, where he surrendered, being replaced by Pio Pico.

The Campo de Cahuenga, on Lankershim Boulevard, opposite the entrance to Universal City, about three miles northwest of Hollywood's center, is a spot of momentous importance. Here in Cahuenga Pass, on January 13, 1847, a truce was signed by General Andres Pico, commandant of the native Californian forces, and Colonel John C. Frémont, representing the American army, which

agreement, when ratified, delivered California to the United States. A house in the pioneer Spanish style has been erected on this historic spot by the municipality, as a memorial.

Cahuenga Valley, in which Hollywood lies, is a frostless belt which is a highly cultivated area, long adorned with orange, lemon, fig, and walnut groves, wherever its acres were not occupied by office-buildings, dwellings, and motion-picture "lots."

In this sector of southern California more than three-fourths of the world's motion-picture films are made—and of these, about the same proportion is made in Hollywood. The first motion-picture studio was established here in 1911; now there are a score, mostly in Hollywood and North Hollywood, and in Culver City, to the southwest. An interesting day may be spent visiting Hollywood and its many studios, later going through Cahuenga Pass to Universal City, and on to Burbank and North Hollywood, as well as Studio City.

Such a trip appropriately might embrace Culver City and Beverly Hills, home of so many of the stars of first magnitude. You are likely to see the sightseeing buses careening along with eagerly-pointing crowds, while raucous spielers (*not* in bated breath) call out the names of the luminaries along this star-route.

Most of the Hollywood studios are along or near Santa Monica Boulevard. Visitors usually find it impossible to obtain entrance to motion-picture studios since the advent of sound into pictures; but frequently upon the streets and in the public parks you may happen upon motion-picture companies at work.

On the "lots" of the producing companies, one privileged to wander about beholds a mimic world. Most elaborate are some of the sets—reproductions of Old World villages, palaces, castles. It will make you marvel at human ingenuity, to view the masterworks contrived with plaster of Paris and wallboard; and in this land-of-make-believe you can travel from country to country, century to century, as by some magic.

Spectacular motion-picture playhouses in exotic architectural styles feature downtown Hollywood, and they are renowned for brilliant first-night performances. The smart shops of Hollywood will surprise those who may expect to see here another Greenwich



Village, and indeed some hail this the fashion center of America! A cultural center, too, Hollywood attracts more and more of the *illuminati*. Talking pictures have called hither writers, musicians, and actors, not only from New York, but from European and Latin American cities as well.

Preëminent in the art life of the community, and of all the Southland, is the Hollywood Bowl, at Cahuenga Boulevard and Highland Avenue. Within this natural amphitheater in the foothills are presented on summer evenings the "Symphonies under the Stars"; and besides these symphonies, a succession of colorful theatrical productions is held here throughout the year.

Easter sunrise services are also held, often with more than 50,000 in attendance. The earliest of these was in 1922, and it was acclaimed with widespread enthusiasm. The first of the symphonies was given that summer, and every year the concert series has been presented, with famed orchestral directors wielding the baton as guest conductors, and often with noted musicians appearing as soloists.

The Hollywood Bowl, incomparable spot, is beloved by music-lovers. The stillness which pervades the assemblage during one of these symphonies is intense—a waiting hush, as if the maestro's baton were indeed a wizard's wand commanding all living things to silence, save only his orchestral choir. The strains rise, pure and clear, enchanting. And the spell of the night, with the steely stars above, is over all.

In a natural open-air theater opposite the Hollywood Bowl, the "Pilgrimage Play," depicting the life of Christ, has been presented during the summer months in several years.

Hollywood is but one of many delightful outlying urban areas to be visited. While Los Angeles lies in the midst of a broad coastal plain, and the city is mainly built upon the levels, its suburbs (except toward the south) hold commanding foothill sites. It is this which lends so much attractiveness to jaunts round about Los Angeles—this, and the presence of the mountains and the sea, often combined in sweeping vistas.

Hundreds of miles of superb automobile roads, and the world's most extensive system of interurban electric railway, make it easy

to review the charms of this varied region. It is but an hour from the Sierra Madre to the sea. You may be spinning through orange-groves one minute, climbing a canyon pass the next.

Pasadena and the mountains above, the ocean-beach resorts and all the other pleasant places to be seen, will lure you to prolong your stay in many-sided Los Angeles.

## CHAPTER VII

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### *Southern Beaches*

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THAT spirit of play which enlivens the days and nights of the Angelenos is nowhere more gloriously buoyant than along the surf-beaten shore line to west and south. From the center of the city to the sea it is only a brief journey. A score of attractive beaches are accessible by highway and by interurban railway. From north to south—to call off their names like a train-announcer—are ranged Malibu, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey, Manhattan Beach, Hermosa Beach, Redondo, Palos Verdes, Cabrillo Beach (at San Pedro and Wilmington), and Long Beach. Bathing is enjoyed the year round, and at any season these beaches present colorful pictures, with thousands of bathers both day and night at the great clubs and beach resorts, and along the silver sands.

The picturesque Malibu coast, favorite with the Hollywood folk, has a series of beaches below bluffs and mesas, backed by the Santa Monica Mountains and traversed by the scenic highway to Ventura, northward up the shore line. Much of the coastland is embraced still in the Malibu Rancho, as it was when granted to José Bartolome Tapia in 1804.

Santa Monica, sixteen miles from the center of Los Angeles, holds a commanding mesa above the Pacific, with its residence sections reaching up into the foothills. Along the mesa rim runs Ocean Boulevard, with Palisade Park behind it, presenting seaward views

of striking beauty, and at the foot of the orange-colored bluffs stretches for two miles a broad curving beach. Above the city rise the Santa Monica Mountains, reaching out to sea at the north, warding off rude winds and making the climate here amiable at all seasons.

Santa Monica Beach State Park is at the mouth of Santa Monica Canyon. As a beach resort Santa Monica is perennially popular, with amusement-places along the seashore, and beach clubs exclusive in atmosphere. Once Santa Monica aspired even to rival Los Angeles as a commercial center, with a terminal and port, but now the place manifests no such serious intent. For those who enjoy fishing as a diversion it offers allures hard to resist, with a municipal pier favored by fishermen. Offshore a number of old hulks are moored, and anglers may reach them by launch. A cement promenade, three miles long, joins Santa Monica with Ocean Park (they are one municipality) on the south, where a great pleasure pier reaches out. The smooth bathing-beach continues all the way.

Ocean Park and Venice are essentially amusement-places, with Coney Island concessions—fine sorts of things for those that like those sorts of things. Venice, now part of Los Angeles, was laid out on an ambitious plan, with canals leading inland, with colonnades and arcades, bridges of sighs, piazzas and turrets. A fancied likeness to the queenly Adriatic city was heightened by the gondolas which plied the canals and by a ship hotel modeled after the galleons of the Middle Ages, apparently moored to a quay. Now, the last canal has been filled in, and the new Venice is all *terra firma*, with small claim to departed glory.

Immense bath-houses are here; a promenade, a dancing pavilion and an auditorium. At the end of Windward Avenue, built around a broad basin, runs a Midway which contains a multitude of concessions much enjoyed by the light-hearted. Roller-coasters here compete with the coast rollers. Novel amusement at Venice is night surf-bathing in the glare of monster searchlights.

At the Aquarium may be reviewed the varied marine life of the Pacific, beautiful or hideous. Among the strange creatures you'll wonder at the octopus, the devil-crab, sharks, sea-hares, mottled and knobby sculpins, and the kelpfish; while a resplendent array of fish

from Santa Catalina Island charms with its beauty. One could easily spend hours viewing the marvels of the Aquarium, and there are, besides, collections representing Indian craftsmanship and relics of the cliff-dwellers.

A couple of miles south of Venice lies Playa Del Rey, its Spanish name signifying "beach of the king," though folk-etymology insists upon "*playground* of the king!" At any rate, here's an expanse of lagoon for boating and bathing fit for His Majesty (should he ever appear) and the luckiest of his minions. Palisades Del Rey has sightly residences, and inland, in the Del Rey hills, stands Loyola University. El Segundo, on the south along the shore, is a beach and industrial city.

Manhattan Beach and Hermosa Beach beyond, not so cluttered with concessions as some of the other shore cities, are popular with families on pleasure bent. The beach is public, but is safeguarded against exploitation. In a year, more than two million visitors come to Manhattan Beach State Park.

The situation of Redondo, to the south, built in a series of broad terraces overlooking the Pacific, is a fine setting for its residences and gardens. Blossoms are everywhere. An attractive industry in the surrounding region is the growing of carnations, sweet peas, and other flowers for the market, filling the salt air for miles around with their fragrance. The Esplanade, one of the finest boulevards, is lined on both sides with stately homes, amid a luxuriant growth of palms, semi-tropical plants, and flowers. A municipal park on the palisades overlooking the ocean commands a sweeping view, and the banks below are ablaze with the amethyst sea moss of the southern coast.

Amusement features of the city are many, including a wide and safe bathing-beach, and one of the largest of all bath-houses. Fishing from the wharves attracts leisurely anglers, while offshore the battling deep-sea bass are taken.

At Moonstone Beach, to the north of Redondo, you may pick up along the surf line gleaming water-rounded pebbles—moonstones, jaspers, water-opals, sardonyx, chalcedony, moss agates, and carnelians. Many of these fragments of jewels from nature's treasure-

box are regular in shape and require no lapidary's cutting, but if you wish you may have them polished and set, in local shops.

Below Redondo the coast becomes more rugged, reaching out in a promontory, the heights rising in terraces to an elevation of 1,400 feet above the Pacific; and at this turn of the shore line is Palos Verdes, a residential community planned as a unit, with some of the most artistic Spanish-style homes in California. The roads winding along the palisades pass estates which are marvels of bloom and verdure, and the residences fit their perfect setting. Palos Verdes is an abiding-place of charm never to be disturbed. As a Spanish grant bestowed originally upon the Sepulveda family, the Palos Verdes area long was left intact, ready for the reasoned development which has come. Half a century of litigation, which "tied up" its vast acreage, strangely enough aided in this fortunate outcome.

The base of the cliffs is honeycombed with caves, and in many of these ponderous iron kettles have been found—wherein the Yankee whalers of an early day "tried out" their oil. Praise be, now the fragrances of flowers and sea mosses have conquered that historic stench!

A road leads around the promontory, and on the heights comes out, of a sudden, above bold Point Fermin, overlooking the great harbor of Los Angeles—an inspiring sight even to an uncommercial traveler. Fort McArthur, with its heavy guns, lies to the northwest. Seaward rise the purple heights of the island of Santa Catalina—but more of that, later.

The Piræus of Los Angeles is about twenty-two miles from the civic center, on San Pedro Bay. San Pedro, formerly a separate municipality, is now incorporated in Los Angeles, being connected with the main body of the city by an attenuated "shoestring strip" in most places half a mile wide.

An interesting historic background has this bay, which is generally regarded as that which Cabrillo in 1542 named *Bahia de los Fumos* ("Bay of Smokes") because of the dense smoke clouds arising from brush set afire by Indians during a big rabbit-drive. Sixty years later, Viscaino entered the bay; and when at last Spanish settlement was made it became a port of some prominence, but not

until 1803 (so far as we know) did a Yankee ship arrive—the *Lelia Byrd*, trading manufactured goods for pelts, a contraband commerce. Vancouver, on his visit in 1793, named the horns of the bay Point Fermin and Point Lasuen, in honor of his friend, Padre Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, president of the California missions. Around 1815-20, a warehouse for the storage of hides was erected on a bluff midway between Point Fermin and Timm's Point, and this, the first house built in San Pedro, was visited by Richard Henry Dana, who described it in *Two Years Before the Mast*. The warehouse was purchased by Abel Stearns, of Salem, Massachusetts, who became a naturalized Mexican citizen and, as we have noted, espoused one of the Bandini heiresses. He also erected other warehouses here. On September 30, 1846, Captain Gillespie retired to San Pedro after the revolt at Los Angeles against the American forces, and this was the base for operations aimed at retaking the city.

The first important harbor improvements were made in 1877, and fifteen years later steps were taken for the creation of a deep-water port. Then developed a Free Harbor fight between Los Angeles and interests which wished to build the port at Santa Monica. The city won, and the present harbor of Los Angeles came into being.

The reach of land called Reservation Point, to the east of the inner harbor entrance, was long known as Dead Man's Island, before the port development. On this rocky island with the sinister name were buried six Americans, killed in the battle of the Dominguez Rancho, fought a few miles to the north in 1846. Their bodies were later removed to the military cemetery at Wilmington. A number of sailors also were interred on the island some years earlier.

You will marvel at the scope of federal and municipal works at the harbor, on a titanic plan, where once mudflats and marshlands spread. A mighty angled breakwater more than two miles long from the edge of Point Fermin shelters the frontage of the outer harbor; and at its end rises a white cylindrical lighthouse. A deep-dredged channel leads to the inner harbor, shaped like a great lazy Y. Docks and wharves are linked with transcontinental rail routes by belt-line railways. Adapted for use of the largest liners, the port has an extensive foreign commerce, and none (not even New York) excels

it in intercoastal trade. On the largest scale in America, lumber is imported, petroleum is exported—and a vast variety of other commodities passes across the docks. The fisheries constitute a great industry here, and the taking and packing of “the silver horde” abound in picturesque phases. A fleet of fishing-skiffs maintains its home port in the harbor, and on festal occasions the moored craft are gay with decorations. At Terminal Island are great naval dry-docks.

Wilmington adjoins San Pedro on the north and, like it, is part of Los Angeles. Here, on Cary Street, stood the Drum Barracks, military headquarters of the district of Southern California and Arizona during the Civil War. The quartermaster’s building, now in private ownership, is fairly well preserved; in the rear is a warehouse, and not far away an old powder-house. Had it not been for the troops stationed here and at Fort Yuma, it is possible southern California might have tried to secede from the Union and join the Confederacy, for a majority of the Americans here then came from Southern states.

From Wilmington is reached Santa Catalina Island—or Catalina, as it is often called. This little voyage by sea or air, which assuredly should be made by every visitor in California, is described in a following chapter.

The beautiful hacienda of the Dominguez Rancho, in the rolling hills midway between Los Angeles and San Pedro, has been restored, but along the original lines. This rancho was one of the earliest Spanish grants in California, for it was bestowed upon Don Juan José Dominguez in 1785; and it also is of historical importance as the scene of a battle between the native Californians and the American forces, October 9, 1846. The mounted Californians, under Carrillo and Flores, put into play a four-pounder gun, the redoubtable “cannon of the white mule”—it must have had some kick, too!—which they whisked around the field with *reatas*, dragging it out of reach of the landing-party of sailors and marines under Captain Mervine, who retired to the seaboard discomfited while the dons retained possession of the field. The Dominguez hacienda now belongs to a Roman Catholic religious order, the Claretians, as a training-school.



Over to the east of San Pedro lies Long Beach, its commodious port forming virtually an extension of Los Angeles Harbor, with which it is joined by the Cerritos Channel. Long Beach, California's fourth city in rank, is twenty-two miles south of the Los Angeles civic center. The location of the city is picturesque; from the palisades fronting on the strand a high mesa extends back to the foot of Signal Hill. Three phases of the city's life are outstanding—Long Beach is known as a resort, a residence city, and a commercial center.

As an all-the-year-round resort, Long Beach is celebrated, the equable climate bringing here thousands of visitors, and this has caused the building of large resort hotels. Fronting the city is an expanse of gently sloping beach, seven miles long, where surf-bathing is enjoyed alike in winter and in summer. Along the strand extends a boulevard which is popular with motorists. Parallel with the surf line leads a fine promenade, and a multitude of amusement features enliven the Pike.

A semicircular pier, reaching out into the Pacific, encloses a sheltered lagoon. Launches or rowboats may be hired at the pier, and barges are moored offshore for the use of anglers. Yachting is another popular aquatic sport at Long Beach, and many are the colorful regattas.

On the landward side of the rainbow pier, overlooking the sweep of the strand, is the great municipal auditorium—much used, for Long Beach is a favorite convention city. From the band-stand the municipal band plays before appreciative thousands. Besides the strand along the ocean front, the city possesses several miles of beach on the still waters of Alamitos Bay, to the east.

An inland channel of Alamitos Bay opens into the wonderful Marine Stadium, with its sheltered 2000-meter course, whereon the Olympic rowing-races were held in 1932. Alamitos Beach state park, at the mouth of the San Gabriel River, is on a peninsula, affording both inland and ocean bathing.

Founded in 1882 as a residential city, Long Beach has been a favorite since its attractiveness became generally known, and recent growth has been little less than phenomenal, despite the setback of a severe earthquake on March 10, 1933.

Among the many notable highways are the Ocean Front boulevard, extending five miles along the palisades above the surf; and the boulevard from Los Angeles to Long Beach—one of the finest in California, the delight of automobilists.

From Signal Hill, on the eastern border of the city, is gained a comprehensive view of Long Beach and the surrounding region. This lofty eminence received its name because it was used as a signal station and point of observation by Frémont in the troublous days of the conquest. Not far from the hill, on country-club grounds, stands one of the most noteworthy adobe houses in southern California. This is the large, balconied Los Cerritos ranch house, located on the original land grant made to Don Manuel Nieto in 1784—the second land grant to a private citizen during Spanish occupation, and which originally included the territory between the Santa Ana and San Gabriel rivers, from mountains to sea. In 1840, Los Cerritos Rancho was purchased by Don Juan Temple, who four years later built the present house, which was his residence until 1866, when he sold it to the Bixbys. In a few years it came into the hands of Jotham Bixby, “father of Long Beach.” The report that the old structure was a fort is incorrect, but in 1846 it served as headquarters for the native Californians during fights to prevent recapture of Los Angeles by American forces.

Since June, 1921, when the first gusher burst forth, Signal Hill has been renowned as a great oil-producing field, and this area literally bristles with a forest of oil-derricks—many of them set up by “town-lot” drillers. More than a thousand wells honeycomb the hill, yielding a vast output of “black gold.”

Along with the production of petroleum, the commercial side of Long Beach has come into prominence within the last few years. Harbor improvement has been a prominent factor in bringing about this development, the great man-made harbor being created where once lay only a waste of tide-lands. Along the port-side now are ranged busy factories, some of them of gigantic proportions.

The battleships of our fleet lie often at anchor in Long Beach harbor, and visitors are permitted to view the ships on special days.

Southeast of Long Beach, on the Coast Highway and rail lines, is a succession of pleasant resort-towns—such as Sunset Beach, Hunt-

ington Beach, Newport Beach, Laguna Beach—which already have been noted on the journey up from San Diego.

The trips from Los Angeles to the coastland of beaches, mesas, and lagoons are among the most refreshing of the varied pleasure jaunts round about the great city.

## CHAPTER VIII

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### *Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley*

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PASADENA, the "Crown of the Valley" (such is the significance of its fragmentary Chippewa Indian name), neighbors Los Angeles on the northeast. The situation of the city is superb, the lofty heights of the Sierra Madre rising here on three sides of the San Gabriel Valley, while the country toward the ocean is open.

The city's site is part of an old land grant, San Pascual Rancho, made in 1843 to Manuel Garfias, and was acquired for settlement by the California Colony of Indiana, organized in the winter of 1872-73 at Indianapolis. Later the colonial name was changed to San Gabriel Orange Grove Association. A small tract of the rancho called Fair Oaks, a designation which survives today in a street name, belonged to the widow of General Albert Sidney Johnston, and it was named by her Fair Oaks after her old home in Virginia.

Pasadena enjoys a world-wide reputation as a health and recreation resort, the sumptuous hotels of the city holding a rank equal with any in America, and all of them stand within beautiful grounds. Residence sections of Pasadena contain some of California's most stately homes—the city is noted for the number of wealthy families which dwell within it and round about. Many residences truly palatial are along Orange Grove Avenue, one of the most exceptional of all streets, and in the newer Oak Knoll district. The sunken gardens upon some of the estates are unique in landscape gardening effects;

and throughout the city the palm-lined avenues are made attractive with a wealth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, mainly from semi-tropic climes.

A tour of Pasadena's finest residence districts includes Oak Knoll, to the southeast, with its winding avenues and manorial estates, and a jaunt along Orange Grove Avenue—"millionaires' row." Yet another beautiful drive leads along Linda Vista Avenue, following the rim of the canyon known as Arroyo Seco for several miles northward to Devil's Gate dam and lake, toward Flintridge.

The luxuriant growth which makes Pasadena and its environs virtually one immense flower-garden has rendered famous the Tournament of Roses, held here the first of every January. In this floral parade on New Year's Day millions of bright blossoms decorate the long line of elaborate floats, and none but natural flowers grown in the open are countenanced. More than a hundred thousand blossoms often are required to bedeck a single float. The festival parade passes along Colorado Street as a stately five-mile-long pageant of colorful bloom. A host of cities of the West send floral tributes.

Pasadena holds its annual East-West football classic on New Year's Day, as the climax of the Tournament of Roses. The leading team of the Pacific Coast meets a representative Eastern team in this game, which is held in the Rose Bowl, vast stadium in the Arroyo Seco, where more than 85,000 spectators cheer the play.

South of the Rose Bowl in Brookside Park, beauty-spot in the arroyo, are grouped swimming-pools, playfields and an open-air theater.

This mighty Arroyo Seco, reached within a few minutes from the center of Pasadena, is beautified with groves and flower-gardens. The city's main approach from the west is across the Colorado Street Bridge, spanning the wooded arroyo. Built on a curve and carried on high graceful arches, this bridge is an artistic achievement. Not only can you spin across the top, but you can drive down below and gaze up at the high arches in their superb canyon setting.

Eastward on Colorado Street, at Orange Grove Avenue, lie Carmelita Gardens, graced with rare ornamental trees and shrubs and flowers. In the park's center stands the Pasadena Art Institute, with displays of paintings far above the ordinary. A place of allied in-

terest is the enchanting Community Playhouse, on El Molino Avenue a few blocks east of the Civic Center—in the Spanish Colonial style of architecture, as are so many of Pasadena's attractive buildings, and facing a colonnade of lofty palms. The social and artistic life of the city has as its heart this distinctive playhouse, widely known for its productions and for the school of the theater which is conducted in association.

The Civic Center is dominated by Pasadena's high-domed city hall, an architectural triumph. Facing the west, in the evening it reflects the glow of the setting sun; after nightfall it gleams in white floodlights. Here stand also the municipal auditorium and the main public library, in Spanish Colonial style, with tall fronded palms peering over the walls of its spacious patio. The central axis of this noble group of public buildings is at Garfield Avenue and Holly Street.

A community of culture and refinement, Pasadena possesses libraries, museums, and educational institutions, any one of which would bring a city fair renown. The California Institute of Technology has a group of imposing buildings set within its campus on East California Street, between Wilson and Hill avenues, with the classic new Atheneum outstanding. The institute, established in 1891 by Amos Throop, is notable for creative study of the sciences. Its president is Dr. Robert Millikan, eminent physicist whose discoveries match those of Einstein, who has visited and worked with him and his able colleagues here. Aeronautical experiment is an important branch of the institute's activity; and in coöperation with the Mount Wilson Observatory it is investigating the constitution of matter and its relation to radiation. An interesting place to visit, this institution, which stands in the front rank of American foundations devoted to technical research and education.

One of the transcendent attractions of California is the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, in the park-like suburb of San Marino, about four miles southeast from the center of Pasadena, on the estate of the late Henry Huntington. It was bequeathed by him to the edification of the public. The art-gallery, which was the Huntington Mansion, holds famous paintings, and the library building, especially constructed by the donor for this purpose, is the reposi-

tory of thousands of original manuscripts and rare printed volumes. Admission is by cards, which are sent on application.

The library comprises about two hundred thousand books, and these alone are valued at thirty million dollars. Of incunabula, or books printed between 1450 and 1501, the library contains more than five thousand titles, about a hundred of these primitive books being the only ones known. Among the incunabula most venerable is the Gutenberg Bible—the first Bible and also the first large book extant printed from movable types—which has been handed down from the middle of the fifteenth century almost unscathed and unscarred. This Bible and many of the precious books and manuscripts you may see on display in the Exhibition, though most of the collection is accessible only to accredited, qualified researchers.

About a million original manuscripts and writings are here, many of them in Latin and Old English, which only keen medievalists are able to decipher. Among the historical treasures are a manuscript with annotations by Columbus; manuscript letters signed with Pizarro's mark, recounting his conquest of Peru; Washington and Lincoln items; and many original papers dealing with the exploration and early settlement of California.

Bibliophiles are mad with ecstatic joy at sight of the beautiful Gundulf Bible, manuscript in Latin dating from 1077; the Ellesmere Chaucer, from 1400, one of the most important texts of the *Canterbury Tales*; the first book printed in the English language, from the press of Caxton and Mansion. The manuscript of Poe's "Annabel Lee" is here, the manuscript of Kipling's "Recessional" and a hoard of other priceless scripts. Manuscripts of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*, Thoreau's *Walden*, Bret Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar," Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*—these are but a few of the original writings of the masters here preserved.

The art-gallery, Georgian in style, with interior panelings brought from England, is a fit setting for the treasures of eighteenth century art which it holds. This famous collection of portraits, representing distinguished work from the brushes of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, and Raeburn, recalls viv-

idly the society of the gallant period in which they moved. A little wistfully an English visitor, Philip Guedalla, has written of "the exiled Gainsboroughs" and "the rosy gentlemen smiling at their satin ladies . . . seeming to wait for us in the still walks of English gardens, leaning lightly against urns."

In the new wing, the eye is caught at once by Reynolds' "The Tragic Muse." A divine Sarah sat for Sir Joshua—Mrs. Siddons, fresh from triumphs at Old Drury. Most famous of the paintings are the Gainsborough "Blue Boy" and Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie." These charming portraits of children, the boy and the girl, are in the same salon, so that their rich beauty and their delicately contrasting colors readily can be compared. The Blue Boy was Master Jonathan Buttall, no scion of nobility despite the azure grandeur of his attire, but the son of an affluent ironmonger of London; and beloved Pinkie was Miss Sarah Moulton-Barrett.

"Fortunes in oil" are these portraits and their companion pictures. "Blue Boy" was purchased in 1921 from the Duke of Westminster for \$640,000, a world-record price; but the cash consideration for "Pinkie" broke that record.

Mention should be made that several noteworthy portraits are to be seen in the library, besides these in the art-gallery—among them, two famous portraits of George Washington, by Peale and by Stuart.

In the gallery, only a few landscapes are on view—two studies of the placid Stour river by John Constable; "The Cottage Door," by Gainsborough; and, perhaps best known of all, "The Marriage of the Adriatic," from the inspired brush of Turner. In the private library-room hang four of the set of five famous tapestries of the period of Louis XV (by François Boucher) known as "La Noble Pastorale"; the other is in the main hall. The transaction which brought them here involved the trifling exchange of a million dollars, which assuredly deserves the lift of a lorgnette.

Besides the paintings and tapestries, you will be privileged to view a rich collection of antique bronzes, rare Chelsea-ware, snuff-boxes, candelabra, Chippendale chairs, marquetry commodes, secretaries, writing-tables, settees—all in superb condition and safeguarded like crown jewels.



Gallery and library are set within a couple of hundred acres of lawns and gardens adorned with rare vegetation from all the world. In one section spreads a cactus garden, presenting the weirdness of arid America at its best—and worst. The Japanese garden in a canyon is one of the most comprehensive outside of Nippon. A pagoda towers above; and a resounding bell-gong, 150 years old, swings in the bell-house.

In the large ornamental garden you wander amidst cycads, from tropical jungles of Africa, India, Japan, Australia, Central America, and South America. They are identical with the plant-forms contained in coal—flowerless plants which abounded in a warm world before the first shrubs or flowers bloomed—contemporary with the dinosaurs. Palms have been brought here, too, from all palm-growing lands—Australia, South America, Mexico, China, Japan, Algeria, Egypt, India, the South Sea isles.

Not far from the gallery in a marble mausoleum repose Henry Huntington and Arabella, his wife, memorialized so nobly by this "library of libraries and collection of art collections."

One of the most remarkable assemblages of Californiana and other Western historic material is displayed in the Pony Express Museum, some miles to the east of Pasadena, out on Huntington Drive in Arcadia, near the Santa Anita race track. In this museum are relics from various decayed mining camps of the Mother Lode region. Among the 40,000 items here gathered are four old stage-coaches, three fire-engines of 1854, an entire barroom and its fittings from Mariposa, gambling devices, storied firearms (some with ominous notches in their walnut stocks), gold scales—a bewildering array of relics to make your heart beat faster, if you're a lover of the old West. Parker Lyon has mustered this collection and has made it accessible to the public.

Among the elegant suburbs of Pasadena are Flintridge to the northwest, and Altadena to the north, with its famous "mile of deodars" on Santa Rosa Avenue. These trees are illuminated during the week between Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, as are outdoor Christmas-trees all over California, so renowned as the land of Yuletide under the stars. Planted nearly half a century ago, these deodars of Altadena are now eighty feet high, with wide-spreading

branches. Altadena is the gateway to Millard's, Echo and Eaton canyons, in the scenic range above.

West of Pasadena lies Eagle Rock, a community named for the rock rising above a park just north of Colorado Boulevard, its configuration being such that around noon the shadow of an eagle in flight appears on its surface—an excellent device and fancy to lure visitors to linger, you might surmise, but the verdant charm of the surroundings does that anyway. To the south of Eagle Rock is the spacious campus of Occidental College, with handsome academic halls. This well-known institution of higher learning was founded in 1887.

Eagle Rock and the populous city of Glendale to its west (it is one of California's ten largest cities) occupy part of the vast Rancho San Rafael, the first Spanish grant in California, bestowed by the King of Spain in 1784 upon José Maria Verdugo as a reward for military services. Near Glendale, on Capistrano Avenue off Canada Drive, stands one of the old Verdugo family homes, a picturesque little adobe house amid a mass of flowers and fruit trees. Much of its pristine charm remains.

On the opposite side of the Eagle Rock district is South Pasadena, also a residence suburb of Los Angeles and Pasadena. The ostrich farm long established here has been removed to Zoo Park, on Mission Road; but a butterfly farm is in the vicinity.

An historic site in South Pasadena, at the foot of Raymond Hill, is the Flores Adobe—built by José Perez in 1839, and now restored and beautified. This adobe was long the house of the foreman of Rancho San Pascual, a grant which, as we have noted, in 1843 passed into the control of Manuel Garfias. During the uprising against the American rule in Los Angeles, three years later, General Flores organized an "army of defense" and repaired to this rancho. Here General Flores and Colonel Garfias made their headquarters after their discomfiture at the battle of La Mesa and agreed upon the terms on which an offer of surrender would be made to Frémont.

Another venerable structure is El Molino Viejo, on Old Mill Road about a mile and a half from Mission San Gabriel. The mill, of solid stone masonry, with roof of red tile, was erected in 1810-12 by the padres of that mission under Padre José Maria Zalvidea—the first

grist-mill run by water power in California. It was restored to its former proportions and picturesqueness by Henry Huntington. Many legends persist of an underground passage from mill to mission, and of a golden treasure buried by Padre Zalvidea. There were stories, too, of its being haunted, so that for a long period no Mexican would approach it. Below the mill is the lovely city park of San Marino, where decades ago lay the pond known as Mission Lake.

San Gabriel is situated in the valley, adjoining San Marino, about six miles southeast of Pasadena's business center and about seven miles northeast of that of Los Angeles, whence it is reached by San Gabriel Boulevard and interurban lines. The town itself is interesting, preserving some of the old California spirit; quaint vine-clad adobe houses still stand by the roadsides, including one with a wondrous great grape vine, and massive eucalyptus and pepper trees give an atmosphere of repose. To the visitor the place is doubly interesting as the location of one of the most venerable of the missions and as the home of the Mission Play, a pageant-drama which was presented for 21 years.

Mission San Gabriel Arcangel is distinctive. Long and narrow, and in architecture differing materially from the usual mission style, the church is constructed of gray stone and of large square brick covered with old stucco, though it has been considerably restored.

A pleasing detail of the exterior (and perhaps the best-known feature among all the missions) is the campanario, or bell-tower, with its six open arched niches of varying size, arranged in manner most artistic. Of these openings which pierce the wall, four hold bells, moss-grown and venerable, which thrice daily still chime the Angelus in sweet notes. To the left of the campanario stands the long wall, with its ten massive buttresses, crowned with merlons, giving the aspect almost of a fortress to the edifice. Another element appealing to the artist's eye is the stone stairway which leads outside to the choir-loft, an old pepper tree shading the steps.

The roof of the church was originally arched and there was a tower, but the earthquake of 1804 so severely damaged these that the roof was restored in its present shape and the tower was not

rebuilt, the lovely campanario replacing it. Now the roof is shingled, but formerly it was covered with tiles.

A brown-robed padre will meet you at the portal of San Gabriel and conduct you through the establishment, pointing out much of interest. The church ceiling is paneled with oak, while the walls are plastered and hung with old paintings of the apostles. Figures back of the altar were among the original decorations of the church, brought from Mexico. The central figure above is that of the namesaint of the mission, St. Gabriel, the Archangel; to the right stands St. Anthony of Padua, and to the left St. Francis. In the center below is a statue of the Virgin Mary, with St. Dominic and St. Joachim on either hand. Under the floor of the church lie the graves of personages eminent in the early history of California. At the foot of the altar sleeps Padre José Sanchez, at one time president of all the missions in Alta California; within the walls also are the tombs of Padres Geronimo Boscana, Antonio Crusado and Miguel Sanchez, who guided San Gabriel in its early progress. Above the ponderous walls of the baptistry rises a dome or cupola.

Many of the furnishings used from the time of the foundation of the mission may yet be seen here, a collection of venerable relics—processional crosses, old robes and vestments, frescoes and paintings, furniture and fixtures, and much else illustrative of the mission era. Preserved for over a century, the old hammered brass font, silver bowl and sprinkler for holy water, brass candlesticks and an odd silver baptismal shell still are here. Of particular significance are the antique books and documents, and it is worthy of note that the records of the mission, intact from its beginnings, are accessible to visitors.

The little cemetery behind the church is reputed to hold the bodies of 7,000 of the Indian neophytes; according to custom, they were interred very deep, with one grave upon another. Here also are the marked graves of members of early Spanish families. The extensive mission garden, with its ancient white-rose vine, is a delight. The oldest orange-groves in the state are at San Gabriel, where Padre Sanchez set them out first about 1771, and several of the ancient trees remain, but these are not the ancestors of most of the orange trees of California, as the original stock of the navel oranges

(as elsewhere recounted) was brought many years later from Bahia, Brazil, to Riverside. At Mission San Gabriel, too, were set out some of the first vineyards in California and a number of vines which have gained a great size may be seen—grapes belonging to the mission variety, brought by the padres from Mexico, and still extensively grown throughout California.

Mission San Gabriel Arcangel was founded September 8, 1771, by Padres Angel Somera and Pedro Benito Cambon—the fourth mission established in Alta California. The original site was nearer the San Gabriel River; but the present church (remaining from the once larger establishment) was begun in 1776 and completed in 1800, when there were more than a thousand Indian neophytes at the mission. After the earthquake of 1812, in which it was severely damaged, the church was reconstructed.

It will be recalled that Los Angeles was founded from San Gabriel in 1781. This mission, standing then virtually on the verge of the desert (for the valley lands to eastward were unreclaimed) usually was the first reached by wanderers across the wastelands—American explorers and trappers among them, after 1826, when Jedediah Smith and his companions came, unwelcome interlopers to the authorities, though hospitably received by the padres.

San Gabriel continued for years to be one of the most affluent of the Franciscan missionary outposts and was widely known throughout California as "the Pride of the Missions." The total number of baptisms prior to secularization was almost eight thousand. Not only in the number of converts, but in worldly wealth as well, San Gabriel prospered. After secularization in 1832, the mission was plundered, declining in wealth and prosperity. Since that time it has served as the parish church for the Catholics of the surrounding region.

A place of interest in San Gabriel besides the mission (which it neighbors) is the Mission Playhouse, an imposing theater set off by attractive gardens. Appropriately, in architectural design and interior furnishings of the playhouse, the mission style has been followed throughout. In an outer corridor, ingeniously displayed, are ranged models of all the missions, as they were in their prime—it will repay you to review them.

The Mission Play, the work of John Steven McGroarty, really a pageant portraying in striking manner the life of early California, has not been produced for several years, but it is hoped that it may be revived. Altogether, more than two million people have witnessed it.

The play, said to have been inspired by Frank Miller, of Riverside, was first presented in 1910 and soon won wide acclaim. A touching yet stirring drama, it is rich in California color. Of the three acts, the first depicts the heroic struggles and sacrifices of the Spanish pioneers to gain a foothold in California, ere they founded that mighty chain of Franciscan missions between San Diego and Sonoma. The second act, presenting the missions in their glory, when California was the happiest land in all the world, gives a charming picture of those idyllic golden days, with plenty of sprightly Spanish dancing. The final act tells the sad but poignantly beautiful story of the missions in ruin. San Diego, Carmel, and San Juan Capistrano are the settings for the successive acts.

As has been noted already, three miles southeast of the present San Gabriel Mission, on San Gabriel Boulevard at Rio Hondo crossing, a monument marks the site of Mision Vieja, or the Old Mission, founded in 1771. It was four years afterward that the rise of the river in flood caused the padres to remove to the present site: Ancient cannon mounted near where the monument now stands were recovered from the San Gabriel Wash, close to the spot in which they had been buried.

Pleasant days may be devoted to the San Gabriel Valley, as you cross back and forth on the many highways connecting Foothill Boulevard and Valley Boulevard. Thus you can visit San Gabriel Mission, view the orange and walnut and avocado groves, and the neat packing centers.

Alhambra, populous and prosperous, holds the terrain between Los Angeles and the city of San Gabriel, with Monterey Park on its southern border, while the Montebello oil-fields extend farther south near the Rio Hondo, a branch of the San Gabriel.

Along the northern reaches of the valley is strung a line of well-favored communities, edging up into the foothills. Such is Sierra Madre, named for the mountains above, the "mother range" of this

part of California. The Spaniards were right in so calling this spectacular range, with its pointed peaks and sharp ridges, for it is the oldest mountain chain of any size in the Southland. Mount Wilson looks down on the little city of Sierra Madre, which in turn looks down on the fruitful valley. No place in America boasts such a large wistaria vine as here flourishes, and in the blooming beauty of March it serves fittingly as motif for a wistaria festival. A canyon park, as with so many of these foothill cities, lies in the embrace of high ridges to the north.

Neighboring Sierra Madre on the south is Arcadia, founded by "Lucky" Baldwin, meteoric mining plunger and sportsman, whose Santa Anita ranch is here, though its vast acreage has been diminished by subdivision. A new racetrack testifies that the sport of kings is not defunct in this region wherein "Lucky" was wont to raise blooded racehorses, from the time of his purchase of the ranch in 1875. An army balloon school was established near here during World War I. Monrovia adjoins Sierra Madre and Arcadia on the east, set within orange-groves at the mountain-foot; and above here, too, a scenic canyon pierces the range. Little Duarte, still farther east, perpetuates the surname of Andres Duarte, who settled in this region on a Mexican land-grant in 1841.

Beyond San Gabriel Wash, where the bed of the river fans out wide, you come to Azusa, with another Spanish-sounding name. It was that of an Indian rancheria here, though some second-guessers allege that hopeful realtors devised it from the first and last letters of the alphabet and the initials of the United States of America. Azusa is the gateway to the scenic San Gabriel Canyon wherein rises a lofty dam, retaining a lake whose waters supply Pasadena and its neighbors. A highway leads up the gorge, all the way to Crystal Lake.

Glendora, still farther east, commemorates in its name the charming consort of a subdivision king in the boom of the late '80s. Above are the two Dalton canyons, big and little, and Sycamore Flat, much sought by hikers.

On the southern side of the valley near Rio Hondo Wash lies El Monte. In the early '50s this lovely spot became known as the end of the Santa Fé Trail, for westbound wanderers along that

overland route were wont to off-saddle and rest here, arrived at last in the California of their dreams. Now a little city stands amid an opulent realm whose products include walnuts, oranges, and lions. On the Valley Boulevard near by, in a stockade strong and high, encompassing a man-made jungle of palms and elephant grass and lush tropic growth, are lions by the score, some tamed and some untamable, their roars echoing and reëchoing. Hollywood film-producers draw frequently on the resources of this curious lion-farm, which attracts throngs of visitors.

The Valley Boulevard swings around southeastward through Puente, amid the walnut-groves, and on past Spadra, a stage station in the '50s and later—and thus to Pomona.

Baldwin Park lies east of El Monte, beyond the San Gabriel Wash; and then you come to Covina, surrounded by thousands of acres of orange, lemon, and grapefruit groves. If you do not cross the hills to Pomona, you may reach San Dimas, to the east of Covina, still in the Valley of the Archangel. In the pioneer days the wild canyons to the north were haunts of horse thieves, sweeping down on San Dimas, named by the Spaniards for the sainted thief who repented on the cross at the right hand of the crucified Saviour.

A foothill park lies above the city, and trails northward to Sycamore Flat, upper San Dimas Canyon, and Wolfskill Canyon are calculated to hold you in these uplands, whence the rustlers, happily, have departed. La Verne, in the orange empire a few miles east of San Dimas, possesses a progressive little college founded years ago when this place was called Lordsburg by the Dunkards, who settled it, and of that primitive era it is recounted that "the faculty and students raised their own vegetables and meat, the girls canned fruit, and the boys chopped wood for the winter fuel supply."

The heart of the Southland, where another valley broadens out, lies just beyond—and it deserves a very special chapter.

In the Sierra Madre above Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley rise two outstanding peaks, Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson. The heights of Mount Lowe are reached in a few hours from the center of Los Angeles, by a popular rail-and-trail trip. After leaving behind the busy streets of Los Angeles, the car soon reaches Oneonta, and to the east you see the San Gabriel Valley, rich with groves, its



trees laden in summer with the "golden apples of the Hesperides." Crossing a sheltered cove of the valley, the car takes you to central Pasadena. Formerly a railway climbed Mount Lowe, beyond Altadena, but since 1936 this service has been discontinued. The ascent is popular with hikers. As the mountain wall opens, the way leads up Rubio Canyon, a wildly picturesque gorge harboring little waterfalls. From here reaches a half-mile incline up which cars formerly were drawn by a steel cable to Echo Mountain, an ascent up a grade of 48 to 62 per cent.

Gazing from the top of Echo Mountain, you survey an enchanting sweep of surrounding country. At Echo Mountain the great Chicago World's Fair searchlight, with a lens five feet in diameter (the strength of the light rating at 3,000,000 candle-power), was formerly operated.

From Echo starts the climb along the route of the railway, sometimes along the brink of precipices, across bridges spanning the yawning canyons—every turn unfolding breath-taking views. On the trip up the peak you see Devil's Slide, Live Oak Grove, Millard's Canyon, a mile across and half a mile deep, and Granite Gate, at the upper end of the canyon. A few cottages stand at an elevation little short of a mile above sea-level, amid oaks and pines on a shoulder of Mount Lowe. This eminence, be it recorded, was named in honor of Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, scientist, who built the scenic railroad up its sides. During the Civil War, as chief aeronautic engineer of the United States army, he was a pioneer in the development of observation balloons.

From the cottages, trails lead in many directions. One of these is to Inspiration Point, overlooking the valley. A favorite time to visit the Point is at night, when the majesty of the mountains and the glittering lights of Pasadena, Los Angeles, and half a hundred towns below make an earthly panorama only surpassed by the star-spangled sky above. The trail continuing up the mountain is a broad path starting from the cottages and reaching to the summit (6,100 feet above the sea).

Another mountain trip which enjoys high popularity is that to Mount Wilson, in the Sierra Madre to the southeast of Mount

Lowe, which it exceeds in altitude by a couple of hundred feet—that is, Lowe is lower. The ascent now is usually made by automobile, along the scenic Angeles Crest Highway, which diverges at La Canada (northwest of Pasadena), and swings around eastward as it climbs to the top of Mount Wilson by easy grades. A motorcoach line makes regular daily trips to the summit; but some there are still who prefer to make the trail trip thither. The seven-mile trail leading up the mountain from the Mount Wilson Trail station on the electric railroad to Sierra Madre may be climbed by the hardened mountaineer afoot; but by the average tourist the trip by burro or horse is preferred. Comparatively few, however, make the journey this way now.

Views along the automobile highways and the trails, from the heights down into the lowlands, are magnificent in scope. Canyons cut deep in the mountain-side, gushing springs and waterfalls, cliffs and forested ridges, present ever-changing panoramas to the eye. At the summit are grouped an inn and comfortable cottages. The crest of the mountain is a park-like tract wooded with giant pines, and the outlook from this summit is all-embracing: in one direction lie the valleys and the cities, a mile below, while in another you look across a tremendous gorge into the very heart of the range. The coast line can be discerned, and Catalina on the shimmering expanse of the Pacific—often only indistinctly. The view by night, with the blaze of the myriad electric lights far below, is no less grand.

At the summit of Mount Wilson stands the famous observatory. Established in 1904 by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, at that time primarily for the study of solar phenomena, the first observations were taken in December, 1904, and continuously since then astronomical data have been collected. The 100-inch reflecting telescope here is one of the very largest in the world. The optical element in this telescope is not a lens, but a glass mirror—100 inches in diameter and weighing four and one-half tons. By means of a giant steel framework, this disk is swung around to view all sectors of the sky. The dome above revolves upon a double track, with such smoothness that the motion is hardly noticeable, yet if neces-

sary a complete revolution can be accomplished in six minutes. The whole building is of double construction, which aids in protecting the instruments from damaging changes in temperature.

This telescope has found a couple of millions of nebulae, most of them as crowded as the Milky Way. So powerful is this instrument that it could detect a candle-flame 5,000 miles distant!

Astronomers of this observatory co-operated in the design and construction, for the California Institute of Technology, of a telescope even greater, far surpassing any yet made. Its 200-inch reflector will gather 600,000 times as much light as the human eye—it will magnify the moon and planets 10,000 times. This great new telescope, as we have noted, has been installed at Palomar Mountain, east of Pala.

Besides the 100-inch reflector on Mount Wilson, there are a sixty-inch reflecting telescope used in stellar observations, and several great telescopes used for solar observations, besides other marvelous instruments particularly adapted to this work.

A vast number of photographs of marked astronomical value have been taken and the museum of the observatory (open to the public for an hour each afternoon) contains a collection of these stellar and solar photographs. At night, the public has access to several of the telescopes.

Round about the summit of Mount Wilson you may walk to Echo Rock, Observatory Point, Pulpit Rock, Prospect Point, Sunset Rest, Signal Point; and another remarkable feature is Old Man Rock, a mile and a half from the tavern. Trails lead throughout the Sierra Madre: to the west lie the wilds of Eaton Canyon, and to the east you may wander down the Big Santa Anita, visiting Muir Memorial Lodge on a side trail—a stone lodge erected in memory of John Muir, lover of the mountains.

The West Fork of San Gabriel River is three miles to the north of the observatory, and a highland road thither leads past Mount Markham and San Gabriel Peak.

## CHAPTER IX

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### *Heart of the Southland*

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THE heart of southern California is a great garden, bathed in sunshine; but not so many years ago, much of this now fertile land was a thirsty desert. Man has come, leading water down from mountain gorges, stirring soil which lay undisturbed for ages. "Give man to the desert," as Victor Hugo declaimed, "and make both happy!"

One of the most delightful journeys in all California is from Los Angeles eastward through San Gabriel Valley to San Bernardino; and there is a diversity of routes, either by road or by rail.

Among the favorite approaches is that by way of Alhambra, San Gabriel, Puente, and other towns in the orange belt, and across the hills to Pomona, situated in its own fertile valley. For miles on every side of the city reach continuous groves of oranges, lemons, and olives, orchards of apricots, peaches, prunes, and all the bounteous offerings of the goddess Pomona. America's largest county fair is held here every year, in a permanent pavilion.

Extending in a giant rampart east and west rises the Sierra Madre—snow-capped Mount San Antonio, with an altitude of 11,000 feet, looming above the range. The country about Pomona affords widespread views, as from Ganesha Park, Indian Hill, and Oak Knoll. Near Pomona is the Kellogg Institute of Animal Husbandry, a part of the University of California. On this ranch you may see superb

Arabian horses, representatives of the oldest breed of horses extant.

The Palomares adobe, built in the late '30s, stands in Pomona, on North Park Avenue; and the Casa Vajar, a spacious two-story adobe mansion, dating from 1850, holds a foothill site a few miles southwest of the city.

From Pomona it is only a step into the next county—and what a county! San Bernardino County is the largest in the United States. It covers 20,000 square miles, or an eighth part of the surface of California, and is almost equal in area to Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Connecticut combined; it would make twenty Rhode Islands. The arid deserts of its north and east are shut off from the rich valleys in its southwest corner by a barricade of mountains whose peaks are the highest in southern California, the range trending from the southeast to the northwest. Much of the unreclaimed desert, although long-unsuspected water resources are undergoing surprising development in regions hitherto uncultivated, will remain parched for generations to come. Most of the population of the present generation is centered in the San Bernardino Valley, shielded against the winds of the desert by the horseshoe rim of rugged mountains.

Due east of Pomona lies Ontario, a beautiful community founded as a "model city" by Canadians from the province of that name. Amid the orange-groves on a plateau at the base of the Sierra Madre, its natural situation is striking, and much has been done by man to add to the charm of the place. Among the parked boulevards, most famous is broad Euclid Avenue, linking the city with the neighboring community of Upland, to the north. It extends southward, too, and over to the southwest lies the little city of Chino, whose chief resource is dairying, having turned from the culture of sugar beets, once its mainstay.

Beyond Ontario you may travel through Guasti, in a district devoted chiefly to grapes and deciduous fruits—it boasts one of the world's largest vineyards—to Colton, an industrial city and important railroad junction point, where three transcontinental rail lines converge. Marble quarries and immense cement works are here, at the *cerro* (hill) called Slover Mountain, west of the city. Colton

is a focal point of departure for Riverside, to the southwest; Redlands, due east; and San Bernardino, to the northeast.

An alternative route to that just described parallels it on the north, nearer the base of the mountains—along the Foothill Boulevard, magnificent broad tree-lined highway which emerges from the San Gabriel Valley beyond San Dimas and reaches Claremont.

This is the seat of Claremont Colleges, a group of educational institutions, one of which is Pomona College, founded in 1887, its attractive and substantial buildings situated on a large campus. Scripps College, a leading educational institution for women, is another unit in the Claremont Colleges. The college libraries and museums contain numerous collections of outstanding importance.

Four miles to the north is the Padua Hills Little Theater.

East of Claremont lies Upland, near neighbor of Ontario. Citrus fruit grows within the Upland city limits, and the streets are bordered with trees and flowers. To the north a road leads up San Antonio Canyon, to Camp Baldy, Icehouse Canyon, and other popular mountain resorts, whence trails reach the summits of Ontario Peak and Mount San Antonio—familiarily known as "Old Baldy"—supreme summit of the Sierra Madre. Over to the east and southeast, beyond Cajon Pass, towers a range even higher, the San Bernardino Mountains.

From Upland, if you are motoring, you may reach San Bernardino by a diversity of routes—Highland Avenue, nearest the mountains, which passes Etiwanda; the Foothill Boulevard, and the Arrow Highway just to the south. On these highways are Cucamonga, Fontana, and Rialto, all surrounded by prosperous vineyards and orange groves. Fontana is important in the steel industry, besides raising poultry and fur-rabbits.

San Bernardino, county seat of that greatest of counties just mentioned, is a thriving community set in the midst of a valley which is a garden. While the city is essentially commercial, with manufacturing interests and large railroad yards, its residence sections are attractive and well shaded, graced by several parks, and boulevards extend in all directions.

The city takes its melodious name from the valley, which was first entered near the present San Bernardino by Padre Garces in

1776. In 1810 Padre Francisco Dumetz, last of the devoted band of Padre Serra's companions, came to this valley, beforetime known as San José, which he renamed San Bernardino de Sienna in honor of the saint on whose feast-day, May 20th, he arrived. No wonder San Bernardino objects strenuously to the pert appellation "San Berdoo," just as San Francisco fights off "Frisco" and San Antonio bristles at "Santone."

The Indians had called the valley Guachama, supposed to mean "place of plenty to eat." A chapel was built by the padres of San Gabriel at an Indian rancheria bearing that name.

In 1842 a grant of the Rancho de San Bernardino was made by the Mexican Government to the sons of Antonio Maria Lugo, and nine years later a wayfaring party of Mormons, under Captain Jefferson Hunt, came to the valley. They beheld a great arrowhead blazoned on a mountain to the north, and deeming this a sign from the Lord which Brigham Young had foretold, they settled here and purchased the rancho. A great stockade was constructed as a protection against Indians, who, however, refrained from the threatened attack, though in earlier years they had proved unruly. No vestige of the fortification, which stood partly on the site of the present Court House, now remains. In 1853 the townsite was laid out, a mile square, with broad streets, water being led throughout the settlement in open ditches, as at old Salt Lake City. When in 1857 Brigham Young, deciding to centralize his forces, recalled all able-bodied Mormons to Zion, most of those here obeyed the summons, though many families stayed. The Mormon settlers were generally quiet folks, but later comers proved more noisy. San Bernardino grew riotously. Looking at the present placid city, it is difficult to envision it as the tough frontier town which then it was, the "jumping-off place" for Arizona, southern Nevada, New Mexico, and Old Mexico.

The coming of the railroads meant new life to the city, and prosperity was assured by the development of the citrus-fruit orchards. The trip by electric train or automobile through the orange-groves is especially lovely in blossom season. San Bernardino, widely known as a center of the orange-growing industry of southern California, in many years holds a National Orange Show. The col-

orful displays are absorbingly interesting; not the least so, the by-products exhibits. Through the wizardry of the chemist, all the culls which formerly went to waste now are utilized, and the products include candies, glacé fruit, candied orange and lemon peel, beverages, flavoring extract, cosmetics, perfumes!

Seven miles north of San Bernardino, at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, directly under the point of the storied arrowhead blazed on the mountain-side, are hot springs drawing many health-seekers; and natural steam caves likewise are among the remarkable features of this region. To the Indians the Arrowhead was sacred. One of their many legends tells how the Cahuila tribe, driven westward across the wastes by hostile nations, were guided by an arrow of fire sent by the Great Spirit, coming to rest on the mountain-side here above fruitful vales and healing waters.

Fully seven acres in extent—1,375 feet long, 450 feet wide—the Arrowhead, generally regarded as a natural phenomenon, is remarkable for its symmetry. Its background is dark chamisal, throwing into relief the great gray figure, wherein grow pale sagebrush, lupines, and grasses.

The "Rim of the World" drive traverses a region of scenic grandeur, winding among pine forests and through valleys, skirting lakes, and following long mountain ridges, often revealing amazing panoramas of cities and orchard-checked plains, a mile below. This drive may be started from San Bernardino or, in the other direction, from Redlands. It is magnificent, either way.

Leaving San Bernardino, the highway proceeds by gentle grade past Arrowhead Mountain and up amid the gnarled sycamores of Waterman Canyon, the road now making an easy climb by a cut-off supplanting the once-feared "switchbacks." On reaching the head of the canyon, you may choose either of two superb routes to Lake Arrowhead—by the northerly road through Crestline and Strawberry Flat, or by Pine Crest on the Rim of the World highway. For miles you continue eastward along the giant ridge. At the lake stands a lodge and a "Norman village," its steep-pitched roofs and little round turrets half-hidden by towering trees, where the loveliness of the mountains may be enjoyed to the full by the sojourner. More than two miles long, the lake is completely circled



by stately pines and firs. A drive around the lake, a visit to the trout-hatchery at its north end and to the hydroelectric plant are interesting features for sightseers.

Leaving Lake Arrowhead and returning to the main road, you follow the ridge eastward—fertile valleys and the distant ocean viewed on one side, but on the other the broad shimmering expanses of the Mohave Desert. To the north lies a picturesque little lake in Green Valley, reached by road. The main route continues on to the massive dam at the west end of Bear Valley, which retains the waters of Big Bear Lake, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. Resorts and cabins dot the circling shore line, wooded with pine, fir, and juniper—the largest junipers flourishing on the north shore. A road girdled by craggy rocks and lofty trees encircles the lake. Here, hidden in hollows from the sun, the snow often lies late in the summer.

On the southwest shore are Castle Rock and its inn, jutting out into the water; and around Pine Knot, farther along, cluster stores and a little settlement. Boats and canoes are to be hired, and you are likely to be lured to spend hours sailing or rowing on sparkling waters, rife with both trout and bass.

At Fawnskin, on the north shore, is the "Theater of the Stars," where by stellar light and moonlight, or by the illumination of bonfire and blazing torch, plays and dances are presented on summer nights, to the accompaniment of sylvan music.

Over the ridge to the north of the lake is Holcomb Valley, once populous with gold-miners in early boom years, but now wellnigh deserted except for a few straggling prospectors.

East of Big Bear Lake lies Baldwin Lake, also in Bear Valley, but a much shallower sheet of water, frequented by ducks and other wildfowl, and favorably known to sportsmen accordingly. A road runs between here and Victorville on the Mohave River, which is a gateway to this lake country from the north.

Continuing the Rim of the World drive from Big Bear, the way leads southward through highlands even more rugged, the road climbing rapidly from the lake to the summit, nearly 8,000 feet above sea-level, then zigzagging down Clark's Grade. Passing near Seven Oaks on Santa Ana Creek, the route winds by easy stages

over a shoulder of Mount San Gorgonio—"Old Grayback"—on down Mill Creek Canyon through a picturesque resort region, and back into the valley at Redlands.

East of this route lie scores of camps and resorts, with recreation-grounds belonging to cities of the lowlands. San Gorgonio is the highest peak in southern California. With its companion peak of Mount San Bernardino, five miles distant to the west and only a few hundred feet lower, it forms the culmination of the San Bernardino range. On both peaks are moraine deposits, relics of ancient glaciers, the southernmost in what is now the United States.

When St. Gorgonius suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia in Asia Minor, in 304, little did he imagine that his name some day would be borne by a mighty peak and pass in California, then almost as far away and as unknown as the heaven to which he aspired.

Mount San Bernardino, because of its prominence and its distinctive cone, has been adopted by the United States surveyors as the initial point for land surveys in southern California, both base and meridian starting from its peak of 10,100 feet—9,000 feet above the valley at its foot.

An alternative way of returning to the valley from Big Bear Lake is to back-track to Running Springs Park on the Rim road, and thence descend the canyon of City Creek, to Highlands.

Travelers not driving their own cars are grateful for the regular motor-coach service from San Bernardino and Redlands over this "Drive on the Rim of the World." A boastful title, that, but the reality lives up to the brag.

Two cities, often spoken of together, which typify the charm of southern California are Riverside and Redlands, blooming communities which may be reached by way of San Bernardino or by direct routes from Los Angeles. No traveler should leave without seeing these show places.

Situated in the foothills at the extreme eastern end of the valley at the base of Mount San Bernardino, with Mount San Gorgonio and Mount San Jacinto in sight, the chief charm of Redlands is as a residence city. Thousands of acres of orange groves encompass it about. To visit the city is always a delight, for its gardens are massed with flowers and semi-tropic shrubs; and the streets, flanked

with palms and grevilleas and pepper trees, are broad and well kept, many taking rank as boulevards.

The finest of the garden estates is Canyon Crest Park, widely known as Smiley Heights. Though private property, this tract of four hundred glorious acres is open to the public at all times. Masterpiece of the art of the landscape gardener, the park holds the lofty rim of San Timoteo Canyon—a setting which has been declared by far-travelers equal to that of any gardens in the world. In the ravines and on the sloping hillsides grow rare tropical and semi-tropical trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers in lush luxuriance, and many different kinds of palms flourish here. Throughout the park wind shady roads and paths which make accessible its remotest parts; and overlooking San Timoteo Canyon stand little palm-leaf-thatch pavilions where you may lunch while you revel in the magnificent sweep of the view; marveling, too, at the sharp contrast between the parklands and the neighboring desert, from which they were created. Redlands, also, may best be viewed from Smiley Heights, and above the foothills loom the lofty peaks, gleaming often with snow.

Another private estate in Redlands which is open to the public is Prospect Park, revealing a wealth of rare trees and flowers. From Alessandro Park you look out over the city and the orange-groves. The University of Redlands occupies a handsome group of buildings in a commanding position on University Hill, facing the snow-capped mountains.

On Barton Hill, about a mile from Redlands, stands the old mission *asistencia* of San Bernardino. Cattle-raising and farming were established here in 1819 by the padres from San Gabriel, but not until about 1830 was this building commenced—the last mission construction in California, and oldest house in all this region. It was never entirely completed, and after serving as a Lugo ranch-house it was for a few years a school, conducted by the Mormons. After being long abandoned, lying in ruins, it has been restored, an interesting landmark. The near-by irrigation ditch of old San Bernardino Rancho, called the Zanja, is still in use. It was dug in 1819-20 by Indians under direction of the padres, and tradition says that the redmen, lacking shovels, used the shoulder blades of beef cattle

instead. The cottonwood and alder trees along its banks attained great size by the time the Americans came, so that many believed the ditch was a natural stream, which resulted in bitterly-fought lawsuits over water rights.

The route from Redlands up San Timoteo Canyon is followed by the railroad and a highway. The main highway, though, is to the east of this, with a side road leading to Yucaipa, in an upland valley noted for its apples. All the routes pass through Beaumont and Banning, with Mount San Gorgonio towering to northward. In a highland setting, Beaumont is known for its luscious cherries and its apples. To the east the way leads through San Gorgonio Pass, with Coachella Valley and the desert beyond.

And now, before visiting the desert country, to turn southwestward—to Riverside, which lies only about ten miles from either Redlands or San Bernardino, and is set in the beautiful and fertile Santa Ana Valley, surrounded by hills. The architecture of the city's public buildings, as at the civic center, is mainly along the distinctive California mission lines. Even the business streets are bordered with palms, and this touch of beauty, with Indian rain-cross electroliers along the sidewalks, makes the retail trading district unusually attractive. The shrine-like Court House at once draws notice.

Riverside is situated on part of the old Jurupa Rancho, granted in 1838 to Juan Bandini by Governor Alvarado. In 1870 it was laid out as a town first called Jurupa, a name soon afterward changed to Riverside.

The institution of which the city is most proud is an inn, built in the mission style. It is more than a hotel—it is a veritable shrine to California's Hispanic past. Its architecture presents an admirable adaptation of high bell-towers, arched cloisters with flagged floors, and low-beamed roofs. Details have been carried out with great care and skill; much of the woodwork and furnishings of the rooms are reproductions of Spanish designs, and genuine antique iron, wood-carvings, and historic objects decorate the establishment throughout.

In plan, the inn follows closely the lines of the old Spanish missions, being built around a spacious central patio filled with trees

and flowers; and you may dine under the stars in a smaller patio, where a fountain from Cordova splashes ceaselessly, cooling the blossom-scented air. When wandering in this Spanish patio, amid vines, flowers, orange trees, palms, one might imagine oneself in an old mission garden indeed. A remarkable collection of eight hundred bells, perhaps the most extensive of its kind in the world, is in a roof garden; and room after room is crowded with antiques and objects of art. The cloister music-room, with its sweet-toned organ, is quiet and inspiring, and here is displayed a matchless collection of crosses. Without leads a cloister walk, adorned with paintings of the missions and lighted niches holding images of saints.

The Spanish art-gallery is filled with early Spanish and Mexican paintings. The Rotunda, an addition of recent years, opens from two courts on the second floor, one Spanish and the other Oriental, and within it are the Galeria, an art-gallery and ballroom, the St. Francis Chapel, with famous old Tiffany windows and a great altar, carved and gilded, and rooms filled with wares from the glamorous Orient.

Before the doorway of the inn stands an orange tree budded directly from a remarkable old tree which long grew here—one of the two from which sprang, by a process of grafting their buds on other stock, all the millions of navel orange trees in California. This original tree was brought from Bahia, Brazil, in 1870; was planted in Riverside three years later and transplanted to this spot by President Roosevelt in 1903. The other original Bahia orange tree still bears fruit, in its park at the head of Magnolia Avenue, Riverside.

To the east of the city stands the Citrus Experiment Station, part of the University of California, where studies in tropical agriculture go forward apace, and which has rendered invaluable service in combating the citrophilus mealy-bug.

Among the beauty spots about the city, the most famous is Mount Rubidoux, which stands within the western boundary, named after Louis Rubidoux, or Robidoux, dauntless pioneer. Near its base camped Juan Bautista de Anza when in 1774 he made the first land journey to the Pacific ever made within the boundaries of the present United States. In later years, padres and Spanish

dons, American pioneers, overland stages, blue-clad troopers, passed this way.

The ascent of Mount Rubidoux is by a continuous one-way curving road of easy grade to the boulder-strewn summit, whence a widespread view is presented over the Santa Ana Valley. Broad is the riverbed, but in the dry season only an attenuated stream is seen winding through it. The bronze-green of the orange-groves dominates the landscape, which is rimmed by a circle of mountains, often snow-tipped. Below reposes Riverside, with palms, eucalyptuses, and pepper trees and flowers bowering its homes; San Bernardino is distinctly seen in the distance to northward, and Redlands lies at the foot of the far eastern mountains. It taxes belief that this productive plain was once desert.

Upon the summit of Mount Rubidoux has been erected a cross, and a tablet to the memory of Padre Junipero Serra, "Apostle, Legislator, Builder," was unveiled in 1909 by President William Howard Taft. The annual Easter sunrise service on the summit of Mount Rubidoux, of more than local note, is a ceremonial which has served as a model for many others throughout the world.

On a tablet set into a rock at a turn in the drive you scan a heartening admonition by John Muir: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into the trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy; while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Upon a northward-looking slope below the cross rises a round stone tower dedicated to World Peace.

When driving into Riverside from the west, after crossing the Santa Ana River by the substantial five-arched bridge, you come upon a waterfall, artificial yet none the less lovely, tumbling down from the heights of Rubidoux, amid spray-drenched ferneries, and near its base stands a shrine to St. Francis, with a fount for the birds, by him so well-beloved. A beautiful masonry arch, carrying the road which ascends the mount, spans the curving main highway, here bordered by stonework and terraces.

Between Riverside and its southwestern suburb of Arlington lead two of the most famous drives in California. One of these is

Victoria Avenue; the other is Magnolia Avenue, lined with double rows of pepper trees—with some magnolias among them, and rose-bushes glorious in bloom. This boulevard passes Sherman Indian Institute, a Government school where more than a thousand Indian boys and girls are taught the arts of civilization. Many other attractive boulevards lead through the orange groves which surround the city, all lined with eucalyptus trees, pepper trees, and palms.

Although Arlington is included within the corporate boundaries of Riverside, it maintains a distinctive individuality. Its Arlington Heights district embraces several thousand bounteous acres of orange and lemon groves.

Continuing southwestward from Arlington, you come to Corona, a city built along unique lines—laid out as it is in a circle and surrounded by an immense circular boulevard, three miles in circumference and a hundred feet wide. Immensely popular with automobilists, this is one of the finest driveways in California. On the map, central Corona appears designed on the waffle-iron plan, but lemons and other citrus fruits are its specialty.

The heights and canyons of the Santa Ana Mountains, easily reached from Corona, are pleasure-grounds for lovers of nature.

Due north of the city, about three miles distant at Norco, lies little Lake Norconian. Above terraced gardens overlooking the waters rises an establishment once a sumptuous resort, with structures of striking Mediterranean architecture. Now it is a U. S. Naval Hospital. In this region are facilities for enjoying all the outdoor sports, and mineral springs add to the attractions.

From Corona one may continue down the Santa Ana Canyon to Anaheim, Santa Ana, and Newport Bay. A drive of equal charm takes you to Lake Elsinore, to the southeast. Lake Elsinore is usually reached, though, from Riverside. On the way is passed March Field, at Alessandro. Headquarters for bombing and pursuit groups, it is one of the most beautiful army posts in the country, and a stronghold for defense of the south Pacific Coast in time of war.

Perris lies beyond, in a valley where the agricultural products are as many as the farmers desire to plant, for the soil is adapted to almost any crop; and thence the route bends southwest to Lake

Elsinore. A thriving town, Elsinore is situated on the northeastern shore of this, the largest lake of fresh water in southern California. Held in an oval basin of hills and mountains, it is seven miles long and three miles wide, with its surface about 1,300 feet above the sea, which is only sixteen miles distant in an air line. The lake has considerable depth, and there is a legend of a submerged spring. Sunset effects upon the mirror expanse of the waters are remarkable for the intensity of their coloring.

Lake Elsinore has been stocked with game fish, and flocks of water-fowl, especially ducks, visit here faithfully in season. Sojourners at the lake enjoy a full round of aquatic sports, and green golf-courses flank the shore. The delights of the lake, curative mineral springs and invigorating climate, have made Elsinore a favorite summer and winter resort. Deciduous fruits and berries ripen at their best here, citrus fruits are grown on the highlands above the lake, the walnut and the olive thrive, and world-wanderers declare that scenes along these shores are reminiscent of the Holy Land.

When a Yankee subdivider, Heald, suggested the present name for this region, the old land-baron Machado wrinkled his brow. "*El Señor?*" he asked. "Which señor do you mean, yourself or myself?" "Yourself, of course," replied the diplomatic Heald, with a bow worthy of a grandee.

From Elsinore a route runs through Murrieta, with noted hot springs in the hills to the east, and on to Temecula, whence you can reach the Mission of Pala, twelve miles distant. The family of Joaquin Murieta, or Murrieta, dwelt in this region.

At Temecula you are in the Ramona country. The little old village has a place in the famous book, for it was there that Alessandro had his home; and after his runaway-match with Ramona he returned there, to find his people driven away and his dwelling occupied by a drunken white ruffian.

Another romantic region is reached if you continue eastward from Perris, for thence you come to Hemet, in a well-watered valley near the base of the towering San Jacinto Mountains. The people declare the valley is shaped like a four-leafed clover, and true it is that they are fortunate folk. The great Hemet Dam, high above the town to the southeast, is one of the largest structures of



solid masonry in the West, as tall as a ten-story skyscraper. Lake Hemet, above the dam, holds pure mountain water from the snows of the San Jacinto range.

Beyond Hemet the route extends north to the town of San Jacinto—the oldest in this region—at the base of the mountain of the same name. Alfalfa-fields and dairy farms mark the pastoral scene, with orchards of deciduous and citrus fruits here and there. Near San Jacinto, too, is an ostrich-breeding ranch, with more than a thousand fine birds—at least, they have fine feathers. San Jacinto possesses a variety of mineral springs, hot and cold, all declared highly remedial in their effects, as are the Soboba hot springs to the northeast.

The landscape of the San Jacinto region is distinctive in California: it is very heavily wooded, resembling much of the Middle West, with groves and beautiful rolling slopes. Around the Indian village of Soboba were enacted some of the scenes of *Ramona*. On the nearby Cahuila Reservation is "Ramona's Grave," so-called; it is the resting-place of a Cahuila Indian woman, Ramona Lugo or Lubo, whose story bore some resemblance to that of the heroine, in particular the manner in which her husband, Juan Diego, was shot down and killed for taking, while loco, a horse belonging to mean whites; but in few other ways was she like the girl of the story.

Reached by a paved highway from Hemet and the "Palms to Pines" route from the Coachella Valley is the region dominated by Mount San Jacinto, with resorts and camping-grounds at Idyllwild and Keen Camp, situated at elevations of more than a mile above the sea. From these resorts, trails lead to Tahquitz Peak and Lily Rock, Tamarack Valley, Sunset Peak, Lake Hemet, and countless other places of scenic interest. An automobile road between Idyllwild and Banning adds to the accessibility of this Mount San Jacinto region.

About five miles by good trail from Idyllwild or Keen Camp is the Forest Service lookout on Tahquitz Peak. Many legends cling around this peak, the Indians telling about Tahquitz, the devil-god of the mountain, who dwelt within, sending forth rumblings which still sometimes may be heard, though unexplained by science.

Continuing along the trail northward beyond Tahquitz, aspiring climbers scale the peaks of San Jacinto, one of the most remarkable of all mountains in the steepness of its eastern face, rising sheer 11,000 feet above the desert. From its summit you gaze down into San Gorgonio Pass and out over Coachella Valley, with Salton Sea beyond, and to westward are Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean.

Near the top of the east peak of San Jacinto, on a shelf above the desert, lies Hidden Lake, among pine-clad ridges. All this primitive area is preserved inviolate for the lover of nature, and in its midst is the San Jacinto State Park.

Every year (in April and May) the people of Hemet and San Jacinto unite for the production of a Ramona pageant, enacted before large assemblages at the Ramona Bowl, in a glen of the foothills, two miles southeast of Hemet, with the snow-capped San Jacinto ridge above to the east. In this pageant-drama, one of the earliest of California's outdoor plays, scenes from the tale of Ramona are portrayed, and the primitively simple life of the post-mission era is presented—religious services, the sheep-shearing, routine life of the ranchos, colorful fiestas full of music and dancing. A delightful glimpse is this into the pastoral age of California.

To east and west of the Ramona Bowl lie the sites of many deserted Indian villages, beside rocks pitted with *morteros* and adorned with curious carvings. Most remarkable is the quadruple swastika design graven on a granite boulder in Rinehart Canyon about eight miles northwest from Hemet, facing Mount San Jacinto and the rising sun. A puzzle to archeologists, this engraved rock is supposed by some to argue the prehistoric presence of wandering Asiatics. The painted rock at Fern Valley is one of the many accessible in this region.

Massacre Canyon, a few miles north of San Jacinto, was the scene of a battle between the Ivah tribe and the fierce Temeculas over the supply of *chia*, a wild grain. The Ivahs, hemmed in, were utterly destroyed, many of them being driven over a cliff above the gorge.

## CHAPTER X

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### *The Colorado Desert*

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THE southeastern corner of California is a desert. Long unvisited except for emigrant trains and straggling prospectors—and the stage-coaches and “desert rats” of later times—now this remarkable region is the resort of thousands, especially during the winter. From train windows it is viewed by travelers who enter or leave the state along the Sunset route; by cross-country automobilists it is seen somewhat more intimately in passing; but those who go into the desert for a prolonged visit usually start from Los Angeles or San Diego.

Outside of the irrigated districts, where water has been brought to the thirsty land, the desert stretches away, dun mile on mile, as it has lain for centuries. Yet, throughout much of its expanse it is falsely called “desert,” for it is in reality one of the most marvelous gardens to be found anywhere. The soil is generally rich, under irrigation producing abundant crops; but where arid conditions still prevail, its growth consists of the odd drought-resisting plants native to the Southwest. The ocotillo, agave, palo verde, bisnaga (or barrel cactus), cholla cactus, Spanish bayonet and other yuccas, the creosote bush, and the mesquite and the catsclaw grow often in profusion upon these plains and slopes, and after every refreshing shower there spring up short-lived flowering shrubs that carpet the desert with a mass of varied color. It is like a wizard’s garden, a mingling

of the grotesque and the beautiful. Utterly different from other growth is this, a vegetation developed on the Mexican plateau since the Cretaceous time, and which spread from there gradually through our arid Southwestern country. Though apparently so sterile, the desert regions support no less than 600 species of plant life.

From Los Angeles to the southern desert—called, somewhat confusingly, the Colorado Desert—the main route leads through San Bernardino or Redlands over San Geronimo Pass. Beyond Banning, the desert is entered.

Near Whitewater you may visit the Devil's Garden, wherein are concentrated many kinds of cactus and other strange plant creatures. Above on the mountain-side, in the slanting morning sunlight, you may make out the Angel of the Mountain, a rock formation which takes on the appearance of a mighty angel with outspread wings. This may be seen from the highway near Garnet; and in the ravines of the low rolling hills hereabouts you may pick up gleaming garnets.

Over to the northeast of Garnet lies the oasis known as Seven Palms. Now a score of the fronded giants rise here picturesquely above a pool on the wind-swept plain.

At Whitewater one turns aside for trips northward to Morongo Valley and southward to Palm Springs.

North of Whitewater a road traverses the San Bernardino Mountains through Morongo Pass, famous for its diversity of desert growth. Beyond Morongo Valley the route continues east to Twenty-Nine Palms—a delightful spot, with abundant flowing springs of soft water, shaded by stately *Washingtonia* palms, which are native here, along with cottonwood and willow trees. A tribe of desert Indians years ago made Twenty-Nine Palms their camp. The expansive Joshua Tree National Monument is south of here.

One of California's renowned resorts is Palm Springs, situated on the margin of the desert at the eastern base of Mount San Jacinto, which towers sheer eleven thousand feet above. Here reposes an oasis of greenery, in the shade of palms and vines and fruit trees. Every year, while northern regions are fast in the grip of cold, this desert retreat is sought by those worn with worry and

overwork, that they may here be revived by the warm winter sunshine, the pure air and the thermal waters of the springs.

Visitors to Palm Springs from October to June are received by hotels and guest ranches, many of them favorites during the winter with the most affluent of our citizenry. Some of the inns are pervaded by an Old World atmosphere; one is built in the Hopi Indian style, another has a Moorish tower. Every comfort usual in the most select of America's watering-places is found here on the desert's verge, and all the recreational activities of a winter resort are carried forward with zest.

The sheltered secret canyons, with palm trees beside running streams, which lie under the two-mile-high bulk of Mount San Jacinto, hold a subtle charm. Seven miles to the south of Palm Springs is Palm Canyon, a winding gorge enfolded in the granite walls of this giant peak. Here stand hundreds of tall old Washingtonia palms, stately and slender, raising their fronded heads high into the vaporless atmosphere. They are nourished by springs of sparkling water, bubbling up among the rocks. Into this wild ravine no fogs ever penetrate; the air is clear and light. It is a place of austere beauty, of pervasive silence and solitude, and there is indeed mystery here, for no one knows by what hands these ancient trees were planted. Men of science say they are three hundred years old, perhaps five hundred. The guess has been made that their seeds were placed here by some wandering Spanish padres, obscure contemporaries perhaps of Coronado and Fray Marcos de Niza. Whatever their origin, these patriarchal trees are the ancestors of almost all the ornamental palms which grace California's gardens and line its boulevards and avenues.

The Palm Canyon region embraces not only the gorge of that name, but also the near-by Andreas and Murray canyons, which hold similar clusters of the rare palms. Andreas was a chieftain of the Cahuila tribe and Dr. Murray was the first to herald Palm Springs as a health resort.

To perpetuate the tribal traditions of the Cahuila Indians of this region, a desert play, "Tahquitz," is presented in November, at the rocky portal to Tahquitz Canyon, near Palm Springs. Higher in this canyon plunges a beautiful waterfall.

In the vicinity of Palm Springs, after the rains which usually come in March and April, the desert's face is covered for miles with the rosy purple blossoms of *abronia aurita* or desert verbena, making a wonderful show of massed bloom unbelievable.

Highway and railroad extend from Palm Springs station southeast down through the Coachella Valley. While this once was part of the ocean's bed, fresh water lies only a short distance underground, coming from the mountain ranges which wall the valley on either side, and irrigation is carried on by sinking wells and pumping this water.

The new All-American Canal, under construction, will carry Colorado River water for irrigation of about 70,000 acres in the Coachella Valley. The Coachella branch of the canal will be about 115 miles long.

The basin was first named the Conchilla—from Spanish *concha*, a shell; diminutive, *conchilla*—because of the myriads of little shells found here mingled with some of larger size, relics of the brackish lake which long filled this great depression.

Orchards of oranges, lemons, and sweet grapefruit, and almond orchards, too, now enrich the irrigated lands. Cotton of superior quality has been found to flourish in the valley, and the settlers are even more enthusiastic over another product—dates, which mature to perfection in this warm dry zone. In 1900 (an easy date to remember) the Government began to investigate the practicability of date culture here, and the experiment has developed into an established commercial industry, the honeyed *deglet noor* being the principal fruit produced. One experiment station is near Indio, at about sea-level, testing virtually every variety of fruiting palm; another garden at Mecca, where some of the oldest trees in the valley are carefully watched. A typical bearing date-orchard may be seen a mile west of Indio.

In that same direction from Indio and south of Indian Wells you will find an interesting desert resort in the Spanish *quinta* style, with an assemblage of cottages for guests. A corral of spirited horses awaits the pleasure of the sojourner who would ride, and few bridle paths can compare with a trail across the desert through wispy smoke trees, yuccas, and trailing flowers. High-

lighted with winter sunshine, La Quinta presents a picture of restfulness and hospitality, amidst a refreshing oasis.

Indio, with a couple of thousand people, is the largest community in Coachella Valley. Beyond Indio on the main-traveled valley route lies the little settlement of Edom, with wild ravines close-thronged with palms—notably Thousand Palms Canyon—over to the east, and white sand-dunes near by. On the highlands to north and east grow Joshua trees and strange desert vegetation in vast variety, amid rock forms as grotesque as the contorted cactus. Lost Horse Valley, an upland desert surrounded by giant mountains, lies northeast of the Edom-palms area.

From Indio westward leads the Palms to Pines Highway, which climbs out of the Coachella Valley by way of Dead Indian Canyon, up to Lake Hemet and the San Jacinto mountain resorts of Keen Camp and Idyllwild.

As you traverse the great valley beyond Edom you pass through Coachella, whence you may diverge toward the Imperial Valley or continue on through Thermal and Mecca. Only about seven miles northeast of Mecca is Painted Canyon, a corridor of the Cottonwood Mountains which narrows to a sheer-walled gorge, its upper reaches a mere crack. The canyon gained its name and fame from the marvelous colorings of its walls—reds, purples, browns, ochers, grays, all in strange contrast and combination. Ascending the narrowing gorge, you will see the walls riven and scored with mysterious side canyons, and look up at spires and tower-rocks where the shadows swiftly shift with the minutes.

Eastward from Indio, and from Mecca, lead excellent highways, the two joining in a route which continues across desert mountains to the Colorado River, about a hundred miles distant. Through Desert Center, almost fifty miles out, the highway leads, traverses Chuckwalla Valley and continues on across the mesa-land.

The Eagle Mountains are to the north, with the Lost Palms Canyon in their midst, and the Orocopia range is to the south, on early stages of this trip. Farther on, the Coxcomb Mountains serrate the northern skyline, and the Chuckwalla range is on the other side of the highway. It is worth noting that the chuckwalla, which

gives its name to the region which it haunts, is an ill-favored black lizard of great size, little smaller than the Gila monster.

Descending from the mesa, the highway leads down to Blythe, chief town in the Palo Verde Valley, with almost 100,000 acres of irrigable deep-silt soil. Where once all was desert, now flourish dairy-farms and orchards and fields of cotton, alfalfa and grain. A bridge spans the broad Colorado east of Blythe, the highway leading on to Wickenburg and Phoenix, in Arizona.

About a score of miles north of Blythe on the mesa-land near the river are three groups of giant Indian pictographs—the figures of men, quadrupeds and coiled serpents, formed by removing the dark pebbles and revealing beneath the white adobe soil. The three human figures, of which one is about 170 feet long, are outlined with pebbles also, and one of them appears to be stepping out of (or into) a circle, supposed to have mystical significance. Made by Indians several hundred years ago, these remarkable figures were discovered only recently from the air.

North of the route just described, across from the Coachella Valley to Desert Center, is the course of the Colorado River Aqueduct, sometimes known as the Metropolitan Aqueduct because it is to serve Los Angeles and neighboring cities. The diversion dam is about 17 miles upstream from Parker, Arizona, and the giant aqueduct extending southwestward is 239 miles long, to the terminus in the Cajalco Reservoir south of Riverside. Ninety-one miles of the aqueduct are in tunnel—the longest, the San Jacinto Tunnel, is almost 13 miles in length.

Coming back now to Mecca, if you continue thence southeastward you soon reach Salton, a settlement on the brink of the great Salton Sea, which fills the bottom of a former arm of the Gulf of California. When the depressed basin now occupied by Salton Sea (beside which you ride for nearly fifty miles) was head of the gulf, the shores extended far up between the San Bernardino and San Jacinto Mountains. The Colorado River flowed into the side of the gulf, a hundred miles below its head, and gradually the silt of the river-bottom formed a delta entirely across the basin, the sandbar at last becoming higher than the level of the gulf, severing it completely and converting its northern end into an inland sea,



known to geologists as Lake Cahuilla. The river discharged into this inland sea, continuing to build up its delta dam and raising it far above the gulf, the enclosed water becoming fresh.

This prehistoric lake was of far greater extent than the modern Salton Sea; in fact, it expanded until its waters spilled over the silt barrier into the Gulf of California. Eventually this lake evaporated and the sink for ages held a crusty bed of salt; but, raging against its banks and sweeping down a diversion canal, the Colorado broke loose in 1905, and for about two years poured its entire volume into this depression, threatening the obliteration of the mighty reclamation project of Imperial Valley. The Southern Pacific, by skillful engineering and vast expenditures, returned the runaway river to its old channel.

Now the surface of this lake is about 250 feet below sea-level. The river has been tamed, controlled by Boulder Dam, and down lower held within levees so that never again is it likely to leave its channel, and the Salton Sea in the course of time may, therefore, disappear; but it is computed by some experts that when the Sea is reduced to about 200 square miles in area, inflow from the irrigation waters of Imperial Valley and other sources will balance evaporation and it will remain without expansion or diminution.

Beyond Mecca and Salton, the railroad and a desert highway run along the eastern side of Salton Sea, with the Chocolate Mountains rising upon the skyline. Near Volcano the route leaves the lake. The place is hot as Vulcan's smithy, too, in summer; and so is Niland, just beyond. About six miles by road west of Niland, on the border of the Salton Sea, lies a field of geysers and bubbling mud-pots. Because the flow of mud is gradually building craters around some of the vents, they are often termed mud-volcanoes. The roar of escaping steam can be heard a quarter-mile away. Beyond Niland you may travel southward by rail or over good highways into Imperial Valley, and from there motor eastward to Yuma. If the main line of the railroad is followed, it will take you direct to Yuma across a sandy desert waste, by way of Glamis and Ogilby.

The main highway diverges southward from Coachella and passes to the *west* of the Salton Sea. Figtree John Springs, on this route, were named for an old Cahuilla Indian, otherwise known as

Juan Razon, who dwelt here "before the flood." At Kane Springs a road diverges westward to the Borego region, with Julian and Escondido beyond. To continue southeastward, you enter the Imperial Valley, passing through Westmoreland to Brawley. This fertile valley, truly called Imperial, rescued from the desert, is often visited from San Diego, and it has been described in the account of the trips round about that southern city.

East-bound motorists leave Brawley or El Centro for Holtville, thence traversing valley lands and the desert of sandhills to the Colorado River, crossing that broad turbid stream to Yuma. Now a splendid standard concrete highway, never blockaded by sand, leads where once an old plank road passed through the waste of ever-shifting dunes.

The Colorado, sixth in size among the rivers of North America, is navigable from its mouth in the Gulf of California (remarkable, like the Bay of Fundy, on the other side of the continent, for its tide-bores) up to The Needles, and even beyond. Old flat-bottomed stern-wheelers plied on the river in the early days, through the desert. At low water, this swirling, turbid stream carries five per cent of solids; in flood, as much as twenty per cent, which accounts for its color and for the expanse of delta lands it has laid down.

Yuma is the little Arizona city with a hectic past where one is offered free gasoline "any day the sun don't shine," as signboards proclaim. It is the hot spot of the United States. Although the temperature at Yuma in midsummer is registered in three figures, the dryness of the air permits work in the fields at all seasons and the heat is seldom prostrating. The city's business section is close to the river, but the residential districts lie on mesa land above. Yuma occupies the logical site for a larger city, standing eighty miles up-river from the Gulf, in the midst of an extensive agricultural region which has soil of acknowledged fertility and unfailing water.

The Colorado has had many names, one of them Rio de los Martires, for the martyred missionaries slain on its shores by the Indians in revolt, in 1781. On the bluff opposite the city rise buildings of the Yuma Indian Reservation, where once stood Mission La Purissima Concepcion—almost forgotten to history and so isolated in its position that it is seldom reckoned among California's missions.

Twelve miles distant was Mission San Pedro y San Pablo. Their existence was indeed brief. Founded by Padre Garces and his companions in 1780, these outposts of the Franciscans were destroyed by the Indians in July of the next year, and the Spanish soldiers, the missionaries, and many of the settlers were massacred. The Yuma Indians now are peaceable enough and lend a picturesque touch to the place. When the train pulls into the Yuma station these gaily-bedecked aborigines are in evidence, offering for sale their basketry and pottery and beaded ware.

On the opposite mesa you may see the ruins of Fort Yuma, established in 1850 and for some years the principal army post in the Southwest. Fort Yuma was besieged by the Indians in 1851, and proved of strategic importance during the Civil War. At the Fort Yuma Indian school stands a monument to the fearless Padre Garces.

The old Arizona territorial prison at Yuma, with its row of cells, each with its iron grilled gates, once was filled to overflowing. Now it is a mournful ruin.

Beyond Yuma, highway and railroad continue east to Phoenix, but a stop here well repays the traveler. The trip up the Colorado River to the great Laguna Dam is especially interesting. To the north appear steep-sided Picacho, square of outline, and the strange turrets of the Pagoda Mountains, with massive Castle Dome to the northeast. On the southern horizon looms Pilot Knob, the landmark which guided early emigrants on their way to California. Signal Peak appears in the far distance, on the Mexican border.

The Laguna Dam, which diverts the water for the Yuma irrigation project, is one of the longest in the West—almost a mile in length—and the backwaters above the dam form a lake or *laguna* five miles long. Below, the water is distributed by two main canals, one of these, on the Arizona side, providing irrigation for the lower part of the Gila Valley, northeast of Yuma; while the other main canal, much the larger of the two, passes along the California side by way of the San Pasqual Valley, and opposite the city of Yuma drops its waters into an immense inverted siphon, whence they are delivered to the main canal on the Arizona side, many feet above the river level. The outlet and intake of the siphon are a thousand feet apart.

About five miles above Laguna is the new Imperial Diversion Dam, part of the All-American Canal project, lately completed. A remarkable feature of this development here is the system of vast desilting basins. As already mentioned, this new canal carries the river-water to the irrigable lands of Imperial Valley and Coachella Valley, both of which are below sea-level.

Water for irrigation of Imperial Valley has been diverted by a canal leading from the Colorado River at Rockwood Gate, below Yuma and less than a mile north of the Mexican boundary. It bears the name of George Robinson Rockwood, engineer who led in the first successful development of irrigation in the valley.

A highway leads northward to the site of the old mining-town of Picacho, twenty-five miles from Yuma on the west bank of the river. Only a few straggling structures remain, on high ground out of reach of flood waters. The camp, founded in 1862 by Mexicans, drew its gold ore from a mine near the outstanding peak called by them Picacho.

In unforeseen ways our wastelands have proved of value to the nation. The Colorado Desert during World War II was the scene of extensive United States training for desert warfare, developing techniques and procedure put into effect tellingly on the sands of North Africa.

## CHAPTER XI

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### *The Mohave Desert and Death Valley*

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THE wastelands on the seared east-central flank of California are termed the Mohave Desert, sometimes spelled Mojave and always to be pronounced in three syllables—"Mo-hah'-vay." The word itself is as difficult to pass over for some tenderfoots as the perfervid desert sands.

Land of mystery and loneliness, the Mohave fascinates with a subtle spell. Stark-naked hills, hovering mirages, swift lurid light-effects of sunset and dawn, grotesque growth of yucca and cactus on the plains—everything is strange and unfamiliar in aspect. The mesquite tree, with its pale green leaves, its bean-pods and its wondrous root system; the ocotillo, with its array of whiplike branches; the maguey, or American aloe, of which one variety is called the century plant, because of a mistaken belief that it blooms once in a hundred years; and the palo verde, green of trunk and foliage—these are prominent among the plants in the curious desert garden.

The yucca of the Mohave is in reality the largest of the lily family, and grows sometimes fifteen feet high, with a stem often a foot in diameter, having two to five bulky branches. Its leaves, which resemble the blade of a bayonet, hang down the side of the stem, lending it a rugged, uncouth appearance. Frémont wrote in his journals of exploration of the Mohave area: "We were struck by the sudden appearance of yucca trees, which gave a strange

and southern character to the country, and suited well with the dry and desert region we were approaching. Associated with the idea of barren sands, their stiff and ungraceful form makes them to the traveler the most repulsive tree in the vegetable kingdom."

It is of this arid region that Mary Austin tells in *The Land of Little Rain*. The desert, she says, begins with the creosote—"odorous and medicinal as you might guess from the name, wandlike, with shining fretted foliage."

The vast Mohave is approached usually from the south by way of San Bernardino and over the Cajon Pass; and from the west by way of Saugus, or of Bakersfield, whence routes cross the Tehachapi Pass and the more northerly Walker Pass, for on all sides this desert land is girt by gaunt, giant mountains, and much of its surface is rugged. The mountain ranges present strange and weird outlines against the sky. There is an air of mystery about the desert which will cling to it for years, perhaps for centuries—some of it still has never been thoroughly explored, though airplanes are being used more and more to scan its immense expanse.

Everywhere the desert is seamed with dry washes, and pitted with sinks—lakes without outlet, which trap any run-off from surrounding mountains during the wet season, and which are dry much of the year. The most important stream is the Mohave River, tumbling down from the San Bernardino Mountains and flowing northward for a hundred miles into the treeless solitudes before losing itself in the sands. The Amargosa, which "flows" into Death Valley from the south, is another such.

Eastward from Saugus and over the Cajon and the Tehachapi gateways extend rail lines which diverge and cross the desert on the transcontinental passage. Most of the country traversed by these routes is typical desert territory, but around several of the stations are oases where agricultural development is going forward, nourished by flowing wells, created by tapping the underground waters.

Highways roughly parallel most of the rail routes, though here the railroad was sometimes the forerunner of the roads. Two commodious paved highways, parts of the great state system, lead across the Mohave; but a few of the less-traveled desert roads remain in ill repute and ill repair. "This road is impassable, scarcely

jackassable," was a sign on such an one in the era of the buckboard. Moderns say it with the laconic "Détour."

The route from San Bernardino, followed by rail and highway, climbs up over Cajon Pass, its summit 4,300 feet above sea-level. The name *Cajon* in Spanish means "box," and a big box it is. This historic pass may have been traversed by the wandering Padre Garces in 1776, though his exact route across the range is not definitely determined. Pack-trains from Santa Fé later used the gateway, or *puerta*, as it was called, the first being piloted through in 1831 by William Wolfskill. Twenty years later the Mormon emigrants from Utah came over, one party led by Jefferson Hunt, as we have recorded, and their route was called, for a time, the Mormon Trail.

Descending from Cajon, you continue straightaway northeast to Victorville, on the intermittent Mohave River, where some reclamation of the wastes has been made—rescue-work done likewise at Hesperia to the south and at Adelanto to westward of this valiant *ville* conquering the desert. Oro Grande is next reached, and though its name indicates "coarse gold," it produces now mostly fine cement. The way beyond here follows the dwindling river over "the vampire sands" to Barstow, on one of the main east-west routes across California.

A road branches from the Cajon Pass route near Camp Cajon and skirts the border of the Mohave Desert northwesterly through Lone Pine Canyon. Above Big Pines Camp, farther on, stands an observatory of the Smithsonian Institution.

Upon descending from the mountains into the desert, the highway comes to Palmdale and Lancaster, communities reached also by several routes which cross the mountains north of Los Angeles. After passing through the San Fernando Valley to Saugus, one of these ascends Mint Canyon and traverses Sierra Pelona Valley; a second passes up Bouquet Canyon, properly Canyon del Buque; and still another makes its way through San Francisquito Canyon, an early stage-coach route.

Whereas the main-traveled highway, desert-bound, is that through Mint Canyon, an older route (and that followed by the railroad and a good automobile road besides) traverses Soledad Canyon, leading eastward. At Lang station, ten miles east of Saugus, the last

spike was driven, with appropriate ceremonies, in the first rail line completed through between San Francisco and Los Angeles, September 5, 1876. Through this deep rock-walled gorge of Soledad Canyon a few years earlier outlaw riders spurred, finding refuge amid the rocks of Robbers' Roost about four miles northwest of Acton, on the ridge between Soledad and Mint canyons. Because Tiburcio Vasquez was here before his capture in the Santa Monica foothills (he met his richly-merited death by hanging at San Jose in 1875) the sandstone crags of the Roost are often termed the Vasquez Rocks.

In mentioning the highways leading into the desert, it should be noted, too, that from the so-called Ridge Route a side road extends eastward to Lancaster, though the main highway—as will be described later—crosses the Tehachapi Mountains over historic Tejon Pass to Bakersfield. On the way to Lancaster, the divergent road traverses between Neenach and Fairmont a remarkable forest of Joshua trees—tree yuccas. Other such weird groves lie between Hesperia and the Cajon Pass, and north of Victorville.

As has been indicated already, the rail route and highway from Bakersfield to Mohave<sup>1</sup> cross the Tehachapi Pass—the railroad piercing the summit through a tunnel, the road climbing over, at an elevation of 3,793 feet above sea-level. Mohave represents something of an oasis in the desert, with refreshment for man and beast. The station eating-house long since gained a wide reputation, and many repleted wayfarers came to believe that Fred Harvey had a brother Moe, equally to be praised as a purveyor.

From Barstow, highways and railroads diverge. One route heads for Needles on the Colorado River, and the other for Las Vegas and the Boulder Dam.

On the first of these routes, the way leads eastward through Daggett, an old town with tributary silver mines and borax deposits. In former years twenty-mule teams dragged the raw *colemanite*, the borax-ore, from Death Valley to a refinery at Daggett. Development of purer mineral in other desert areas caused cessation here.

<sup>1</sup> The name of this town is generally spelled Mojave; but the spelling Mohave is correct for the name of the tribe of Indians, and for the Desert. Uniformity suggests the same usage throughout.



To the north rise abruptly the Calico Hills, remarkable because of their strange coloration, from which they took their name. The dazzle-painted strata of volcanic ash and rhyolite lie exposed on the bare mountain-sides—red, yellow, violet, bright green, pink, crimson, and brown. Each hill has its own distinctive hue, with mottlings of the others—effects seen here to best advantage, though several mountain ranges on the desert present much the same characteristics.

As the trans-desert route is followed from Daggett through Minneola and Newberry, the course of the Mohave River to the north is marked by lines of mesquite growth, though only in flood does the stream reach here. South of Pisgah, still farther along, rises a perfect cinder cone, with a deep crater at its summit. Round about lie black lava-beds of recent flow.

Next you reach Ludlow, a desert settlement almost wiped out by fire a few years ago. From here a railroad route diverges northward to Tonopah and Goldfield, historic Nevada mining-camps.

Taking up the journey again across the desert eastward, you see the high Bullion Mountains rising to the south. About four miles beyond Bagdad towers a tall volcanic cone, above a bed of lava. Through Amboy the way leads, past Amboy Crater; and a road and railroad run *via* Cadiz southeast to Parker, Arizona, on the Colorado River, a highway diverging from this route to Blythe, farther south in the Palo Verde Valley.

The main route, however, trends northeast, with the steep varicolored pinnacles of Clipper Mountain on the left and the granite Piute Mountains piling up on the right. Past the oasis of Danby the way now leads, ascending to Essex. Beyond there, the railroad and a secondary highway swing around past the pioneer settlement of Goffs and across broad desert plains, through a gateway in the hills to Needles. The principal highway by a more direct passage cuts across a spur of the Sacramento Mountains.

Standing on a low terrace less than a mile from the Colorado River, Needles is the principal city of all this desert land. It is important as a railroad center, and large mining and smelting interests contribute to its prosperity. Settlement dates from 1882, when the railroad came hither. The city takes its name from a group of rocky pinnacles over in Arizona near Topock, called "The Needles." At

the "Eye of the Needle" stands a narrow ridge through which a hole has been pierced by the action of wind and weather and the fine wind-blown sand.

Bordering the river banks is a Mohave Indian Reservation, and, as at Yuma, Indians may usually be seen at the railroad station selling trinkets and handiwork.

The first white man to venture into this region was Padre Francisco Garces, who in 1776, after penetrating to the mouth of the Colorado from the east, traveled up the river as far as "The Needles." He then struck cross-country to Mission San Gabriel. Garces gave the name Sierra de San Ildefonso to what is now known as the Mohave Range, south of Topock.

From Needles the railroad and the main highway turn southward for a few miles before crossing the Colorado River into Arizona at Topock, continuing across to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and thence to the East.

An important railroad route runs from Daggett northeast through Crucero, which lies south of Soda Lake, the sink of the Mohave River, but into which the river seldom flows aboveground. Beyond here the main rail route continues through Kelso and Ivanpah, a pioneer town, in its own valley, and on into Nevada, crossing the boundary just after leaving Calada, and traversing Nevada through Las Vegas and Caliente, thence reaching Salt Lake City.

A highway roughly paralleling this rail route extends from Barstow northeast by way of Baker to Las Vegas—the Arrowhead Trail, so called. Southeast of Baker and east of Soda Lake lies the strange area known as the Devil's Playground. A road diverges northward from Baker to Death Valley, and this we shall soon follow in our descriptive journey. A much-traveled road crosses the sun-blasted hills northeast into Nevada. Las Vegas, which has the aspect of a live frontier town, is about forty miles beyond the boundary, and Boulder Dam on the Colorado River is thirty miles farther, to the southeast. Many travelers turn aside to visit this titanic engineering work, one of the supreme man-made wonders of the West.

From Mohave and from Kramer, a borax town on the Mohave-Barstow highway, you may trek northward to the rich mining-

district known as The Rand. Johannesburg and Randsburg, neighboring camps, bear names reminiscent of the famous Transvaal gold-reefs. Johannesburg, though, becomes colloquially "Joburg." Silver and that rare metal, tungsten, are mined extensively in this region, where the first important gold-strike was made in 1895.

North of the Rand lies Searles Lake, covered by a crystalline crust over which automobiles can drive. This strange lake is immensely productive of borax and potash; and beyond Trona, center of recovery-works on the lake marge, one may continue northeast across the desert, past the ruins of Ballarat, decrepit mining-camp named after the Australian gold-fields. A side road climbs eastward up a gorge where, in a deep canyon not far south of Telescope Peak, are the remnants of a few old houses and saloons—the ghost-town of Panamint, a real rip-snorting Wild West mining-camp in the '70s. Just over the range lies Death Valley.

If you wish to reach the valley on this route, you continue on past Wildrose Canyon and over Emigrant Pass. A turn aside will take you to the long-deserted camp of Skidoo, on a summit of a ridge near the western rim of Death Valley. Mining of its free-milling ore, producing silver and gold, was developed in 1906 and for a few years following. Water was piped in from Telescope Peak, eighteen miles.

The road north from Baker leads through the little settlement of Silver Lake, at last branching—one route entering Death Valley at its southern end, and the other (and better) crossing the course of the underground Amargosa and passing through Shoshone (long a rancheria of Shoshone Indians), whence a road diverges to the valley of the somber name. Or you can motor on to Death Valley Junction and drive westward from there to Furnace Creek, in the valley. This is the way those who travel by rail get there, *via* Baker, Tecopa, and Shoshone. Near these routes, on a precipitous slope, is the abandoned borax-working hamlet of Ryan.

The "dead heart of Mohave" is Death Valley, almost 300 feet below sea-level, with the awesome Black Mountains and Funeral Range on the east and the Panamint Mountains on the west. The valley is about 130 miles long and from six to fourteen miles wide—a great gash in the earth. In pioneer days this arid waste took terrible

toll of prospectors and emigrants who wandered across, seeking the fair land of California. An emigrant wagon-train suffered great privations here as early as 1849, and in succeeding years many lives were snuffed out in the hell-heat of this inferno.

On Christmas Day, 1849, a party guided by William Lewis Manly entered the valley, camping near what is now Furnace Creek. After their hardships crossing the desert, most of them could fare no farther, and Manly and John Rogers proceeded into southern California, coming back to rescue the party—but several had attempted to go on alone; some are known to have perished, and some were never heard from, undoubtedly dying in the desert ranges beyond. Another prairie-schooner party, usually referred to as the Jayhawkers, and who had traveled in loose association with the Manly group, had suffered the loss of nine of their members in the deserts to the east, and now ventured to cross the valley at about the same time, with tragic results, for the party lost at least four more members just beyond, following their ordeal, the terrible passage of the valley. It was after the experiences of these unfortunate wanderers that it became known as Death Valley.

Long thereafter looked upon as a death-trap, a sink of sorrow, the valley at last became better known, and better liked with the knowing; and soon venturesome ones familiar with its desert ways found joy and solace where others had found pain. The Funeral Range, Furnace Creek, Tarantula Gulch—the macabre names were warnings. But the seekers after calm and beauty found moods when all these belied their forbidding nomenclature. From the first of November to the first of May, it was discovered, the season is ideal for enjoying the peace of this desert valley. In latter years, visitors have poured into Death Valley during this period, staying at inns at Furnace Creek and near Stovepipe Wells, and making jaunts by automobile to points of interest in and about the valley, once so awesome—and still to be feared in midsummer heat. It is, in all likelihood, the hottest place on earth.

Most of the valley and the surrounding ranges to their summits are now included within a National Monument reservation, embracing more than a million-and-a-half acres.

The best general idea of the valley can be gained from Dante's

View, reached by a six-mile road diverging west from the route just described, about five miles south of Ryan. The road ascends the Black Mountains and at their crest Dante's View is attained—a sight never forgotten, even by one who has traveled far. A vertical mile down lies the lowest point in our country—a depth below sea-level; directly opposite across the waste rises Telescope Peak, summit of the Panamints, often snow-clad, presenting one of the steepest profiles among the mountains on the continent; still farther on the western horizon, Mount Whitney, loftiest mountain in the United States,<sup>1</sup> showing its granite crest above the rampart of the Sierra Nevada; and north and south from Dante's View itself, the Funeral Range, eastern barrier of Death Valley. And from here, too, you see the glimmer of an alkaline pool called Bad Water, in the lowest sump of the valley.

Some miles south of Dante's View, near Funeral Peak, lies the Greenwater district. Around the spring here grew a rude mining-camp in 1905, but now it is abandoned, with not a house standing. Copper was mined at Greenwater, but the high-grade ore soon ran out.

About three miles short of the valley another brief side road takes you to Zabriskie Point, second only to Dante's View for the magnificence of the panorama it reveals. Mountains a hundred miles away, appearing much nearer, stand out in stark detail; and in the foreground lie weird Gower Gulch and a cross-hatch of ridges.

At the base of the dark bare mountains an inn now stands near Furnace Creek Wash, overlooking the valley, and a mile to the west lies Furnace Creek Ranch, an oasis under cultivation. Date palms and *Washingtonia* palms are clustered here, and Indians grow alfalfa. From the ranch you may drive north to the ruins of the Harmony borax works, the original plant whence Borax Smith derived his millions. The huge wagons hauling crude borax 200 miles across the drear desert to the railroad were lumbering affairs, drawn often by a score of mules, guided by a single "string" or check-line, 125 feet long.

A couple of miles south of the Furnace Creek hostelry, Golden Canyon pierces the Black Mountains, and you can drive up it some

<sup>1</sup> Except for Alaska.

distance before taking the trail to the upper reaches, hemmed in by wondrous crimson cliffs.

Southward you may motor to the Devil's Golf Course, an amazing expanse of jagged salt formations such as one might imagine on the fearsome landscape of some dead planet. This mass of salt spreads across the valley at its narrowest point, and in some places it lies more than 1,000 feet deep.

A desert road runs along the eastern side of the valley, past the Salt Pools, to Bad Water, the sink of the Amargosa River. This is believed to be the lowest depression of all—about 280 feet below sea-level.

Across on the other side of the valley a road swings along past the old Eagle borax works, and Bennett Well, associated with the tragic story of the 'Forty-niners, some of whom camped here.

Farther south lies Mesquite Well, the road beyond there forking, one branch going up and out through Wingate Pass toward Mohave, and the other trending southeast up Amargosa Wash. Amargosa means "bitter" in Spanish, the reference being to the seldom-seen waters of this remarkable subterranean river.

The northern reaches of Death Valley are often visited from the resort, or bungalow-city, bearing the name of Stovepipe Wells, about twenty-five miles northwest of Furnace Creek; but the wells themselves are several miles even farther north, beyond an expanse of shifting sand-dunes. The position of the water-holes was marked by sections of upright stovepipe, to guide thirsting wanderers.

It is guessed that somewhere in the vicinity of Boundary Canyon, not far from old Stovepipe Wells, is the lost Breyfogle mine. In 1862 Jacob Breyfogle, a miner fleeing from Indians, came upon a ledge of rich gold ore, but, suffering from the effects of his incredible hardships, he was never able to find it again, though he tried to lead a party to it. So far as known, the "mine" was never found. Another like will-o'-the-wisp location was the lost Gunsight Mine, a silver strike, thought by many to be somewhere near Townsend Pass.

If you continue north beyond Stovepipe Wells you will pass the mouth of Titus Canyon in the Grapevine Mountains, to the east, and about a dozen miles farther on you will behold a vision of loveliness

in the desert, the castle of Walter Scott—Death Valley Scotty—on which, it is supposed, more than a million dollars was lavished. As his former castle, equally famous, was wrecked by a cloudburst, he moved to this spot in Grapevine Canyon, more secure. From the rugged ravines of the Panamints, Death Valley Scotty long was wont to issue upon a wondering world, loaded with gold nuggets, from mines as mysterious as those of King Solomon.

The road which passes Scotty's Castle soon thereafter crosses into Nevada and heads north to Goldfield. West of the castle a road climbs to the Ubehebe Crater, a remarkable volcanic formation.

A road over into Nevada from the Stovepipe Wells region crosses Daylight Pass and traverses the Amargosa Desert to the old mining-town of Rhyolite and to Beatty, five miles beyond. Rhyolite had 7,000 hustling inhabitants around 1907, and still can show some of the "damnedest finest ruins" in the desert-land. The old camp boasts, too, the most perfect example of a "bottle house"—its walls made up of empty bottles laid in cement.

From the road just described, about four miles before reaching Rhyolite, another road (a narrow one) loops around through steep-walled Titus Canyon down into Death Valley. It is properly a one-way road. Titus was one of the many prospectors who lost their lives in this hazardous desert region.

A northern gateway to Death Valley is Townsend Pass across the Panamints, the road going around Tucki Mountain to Stovepipe Wells. This, a newer road now part of the state system, is often used as the approach to the valley from the west—travelers leaving the Owens Valley highway at Olancho or Lone Pine and driving by way of Darwin up over the pass.

But from these sand-drifted desert gateways we must return. It is a long step from Death Valley to the Pacific shore, but we must essay that step. Before making the tour of the Sierra Nevada and the Owens Valley, which lie near, our plan calls for visits to the coast-land north of Los Angeles—in fact, all the way to the Oregon line—and the great central valley, as well.

So—the sea, the sea! A welcome change from the dusty face of the desert, which is not truly characteristic of California at all.

## CHAPTER XII

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### *The Channel Islands*

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RESTING in their superb setting of Pacific waters, the Channel Islands—we *should* call them the Cabrillo Islands—stretch majestically against the western horizon. Almost a full score in number, large and small, they extend southward from Point Conception, in two distinct groups—the Santa Barbara group and the Santa Catalina group. Los Coronados, off San Diego, are sometimes considered as forming part of the chain.

Though more than ten miles offshore, the nearest of the Channel Islands, when viewed from the mainland in clear weather, appear to be almost within hailing distance. These islands are the only visible indications of what might have been a westernmost sierra, had the coast line been raised a few hundred feet more, in those ancient epochs of geologic upheavals. At any rate, they give evidence of elevations and subsidings of varying extent, and their summits rise precipitously from encompassing deeps.

With the neighboring mainland, the Channel Islands share a romantic history. It will be recalled that Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo adventured here at the end of 1542; but to him it was a fatal landfall, for one of these islands, San Miguel, became his burial-place.

Largest and most famous of the group is Santa Catalina. First sighted by Cabrillo on October 7, 1542, this island (called by the natives Pimugna) and near-by San Clemente were named by him



after his vessels, *La Victoria* and *San Salvador*. The musical name of Santa Catalina was bestowed by the explorer who followed in his wake, Viscaino, from the saint-day of his arrival in Avalon Bay, November 28, 1602; and he gave the present names to most of the other islands.

By the Mexican Government, Santa Catalina was granted to Pio Pico, and several times its ownership has shifted since then, James Lick once holding possession. In 1885 it was the scene of a lively real estate boom, later being purchased to gain control of its silver mines in Silver Canyon near the southern cliffs. By its present owners it has been developed as a recreation realm, a principality of pleasure.

Catalina is in reality a massive mountain range, some twenty-two miles<sup>1</sup> long, rising abruptly from the surrounding kelps; and its highest peak, Orizaba, attains an elevation of 2,109 feet. From this central ridge many canyons descend, so that scarcely is a level stretch of land to be found on the island—a feature which adds to its picturesque diversity.

The alluring resort town of Avalon, on the eastern coast, is reached after a delightful two-hour steamship voyage “from America,” as the islanders say, the mainland point of departure being Wilmington, Los Angeles Harbor. As passengers step ashore they are welcomed, passing up the aisles formed by the unofficial “reception committee” which includes about everyone in town—Avalon has a permanent population of a couple of thousand, besides throngs of visitors. Avalon Bay, surfless, is often calm as a millpond, its curve a perfect crescent, with the houses of the town extending from the water’s edge to the heights. Near by on Descanso Bay, reached along a palm-fronted boulevard, stands another fascinating resort-center.

At Avalon are headquarters of the Tuna Club, of international renown, for the angling with rod and reel for the leaping tuna summons sportsmen from all over the world. Marlin swordfish, broad-

<sup>1</sup> These are land-miles. Except for the description of Catalina, on which are automobile roads, the *miles* mentioned in this chapter are nautical miles. Distances may be converted approximately to statute miles by adding 15 per cent to the mileage given. (The author is a strong urger of the world metric standards, to do away with such awkward diversity of measurements.)

bill swordfish, and giant bass are other sea-monsters taken, and there is famous play with yellowtail, white sea bass, albacore, and dolphin, the ideal of the club being "that the skill of the angler is pitted against the instinct and strength of the fish and that the fish is entitled to an even chance." Tuna Club members hold records in many classes, including the largest fish ever killed on regulation heavy tackle (a broadbill, 573 pounds) and the largest ever taken on light tackle.

Submarine gardens at Avalon are viewed from glass-bottom boats. It is like gazing through a magic glass into an enchanted kingdom undersea. Amber forests of kelp swaying in the ever-changing currents like groves bending under landward breezes, the sea life in colorful array, all in a vision of distilled sunlight, present a spectacle as charming as it is wild and unusual. Hideous octopus, sea-urchin and crawfish are surprised in their natural environment. Giant starfish, electric eel, jelly-fish, abalone, sea anemone—these are but a few of the creatures viewed from above. The green of kelp fish, the orange-red of the *garibaldi*, the yellow, silver, and blue of countless other fish add radiant streaks of color.

Divers often swim beneath the boats, so that you view them through the sea-windows. These depths can be penetrated to more than eighty feet by the unaided vision, all objects revealed in their natural size and colors.

The marine museum and aquarium at Avalon afford opportunity to gain a closer acquaintanceship with many of the creatures of the deep—strange and beautiful.

In the evenings, boats put out with searchlights, in whose rays multitudes of flying-fish disport, iridescent as fairy creatures, with filmy wing-like fins. Other craft are equipped with under-water searchlights for viewing the submarine gardens by night. Boats, too, take visitors from Avalon to Seal Rocks and their rookeries, at the southeast corner of the island, where the baby sea-lions flounder about with their portly parents; and northwest to the Isthmus. Every headland is a point of interest along these magic coasts.

On Sugar Loaf Point, at the northern end of the little bay of Avalon stands the circular Catalina Casino, architecturally striking—one of the most elaborate pleasure palaces in America, with a

dancing-floor for 2,000 couples. Golf-course and baseball diamond add to the sports ensemble.

Inland, a canyon above Avalon shelters the Aviaries, a bird-park where countless varieties of feathered creatures from many lands roam and flit at full liberty, whilst others are within a huge octagonal flight-cage. Brilliant as the fish undersea are the birds preening their plumage here in the sparkling sunlight.

Leaving Avalon you may be transported into another realm of enchantment by following the motor route back into the heights of the Cabrillo Mountains, looking out upon the blue expanse of water surrounding. This was once the coach road where Captain William Banning, former possessor of the island, guided his dashing six-in-hand with thrilling dexterity.

The principal highway crosses the summit west of Avalon, and continues on through rugged country to the Isthmus, where the narrow northern end of the island is almost severed by two inlets, fourteen miles from Avalon. Motion-picture companies are often here "on location." Long moored in the cove to the south was a craft used in their productions—the *Ning Po*, Chinese pirate ship built in 1753, largely of camphor-wood and ironwood. The story which went with the ship said that 158 pirates were beheaded at one time upon its decks.

Between Avalon and the Isthmus rises the highest part of the range, with Orizaba and Black Jack (only a hundred feet lower) the outstanding peaks, and a side-road diverging near Middle Ranch passes between them. In these highland fastnesses still lurk wide-horned mountain goats, too nimble-footed for most hunters.

On Catalina, as on the other islands, are found many relics of the aboriginal population, long extinct. Vast "kitchen middens" present fertile fields for study, and the implements of stone and bone and shell here discovered show that these were folk of some taste and intellect. That the native islanders should have become extinct is a matter of mystery. It is supposed that either they were massacred by the Russian and American fur-traders who came down yearly from Alaska in search of sea otters—in which this coast abounded in the early nineteenth century—or more probably they were trans-

ported to the missions by the padres and there became intermingled with the mainland tribes.

Several islets rise near Catalina, among them Bird Rock and Ship Rock, off the north coast, near the Isthmus. The other islands included in the Santa Catalina group are saddle-shaped Santa Barbara Rock—largest of the minor Channel Islands, reaching a height of 547 feet above the breakers, about a score of miles west of Catalina, with two smaller islets rising to the westward; and San Clemente, lying the same distance south of Catalina.

This island, too, is long and narrow—eighteen miles long, nowhere more than three miles wide. Largely of volcanic formation, many of its remarkable caves were created by vast solidified bubbles of the ancient lava-flow. The desolate expanse of tableland above the cliffs is laid out now in a number of sheep-ranches, admirably conducted.

The Santa Barbara group of islands is separated from the mainland by the Santa Barbara Channel, a submerged canyon about half a mile deep, lying almost exactly parallel to the Santa Ynez range on the mainland. San Miguel is the westernmost of these islands. Lying about twenty-five miles from Point Conception it is exposed to relentless windstorms and presents the desolate spectacle of an island being blown into the sea. But there is a fascination in its desolation. Across this barren stretch of land, seven miles long and a couple of miles wide, no tree is visible—only the long coarse grass which rustles a mournful murmur to the harrying gales. The shore is rocky and forbidding, the island-landing beset with danger. At some of these islands coming ashore is often impossible for several days at a stretch.

San Miguel and Santa Rosa were discovered by Cabrillo on October 18, 1542, being named by him Las Islas de San Lucas. The native name for San Miguel was Liquimuymu, and the island then comprised two villages, Nicalque and Limu. Cabrillo later gave the name La Posesión to this island, and here he spent the winter. On January 3, 1543, he died from the effects of a fall which he suffered on his first landing. His place of burial is uncertain, though it is generally supposed to be near Cuyler Harbor on the north shore. Regret persists that a fitting memorial could not be erected over the resting-place of this captain courageous, but a natural shaft of stone

rises at the entrance of the harbor which may be thought a worthy monument—strong and rugged as the man. This lofty rock, three hundred feet high, is known as Prince Island.

Other rocky crags off San Miguel are of lesser stature. The island at present belongs to the Government, and its bleak stretches of sand-dunes and devastating "sand-rivers" are inhabited only by a few herders who guard the sheep which contrive to find some pasturage even here.

Santa Rosa lies three miles east of San Miguel, across a turbulent passage. Surrounded by dangerous shoals and hemmed in by nereocystean kelp, this island's coast is high and precipitous, pierced by many large caves, and though numerous little bays indent the shores, there is really no good harbor. Near the center rises the dominant peak, Monte Negro, 1,562 feet high, from which a most inspiring outlook is gained—the encompassing blue of the Pacific, and, resting on its surface, other islands to east and west. Looking down on the hills of Santa Rosa itself, a strange prospect is presented—the island, in the view of the fanciful, resembles an enormous ray fifteen miles across the fins, and ten from head to tail.

Santa Rosa has a romantic story. In early days it was granted to Don Carlos and Don José Carrillo, members of one of the aristocratic families of California. Don Carlos had two daughters, justly famed for their beauty and social graces. One was married to J. P. Jones, United States Consul to the Hawaiian Islands, the other to Captain A. B. Thompson. Their dowry was joint ownership in this island—a sea-girt rancho—45,000 acres of pastoral terrain, well watered. The two families carried on a profitable business of sheep-raising for years, and many were the gay celebrations, especially at shearing-time, in the manner so vividly described in *Ramona*. Now the island has passed into other hands, but has kept much of its local color, maintaining a vast band of sheep, not long since requiring half a hundred shearers.

On Santa Rosa, as well as Santa Cruz, savage wild boars still range, inviting to thrilling and dangerous hunts, but permission must be gained from the owners of the islands before this fancy can be indulged. Another game animal of the insular ranges is the wary wild goat found not only on Santa Catalina, but also on San

Clemente and Santa Cruz. The chase is picturesque as well as lively—leading hunters over peaks and through canyons to precipitous cliffs—often to see the game vexatiously vanish into some of the numerous caves just above the surface of the sea.

Five miles east of Santa Rosa lies the Island of the Holy Cross—Santa Cruz. Twenty-one miles long and five miles wide, and rising to 2,400 feet at its pinnacle, it is famed for its enormous arch rocks and for its sea caves, which pit the water line for virtually the whole circuit of the island. Most noted of these and most easily accessible are the Painted Cave or Cueva Pintada, the Cueva Valdez, Tres Bocas, and Cathedral Cave. The Painted Cave is entered through an opening like a vast Gothic archway. In the first lofty chamber the walls are fantastically colored in vivid yellows, reds, greens, with splotches of white and brown; the inner chamber is come upon through a low narrow opening, and so dark and vast is this cavern that its markings are scarcely discernible by the light of torches. The darkness, together with the moaning of the water in the crevices and the eerie roaring of the sea-lions who make this cave their den, overcomes one who ventures here, with an uncanny feeling—most fitting to this cavern which lies deep beneath the mountain of Point Diablo.

Cueva Valdez, like the treasure cave of Monte Cristo, has two entrances, one opening from the little bay on the northeast end of the island, the other leading to a sandy, mountain canyon.

Santa Cruz is the best wooded of all the islands, on its western side pines and manzanita and other growth covering most of the slopes. Along its entire extent mountains rise from the coast in rugged disarray. But within the circle of these bordering heights, protected by their steep battlements, in the heart of the island lies a valley of such beauty and fertility as to give the beholder almost a feeling of enchantment. Like an island of the Mediterranean is Santa Cruz. The ranch which has been established here half a century constitutes quite a little settlement. Many of the retainers are French and Italian. The sparkling atmosphere is reminiscent of that of Corsica.

In summer Santa Cruz Island may be reached by launches on regular schedule from the city of Santa Barbara. Santa Catalina, of

course, has swift and punctual service from Los Angeles Harbor at all seasons of the year. The other islands have no system of communication on precise schedule, but launches may be hired by those who wish to visit them, and yachting parties are constantly cruising these waters. The island group is reached by airplanes in only a few minutes.

Most easterly of the Santa Barbara group is Anacapa, or the Anacapas—for the island has been severed by the ravages of the sea into three or four islets—across the Anacapa Passage from Santa Cruz, about four miles; and only eleven miles from the nearest mainland, at Hueneme Light. Assailed by the sea, this fragment is being eaten away relentlessly. The name Anacapa is of Indian origin and its traditional meaning is "Vanishing Island." Though this may not be authentic, it is at least picturesque and should serve the purpose for those who are not too practical-minded. The appellation of "ever-changing" has also been applied to this island, and is most appropriate, as the very rocks themselves seem almost to change shape and position according to the capricious moods of the elements, so say the navigators.

Like the other islands, Anacapa serves as a sheep-ranch; and like the other islands, also, it is honeycombed with caves, hollowed out by the sea. One of the largest of these was traditionally a lair for pirates in days long past. Anacapa still is notable for its sea-lions and its pelican rookeries. High above the outer cliffs stands a new light-tower, built under terrific difficulties, with the loss of many a supply-craft; and a cluster of dwellings for the light-keepers huddles below.

More than fifty miles from the nearest mainland rises San Nicolas, outguard of all the islands. Lying as it does far out to sea, it receives the full force of all gales without the protection which Point Conception affords some of the others, and it gives the impression of being blown into the Pacific. About eight miles long and three miles wide, this "passing island" presents a spectacle of wind-swept desolation. The mountain, which rises to an altitude of 900 feet from its center, can be seen for nearly forty miles, though its summit is seldom visible because of the veil of fog which seems to be its everlasting shroud. The island is surrounded with a forest

of kelp of such thickness that landing is difficult and ofttimes dangerous, as the hulks of wrecked ships attest.

A Basque herder who made this island his home once offered explanation for the ceaseless blowing. He averred that meddlers came over to disturb the graves, and the spirits, growing angry, made the great winds blow. The plundering of the graves must have been ruthless indeed, to vex the elements to such fury. Ethnologists have delved much and with profit, so that of the former inhabitants we have definite knowledge.

The story of "the lost woman of San Nicolas" invests the island with a pathetic romance. According to George Nidever, a bold old captain and sea-otter hunter of Santa Barbara, about 1835 the Mexican Government decided to remove the survivors of the native tribe from San Nicolas and scatter them among the mainland missions. A small schooner, *Peor es Nada*, or the *Better-Than-Nothing*, sailed over to the island and the inhabitants were herded on board. As they were about to put off, one of the women cried despairingly that her infant had been left on shore, and ran back to find it. The ship left without her, probably because the wind was blowing so fiercely that the captain was forced to set out to sea. Perhaps he intended to return for her, but after landing the few Nicolenos at Santa Barbara, the schooner sailed for San Francisco and was lost. The woman was soon almost forgotten. About 1850 Padre Gonzales, of the Mission of Santa Barbara, besought Captain Nidever to go to the island and search for the woman, he probably having heard reports from otter-hunters who must have seen her hovel or caught sight of her, though she avoided them. After two unsuccessful visits, finally in July, 1853, the Captain and his rescue party found her on the desert isle, clad in feathers and living in a hut of whalebone. They took her to the mission, where she was christened Juana Maria, to which the name of the schooner was added—"Better-Than-Nothing." She appeared contented in her new environment, though none were left who could interpret her speech; but due probably to the change in food she soon grew ill, and the woman who had survived a score of years of Crusoe-like isolation on the drear wastes of San Nicolas endured but a few short months of civilized life.



About eight miles northwest of San Nicolas is little Begg Rock. The summit of a pointed cone, this perilous peak rises precipitously from the deeps. In storm, according to mariners, the waves striking this rock dash at least two hundred feet into the air—a sight of awful beauty.

Waters round about these Channel Islands are famous for their abundance of game fish, but it is also a matter of surprise that with so many large fish of this sort there are so few sharks—a situation which is rare. Porpoises disport here, and sometimes whales, though these are more scarce in recent years. Sea-lions are numerous, and the approachableness of the amphibians is a source of never-ending wonder to callers at the isles.

Though the most exposed of the outer islands are lashed by bitter winds, the more favored of the Channel Islands are veritable “gardens of the sea,” with trees and flowers nourished by sunlight and freshened by the soft and mysterious sea mists. Catalina, for one, enjoys a climate as nearly perfect as this earth allows.

## CHAPTER XIII

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### *Ways to Ventura*

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THE fortunate coastland of Ventura—its full name, San Buenaventura, implies good luck—is reached from Los Angeles by four scenic routes. One of these, the southernmost, is along the shore line; the second is by way of Calabasas and Camarillo; the third is across Santa Susana Pass and through the Simi Hills; the fourth leads through San Fernando Valley and along the course of the Santa Clara River. All but the coast route are followed by railroad as well as by highway; and whether you choose one or another, you will be rewarded with memorable scenes along the way.

As to the coast highway route, which is the newest, it begins at Pacific Palisades, just north of Santa Monica, and runs almost due west for many miles through the old Malibu Rancho, between the Santa Monica Mountains and the sea. Pacific Palisades, on the coastal mesas overlooking the sparkling expanse of the ocean, is a community known for its many conventions, for this is a Chautauqua center and religious colony.

From Topanga Beach you may turn northward, if you wish, and ascend wild Topanga Canyon, crossing the range to Girard and Calabasas, on the second route to Ventura, soon to be described. But if you plan to follow the coast, continue west, passing to the south of Saddle Peak and Malibu Mountain crags. A couple of other lateral roads cut across the range, one by way of Latigo Canyon

and by La Sierra Canyon and little Malibu Lake, and the other—the Decker road—passing near the lovely lake of Las Turas.

As you skirt the coast, angular Point Dume (or Duma) reaches seaward, and if time does not press, you will pause to view this headland so feared by sailormen. Captain George Vancouver named it in 1793 in honor of Padre Francisco Dumetz of Mission San Buena-ventura, who with his brother friars courteously entertained the English explorer. To the north of the point the vast area of Rancho Malibu reaches away, much as it was more than a century ago when the Tapia family held sway, herding their droves of long-horned cattle on this barony beside the sea.

The coast is closely followed, peaks and ridges rising precipitously above the highway, which runs often only a few feet above the crashing breakers. A spectacular route, this; and nowhere more grand than when it nears the mighty mountain mass at the end of which Point Mugu is out-thrust. So steep are the cliffsides that surveyors for this road sometimes had to be lowered from above with ropes to conduct their operations.

After rounding the rocky point, the highway turns inland through the rich *vega* (meadow) region to Oxnard, prosperous little city, center of the sugar-beet industry; and a few miles south lies the old coast town of Hueneme—pronounced locally “Wynaymay,” and meaning “a place of security,” for the Indians found refuge here from vexing winds. The port of Hueneme was developed greatly during World War II. North of Oxnard, beyond the Santa Clara River, you come to Montalvo, called after that early Spanish author in one of whose novels the name California appeared. Ventura (of which more later) is six miles northwest of Montalvo.

This Ventura coast region rejoices in being the greatest bean-producing section in our land, notably in the output of lima beans—as much of these as all the rest of the world together. Boston owes many of its boasted beans to the far Ventura shore.

The second of the routes to Ventura may be started by the motorist either along Ventura Boulevard or Mulholland Drive, both diverging westward at Hollywood. Mulholland Drive, following the crest of the Santa Monica Mountains, is especially remarkable for its scenic scope.

Beyond, the way leads through Girard and Calabajas—which means “gourds,” the name coming from the abundance of wild gourds or pumpkins here in the early times. It was an important staging-station in the early American period, and one of the wildest of Wild West towns until the bad men were shot or hanged or driven out. Beyond Triunfo and Newbury Park, the route crosses the scenic Conejo Pass to Camarillo, named for a pioneer Spanish family, where blooded horses are still raised on the stock-farms. Ventura is reached by way of El Rio, long largely a Spanish-speaking settlement, and Montalvo.

Third of the routes to Ventura from Los Angeles is that northward to Hollywood or Burbank, thence over one of several roads across the San Fernando Valley, to Chatsworth, where the hill-journey begins. In the valley, on the way, you may visit attractive outlying districts of Los Angeles—North Hollywood (formerly Lankershim); Van Nuys, a mile-square townsite laid out upon what was once a barley-field; Reseda, to the west, in the center of the valley; and Canoga Park, long called Owensmouth, near the great Chatsworth Reservoir.

Chatsworth began as a watering-place—for the *horses* which dragged the heavy wagons over the Santa Susana Pass above. Now from this pleasant little place you can speed across the pass over an admirable road, through striking rock formations thrown about in confusion, and past strata strangely atilt. To the north rise the Santa Susana Mountains; to the south the Simi Hills. The railroad burrows under the pass, while the highway surmounts it.

Beyond reposes the town of Santa Susana, and the route traverses the Arroyo Simi through Simi (pronounced “See-me”) to Moorpark, amid thousands of acres of apricot-orchards, and where avocados and citrus fruits and walnuts also bring prosperity to the farmer-folk. Continuing through the somnolent hamlet of Somis, you come to Saticoy, on the Santa Clara River, site of a rancheria of the Chumash tribe, near healing springs, where the Indians gathered each year in mystic ceremonials marked, tragic tradition says, by human sacrifices. Today this is a prosperous orchard community, Ventura lying only nine miles beyond.

And now for the fourth route from Los Angeles to Ventura—

somewhat longer than the others, but with compensating attractions. Among them is old Mission San Fernando, lying west of the little city of that name, reached by way of Hollywood or Burbank, about fifteen miles distant from the first and eleven miles from the other.

The mission, standing about a mile southwest from the city, was named in honor of Ferdinand III, King of Spain, its full title being San Fernando Rey de España. Established by Padre Lasuen on September 8, 1797, San Fernando soon grew to great prosperity; indeed, at one time it was regarded as the richest of all the missions in California.

Originally, the establishment was very large, buildings covering eight or ten acres. Best preserved of the mission structures at present is the *convento* (convent), the long row of rooms connected by a square-tiled corridor fronted by the graceful arches characteristic of most of the missions. A little bell-tower at the corner of this row, though, is a feature distinctive of San Fernando. The roof tiles of the mission, with their soft tones, add a mellow touch over all.

You may enter by the great door, its two wooden panels carved from top to bottom with the symbolic "River of Life," wavy lines seen on many mission doors. Guides will show you venerable paintings and relics, and a succession of apartments—the refectory, kitchen, smokehouse, library, and living-quarters of the padres (they are here no longer), all on the first floor, and, above, the guest-rooms, attained by a narrow stairway which must have been a stern test for those who partook of the bounteous hospitality dispensed here. San Fernando was celebrated for its vintage, and down below lies the wine cellar and distillery, with a great press to extract the juice of the grapes, and a capacious copper still for brandy-making.

The chapel seen today was erected in 1818. It is quite a distance to the rear of the convento, an arrangement different from that at other missions. Long and narrow, this adobe chapel for years was only a bare shell, not having been renovated within, but now it has been restored. Between it and the convento mounds of adobe remain where once busy workshops lined the quadrangle; and on

the northwest side of the chapel lies the campo santo, the long-neglected graveyard.

Two ancient palm trees in a field near the mission, planted almost 140 years ago, are noteworthy, for these are among the oldest of their kind in California, and the olive trees still remaining also are of great age, though they were set out long after those at San Diego.

The lovely plaza before the mission, now called Brand Park, was the camping-place of Frémont on January 12, 1847, the night before the signing of the Treaty of Cahuenga, and one of his chief adversaries, General Andres Pico, who there capitulated, dwelt for a while at the mission. In this Memory Garden today are planted trees and shrubs from every mission in California, and it is entirely surrounded by pepper trees, from the parent stock at San Luis Rey. The original old fountain that stood before the monastic buildings is still in its place; and also in the park is a massive star-shaped fountain, a replica of one at Cordova, Spain, which stood at some distance away, but which was moved hither in 1924. Here, too, are a sun dial and a great stone oven which served the padres for barbecues and for tallow-rendering. A statue of Padre Serra rises amidst the verdure of this reposeful plaza.

Nowhere near as old as the mission is the little city of San Fernando, for it dates only from the '70s of the last century, growing up around a big shade tree where the drovers stopped to swap stories and tobacco. The great San Fernando reservoir lies in a mass of hills to the west, on the line of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the most remarkable engineering works ever undertaken by a municipality. The city possesses water rights for many miles along the banks of the Owens River east of the Sierra Nevada, and from there the water is brought to Los Angeles, a distance of 240 miles, by means of this aqueduct, the longest in the world, carrying ten times as much water as was furnished by all the famous aqueducts of ancient Rome combined. More than a score of miles of tunnels are involved; but no pumping-plants are required, for the system is operated by gravity throughout. As by the wave of the wand of a water-witch, the San Fernando Valley has been changed from a waste, covered with yucca and cactus, to a garden. The

valley, full of color and beauty, is circled with mountains of the same regal name, towering above.

From San Fernando you may proceed northwest through Sylmar and its olive-groves, turning off due north for a call at Newhall. If you are traveling along the highway, you pass through the Newhall Tunnel; if by rail, through the Fernando Tunnel. Above is historic Fernando Pass, disused now, though in Wild West motion-pictures its narrow cleft between sheer walls is often seen. Long before this spectacular cut was driven through for the stage road, the Spaniards used this pass, and Frémont crossed it on his march to Los Angeles in January, 1847.

Newhall is a little town with tributary oil-fields, long-producing. From here you may diverge eastward for a visit to Placeritos Canyon. It is a matter of common knowledge that gold was discovered in this canyon some years before Marshall made his world-startling find at Coloma. In 1842, Abel Stearns sent twenty ounces of the precious metal from here to the mint at Philadelphia; and the Mexicans knew of the gold at least a year before that. In 1846 the mines made shipments of gold to the Boston mint.

It was in 1841 that one Francisco Lopez, majordomo of Mission San Fernando, with a companion, riding in search of estrays, halted under some trees in the canyon now called Placeritos, about four miles from the present town of Newhall. As he dug up some wild onions with his knife, Lopez discovered a pebble of native gold. Searching, he found more.

The majordomo, returning to the mission, showed the nuggets to Mexicans wise in minerals, and they were eager to be led to the canyon, where there must be a placer of gold, they swore. The news was out, and fortune-seekers flocked to these gold-fields, where in the next two years about \$100,000 was gathered. A bronze plate on a boulder marks the site of the discovery in the canyon, where the work of the placer miners, most of them from Sonora, Mexico, is visible today. Santa Feliciana Canyon was also the scene of gold-washing in the early '40s.

Continuing on the main route north from Newhall, you come soon to Saugus, an important junction-point (jumping-off place, some would say) on the verge of the desert.

An alternative highway route to that which passes through Newhall and Saugus parallels it about three miles to the west, and extends to Castaic. Ventura-bound, you turn westward from Saugus and Castaic, descending the Santa Clara river toward the sea, forty miles away. The Santa Clara Valley lies principally between the San Rafael Range on the north and the Sierra San Fernando on the south, and takes its name from the Santa Clara River, its chief stream. This is not to be confused with the riverless valley in central California bearing the same name. Not only is the Santa Clara Valley of the South a fertile agricultural region, but throughout its length it has producing oil-wells. This was the first petroleum field developed in California, yielding virtually all the black oil in the state up to 1880.

Ten miles down the river lies Camulos Rancho, notable indeed, for it formed a setting for Helen Hunt Jackson's romance, *Ramona*. On the old Del Valle estate—the Moreno Rancho of the story—stands "Ramona's Home," and the author's descriptions of the place are remarkable for their accuracy, even though she was here but for a few brief hours.

Still typical of the early Spanish life in California, the adobe casa is little changed by the eighty and more years which have passed over it. Here yet are the shaded galleries, the patio with its old-fashioned flowers and its fountains, here the grape-arbor and the vineyards, the cooling ollas, the *morteros*, or olive-presses, the big stone warehouses, the corrals, the little chapel near the house with its figures and decorations brought from Spain and its altar-cloth neatly mended—the motive for an episode in the plot. And here also is the creek mentioned so frequently in the story, the stream of the sheep-shearing. Close to the chapel, swinging on a wooden frame, are old bells, reputed to have come from the Missions of San Fernando and San Buenaventura. The romance which has elsewhere flown still lingers in out-of-the-world Camulos.

A couple of miles beyond here lies Piru, amid farms and orange-orchards; and farther down the valley is Fillmore, with producing oil-wells and extensive orange and lemon groves. The town is on the Santa Clara River near the mouth of Sespe Canyon, leading down from the north, which in its upper reaches is a favorite resort



region. Bardsdale lies amid hill-land citrus-fruit groves to the south, on a road which thence crosses Oak Ridge to Moorpark.

After passing the settlement of Sespe below Fillmore you reach Santa Paula, a little city situated where the Santa Paula Canyon opens out into the broadening valley. Petroleum found in the surrounding hills makes this an important production center. About Santa Paula, too, lies a citrus-fruit belt; the lemon-orchard on the Limoneira Ranch near by on the Foothill Road is one of the largest in the world.

A highway leads northwest from Santa Paula to the lovely Ojai Valley, by way of the canyon of Sisar Creek, below strangely-striped Sisar Peak, with the vast bulk of Sulphur Mountain rising to the south; but this valley is perhaps more often reached from the city of Ventura. After leaving Santa Paula, the main-traveled route continues down the river to the farming town of Saticoy, and on to Ventura.

Ventura—its official name is still San Buenaventura—is one of California's charming mission communities, not too large to retain some of the old-time atmosphere. Holding a picturesque situation at the mouth of the Ventura River, the city extends from the ocean back into the foothills of the San Rafael Range. The beach is one of the best and safest for bathing on the California coast, and from this shelving strand you gaze across at the Channel Islands, on the horizon to west and south.

The flower which is most characteristic of Ventura is the red poinsettia, glowing in almost all the gardens, brilliant in winter; and many of the lawns are of Japanese clover—*Lippia repens*, say the botanists.

Of greatest interest here, of course, is the mission. Its founding was the last work of Padre Junipero Serra, who bestowed upon it the name of San Buenaventura, Doctor Sarafico—(Saint Bonaventura, Serafic Doctor, disciple of Saint Francis).

Established Easter Sunday, March 31, 1782, it grew rapidly, and when Vancouver visited the mission in 1793 he was struck with the prosperity of its gardens and orchards, as well as with the kindly hospitality of the padres. A disastrous fire caused the erection of new buildings, the present church being erected in 1794—

1809. Richard Henry Dana called this the finest mission in the whole country, "having very fertile and rich vineyards."

Virtually all that remains of the old mission buildings is the white-walled church now in the center of the city and in excellent preservation, serving as the Catholic parish church of the community. Well might the stone-and-brick walls endure, for they are in some places six feet thick; but the roof is covered with shingles, instead of the original tiles. The interior of the mission, somewhat ornate, is not exceptional, representing as it does modern decoration, and not the craftsmanship of the builders. Old paintings, of unequal merit, still are to be seen.

The broad church façade is unusual in that it has two gable lines, and these not parallel. Nor in the two-story belfry do the upper terraces center above the lower. This belfry still holds the old bells, two of them brought originally from Spain to Mexico, and thence hither on muleback, and the other two cast after 1812, when the original bell-tower was thrown down by earthquake. By 1818 the present tower was completed, and a massive stone buttress had been added to hold up the church against *temblores* (tremblers).

Nearly 4,000 lie buried in the little graveyard west of the church—most of them the Indian neophytes of a century ago. The Indians of this coast were of a superior character, skilled in construction and navigation of *canoas*, and living in settlements of pyramid-shaped houses made of grass, one of which villages, Zucu, was on the edge of the beach here.

In the little museum building near the church are cherished relics of olden days, including two strange wooden bells (one is much decayed), which have strips of metal inside against which the clapper strikes. Another renowned relic is the "matrimonial chair," popular belief insisting that the maiden who sits in it, if she's in search of a spouse, shall find a good one within the year.

An aqueduct six miles long carried water to the mission from the Ventura River, and the old settling-tank and receiving reservoir remains intact. Two large date palms, planted in the early days of the mission, still remain, and one of these ancient trees stands now in a pleasant park, with a protecting lodge beside it. On a parked hill back of the mission, whence there is a magnificent

panoramic view, rises a cross, replacing one which the early Franciscans put there, and a tablet fittingly commemorates Padre Junipero Serra.

The Pioneer Museum, in the handsome court-house, displays many interesting relics of early days—and of the *earlier* days, when the Chumash Indians held the coastland. Their keen arrowheads, *metates* (grinding-stones), bowls and brea-lined baskets show craftsmanship of no mean order.

Within recent years, an extensive oil-field has been developed at Ventura, with some of the deepest of wells; and near the city, on the south flank of Sulphur Mountain, the first oil produced in California on a commercial scale was obtained in 1866, not from wells, but from tunnels driven into the mountain-side.

Inland from Ventura, due north, lies the Ojai Valley. The road thither, passing first the rich Avenue oil-fields, leads up the Ventura River and enters a beautiful vale encompassed by the Topatopa Mountains, which form part of Sierra San Rafael. This natural park, famed for its spreading oaks and its great profusion of wildflowers, was called by the Indians Ojai, which in their language signifies "nest." The name still retains its appropriateness, for the quiet charm of this spot, its equable climate (wonderfully beneficial to those afflicted with pulmonary and kindred troubles), and the excellence of accommodations in hotels and cottages, all mark Ojai Valley as a place of rest. For those who seek a retreat hidden away from the strenuous affairs of life, the Ojai is in every way delectable. Both in summer and in winter the place now finds favor as a resort, and round about are private schools of note.

Ojai, chief settlement in the valley, has an arcaded main street, with a charming civic center and tower. Once the town bore the name Nordhoff, in honor of the journalist, Charles Nordhoff, who was a pioneer in chanting the praises of California's scenery and climate, his book published by Harpers launching a boom in the southern part of the state. Ojai, be it noted, is pronounced in the Spanish manner, which proves baffling to some newcomers. One was heard to complain, "I can't get the hang of this California pronunciation. Maybe you can see how they can call Mo-jave 'Mo-

hah'-vay,' and Yo—semité 'Yo-sem-i-tee' and San Joa-quin 'San Wau-keen,' but how do they contrive to get O'-hy out of Nordhoff?"

Northwest of Ojai, in Matilija Canyon (and this is to be pronounced 'Mah-tee'-lee-hah), thermal waters gush from the banks beside the clear rushing trout-stream. The canyon-sides are decked with the wide white Matilija poppies, by many deemed the most delicately beautiful of California wildflowers. From here are reached Pine Mountain and White Rock Creek, where the wild charm of the scenery will hold any traveler. To the southeast of the large valley lies Upper Ojai Valley, with Sulphur Mountain rising beyond.

In Wheeler Canyon, north of Ojai, are other noted hot springs. Up this wild rugged gorge extends a new highway, thrice tunneling through solid rock and finally scaling mile-high Pine Mountain, which divides the Sespe from the Cuyama. The descending road through the pines reaches the floor of the Cuyama Valley, and continues to Maricopa and the vast San Joaquin.

The entire Ojai region is a picturesque realm of cataracts, deep-slashed canyons and bubbling hot springs—and in its midst is a mountain valley with a perfect climate and park-like landscapes.

## CHAPTER XIV

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### *Santa Barbara*

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LOFTY Point Conception, thrusting out into the Pacific, marks a right-angle change in the direction of the coast line of California. From Conception the shore runs almost due east—so that the Santa Barbara region has a southern exposure, blessed with a favored position on Pacific shores such as the Riviera enjoys on the Mediterranean. Thus it is that Santa Barbara basks in a sunny climate which even for California is wonderfully balmy.

This coast country, so remarkable in climate and scenery, presents a diversified terrain. The Sierra Santa Ynez crosses its entire length, coming down to the sea in gigantic promontories. South of the range slopes a narrow coastal plain, and to its north lies a series of isolated valleys. Off the coast, protecting the waters of the channel, stand the guardian islands of Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel.

From Ventura westward the routes of travel lead around the massive cape known as the Rincon, "the corner" of the coast. The highway clings to the base of the giant cliff, with waves often dashing against the granite breakwater on its seaward side. A strategic point was this in days of Spanish and Mexican rule, for it constituted the only passage on the coast between the northern and southern settlements. Toward the end of March, 1838, Rincon Point was the scene of a "battle" between rival Californian forces

under Castro and Carrillo, respectively, only one soldado perishing in the desultory exchange of shots.

The coastal plain beyond is studded with delightful little cities, of which Carpinteria is the first, a dozen miles east of Santa Barbara. It is a quiet place, despite the significance of its name, "carpenter shop." Portola's men called it that when they came upon the Indians here at work building boats. To calk these the natives used brea from the asphalt-pits which are still remarkable features of the place. Not yet forgotten to fame is the largest grape vine in the world, which formerly grew here, with a base circumference of nine feet. The vine was of the Mission variety, and bore ten tons of grapes in 1896, its record vintage. Though not as old as the celebrated vine at Hampton Court in England, this Carpinteria vine was considerably larger. Sad that it perished!

From Carpinteria beach a new scenic highway crosses the range to Maricopa, in the San Joaquin Valley.

Summerland, between Carpinteria and Santa Barbara, presents the phenomenon of a submarine oil-field, for here petroleum is pumped from wells drilled beneath the ocean. As might be guessed, this place started as a summer resort, but petroleum was discovered and—presto!—the vacation atmosphere vanished.

Along the coast just beyond Summerland you come to Montecito, garden suburb of Santa Barbara, and thus you enter a city declared by many the loveliest in California. Famous as a resort for sojourners, and a permanent dwelling-place for lovers of life at its best, Santa Barbara is the center of this favored region. The lure of Santa Barbara is not only in its scenic beauty, but in the glamour of romance which envelops it. When Cabrillo found this sunny coastland, it was inhabited by tribesmen who flocked to the shore to gaze in wonder at the Spanish galleons cruising the Channel waters. Sixty years later, in 1602, Viscaino sailed through the Channel on the feast-day of the gentle Saint Barbara, December 4th, and named it in her honor—*Santa Barbara*.

Though the coast was sighted thus early, it was not until 1769 that a land expedition, led by Portola, passed this way, noting the many populous rancherias of the natives along the shore. Captain José Francisco Ortega and Padre Junipero Serra established a pre-

sidio and settlement here near a lagoon, on April 21, 1782. The site of the old garrison post is marked by a bronze plaque.

In 1786 the mission was founded, the first rude chapel being superseded in 1815 by the present structure, one of the most beautiful and best-preserved of the California missions. Under the shelter of the mission crosses, settlers and Indian neophytes dwelt here for many years in amity, while on Atlantic shores colonist and red-skin waged a perpetual warfare of plunder and massacre.

Recalling the days of the dons, a few ancestral homes of long-established Spanish families still remain. Especially picturesque is the De la Guerra mansion, which has offered hospitality to celebrities: Sherman, Frémont, and Richard Henry Dana, in whose *Two Years Before the Mast* the festivities in 1836 at the old home, on the occasion of the wedding of the daughter of his host, are described in lively manner. The casa was built in the eight years following 1818, by the patrician Don José Antonio Julian de la Guerra y Noriega, long commandante of the presidio, and some of his descendants still dwell here. In front of the old residence now is the Plaza de la Guerra, center of a group of studios and shops, with sequestered patios in their midst. Here the Street in Spain, El Paseo, where you will delight to dine *al fresco*, possesses the charm of true Spanish treatment and wins unfailingly the admiration of lovers of the picturesque. Set in the walls are memorial tiles, and your eye will be caught by the one recalling Dana's second visit, for it presents his ship, the *Alert*, in full sail. The Lobero Theater, on East Canon Perdido Street, is likewise striking architecturally. It is the home of the Community Players.

The old Carrillo Adobe, built about 1828, and the Covarrubias Adobe, dating from around 1837, are other cherished landmarks. The so-called Historic Adobe, next to the latter, was moved here in 1921 from its original site.

Richard Henry Dana found zest in his stay at the hospitable little Spanish town, and when he revisited it a quarter-century afterward he paid it graceful compliment: "There lies Santa Barbara on its plain, with its amphitheater of high hills and distant mountains. . . . Little is it altered—the same repose in the golden sunlight and glorious climate, sheltered by its hills; and then, more remindful

than anything else, there roars and tumbles upon the beach the same grand surf of the great Pacific as on the beautiful day when the *Pilgrim*, after her five months' voyage, dropped her anchors here . . . and the same dreamy town, and gleaming white mission, as when we beached our boats for the first time, riding over the breakers with shouting Kanakas, the three small hide-traders lying at anchor in the offing."

What a picture, that, of bright adventurous days a century ago! It is not the same now, but the influence of the Spanish régime yet lingers in the prevailing architecture of the place. Modern buildings conform to this informal, harmonious style, and old adobes still preserved are used as tea-rooms, studios, art shops, accessible to visitors. Quaint and quiet patios, pergolas and tile-capped walls, give the authentic Hispanic atmosphere.

All through the city, the musical syllables of Spanish names retained for the streets add to the spell. Carrillo, Laguna, Arrellaga, Micheltorena, Sola, San Ysidro—such are names from out of the past. Canon Perdido ("Lost Cannon") Street recalls the story of a brass field-piece stolen from American troops of occupation in April, 1847, and buried in the sands of the beach. Governor Mason imposed a fine of \$500 upon the community, but later this was returned, though the cannon was not found until eleven years afterward. The name of Quinientos (500) Street also commemorates this event.

The Mexican Republic had established its régime here in 1822, and a reminder of this period is found in the street name, Figueroa, which here, as in Los Angeles, honors the sixth Mexican governor, Don José Figueroa. A friend of Indian and missionary, his body reposes at the old mission.

With a rich heritage of traditions, Santa Barbara offers to the world—romance. Every August at the full moon the spirit of the golden age is revived with the "Old Spanish Days" fiesta, marked by its spontaneity and light-hearted enthusiasm, in which all the people participate. An outstanding feature is the fiesta parade, presenting an array of beautiful palomino horses from neighboring ranches, with magnificent silver-mounted saddles—some of them turquoise-studded. During the fiesta, streets and dwellings are gay



with the colors of Spain; groups of musicians wander about playing and singing the beloved ballads of olden times; dons in charro costumes bow in courtly manner to smiling señoritas, decked in shawls and mantillas, precious lace and jewels; vaqueros dash through the streets on spirited steeds; swarthy Indians troop by in bands, as in the pastoral mission times.

The tinkle of guitars and click of castanets, the ring of lightsome laughter, the lilt of Spanish song from patio and rose-bowered gallery, the vesper bells of the old mission—this soft air is filled with a sweet concord of sound as in the days and nights of yore. Truly, this is a sprightly revival of Hispanic California, this Santa Barbara fiesta.

Here public buildings, such as the magnificent Court House and the Post Office, appropriately follow the lines of Spanish architecture. The Court House, at Anacapa and Anapamu streets, in the massive style of a medieval Spanish castle, ranks as one of the most beautiful of all civic structures, with wide doors, grilled windows, balconies, outside staircases and towers. The Anacapa Arch is an especially noteworthy feature. In the sumptuous Assembly Room, on the second floor, chairs and benches are of carved oak, leather-covered and studded with brass-headed nails. On three of the great walls are mural paintings by Dan Sayre Groesbeck, depicting the coming of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542 (and this is the most striking), the building of the mission, and the arrival of Frémont's command, announcing the new sovereignty of California. The Superior Court rooms, with judges' benches and jury-boxes of carved walnut, and adorned with tapestries and rich carpets, are in marked contrast to the traditional dinginess of court-rooms elsewhere. From the *mirador*, or outlook-tower, the view of city and channel is superb. The outer walls of the Court House are finished in white plaster, and when flood-lighted at night the structure appears indeed a dream "castle in Spain."

Across Anacapa Street from the Court House rises the Spanish-style Public Library, with a large assemblage of Californiana and, appropriately, books on Spanish architecture, besides the Schirmer music collection. A spacious "reading-room" occupies a canopied

courtyard, and exhibitions of paintings and prints are made in the "art wing."

Attracting people of culture and leisure, Santa Barbara enjoys a vital art-life. Music, drama, painting, architecture, city-planning—all are promoted by resident and visiting artists. Craft shops and decorators' studios delight connoisseurs. In keeping with its patronage of the arts, the city ranks high in educational activities. Even more vital is the work in the richly-endowed hospitals for which Santa Barbara is widely renowned.

Of older fame than the city itself is the Mission Santa Barbara, situated in the foothills about two miles from the sea. This romantic landmark, visited by thousands of travelers every year, is the only one of the famous chain of California missions never abandoned by the Franciscans, and it has been preserved with zealous pride. More than a century after its dedication, friars garbed in the same somber habit of St. Francis chant sonorous Latin within its walls. The mission since 1852 has been a center of Franciscan learning, and to its back is an extensive seminary for the training of novices in the order.

In front of the mission is a great octagonal fountain of brick and stone, quaint and artistic in design; and luxuriant trees and shrubbery add to the beauty of the setting. Below it is the massive stone trough at which the Indian women gathered for their washing.

Mission Santa Barbara, often praised as the most beautiful of all the missions, is constructed almost entirely of sandstone, and is surmounted by a roof of tiles. The imposing two-towered church is flanked by a long wing with arched corridors. The massive walls of the church, six feet thick, are strengthened with solid stone buttresses and within may be seen the heavy cross-beams used in construction.

As to the interior of the church, it is now brightly painted in the original designs. The most valued relic in the mission is a piece of the true Cross, brought from the Holy Land; and here also are preserved gorgeous robes and vestments used in the early mission days. The library treasures massive leather-covered tomes and parchments, together with archives and mission records of inestimable value to the delver in California history. Under the floor at

the right of the altar, in the nave of the church, is the tomb of Francisco Garcia Diego, first Bishop of Alta California.

In one of the towers are hung the golden-toned bells cast in Spain in 1818 and brought hither more than a century ago. Visitors are admitted to this belfry and, after scaling the narrow and steep stair, from its height obtain a sweeping view of the scenic region round about.

The inner garden of the mission is reserved for the padres, and therefore is closed to the public. All may enter the east garden next to the church, a part of the old burying-ground where more than 4,000 bodies are interred, one grave upon another. Near the center of the garden rises a large crucifix. The area, about an acre in extent, is now massed with roses and rare plants and trees, and the fountain in their midst abounds with goldfish, gleaming in the sunlight.

Mission Santa Barbara was founded on December 4, 1786, by Padre Fermin Francisco de Lasuen. The first permanent chapel was built the following year, but the establishment grew rapidly and the present edifice, as has been said, was begun in 1815. The new church was dedicated on September 10, 1820. After more than a century, it was badly shattered by earthquake in 1925, but has been faithfully restored.

A reservoir constructed in 1806 to serve the mission community, about 500 feet from the church, is still in use as part of the water system of the city; and along hillsides above are seen remains of an aqueduct, leading down from two dams built in 1807—a mile and a half and three miles distant from the mission, respectively.

Less than a quarter-mile north of the mission is a structure in something of the same architectural style, housing the Museum of Natural History, with collections rich in exhibits relating to the Santa Barbara region. The display of birds in their natural surroundings is especially noteworthy; and one of the world's most extensive egg collections is to be seen, with eggs-in-nest abundant. Besides the natural-history displays, here are others pertaining to ancient Indians in this region—giving a good idea of the aborigines as they were before Cabrillo's craft hove above the horizon.

Not far north of the Museum, up Mission Canyon near one of

the old dams, is the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden, with a fine show of trees and shrubs and flowers indigenous to California, all identified for visitors. The ceanothus section is notable.

An all-year-round recreation center, alluring with diversified attractions, Santa Barbara is a city of sumptuous hotels. One of the largest, a white palace in the Spanish manner amid flowers and terraced lawns, overlooks the Montecito beach from Channel Drive, "by the sun-silkened sea"; another is built in Persian style upon tiers of gardens, covering an entire hillside near Oak Park. In this luxuriant expanse, waters of the lily-ponds drip from terrace to terrace till they reach a rose-bordered lake below. 'Tis all like a vision of Omar Khayyám's garden of delight. In another hotel, facing Alameda Plaza, guests dwell in flower-bowered bungalows set around a private park, but dine at the main hotel and enjoy its many social activities. On Mission Ridge, with city and sea outspread below, stands a hostelry set amid a jungle of flowers, wherein color everywhere delights the eye and the air is filled with elusive perfumes.

The gardens of the flowery city, abloom the year round, are set out with trees from every land. Tall cypresses, eucalyptuses, tropical palms, and many rare trees from other climes thrive here. One beautiful residence street is lined with the same species of pine which grows along the Appian Way. Brought here by early settlers, graceful pepper trees flourish, adding the beauty of their drooping foliage to hundreds of gardens. Orchids, lilies-of-the-valley, sweet peas, wistaria, camellias, tulips, chrysanthemums, roses at Christmas time, carnations blooming through the year—all these are part of Santa Barbara's floral brilliance. From March to October, under the auspices of the Community Arts Association, garden tours are conducted (always on Fridays, sometimes on Tuesdays also) to give visitors opportunity to view gardens and estates otherwise inaccessible to the public.

Varied are the vistas which add charm to Santa Barbara homesites. Glimpses of sea, of islands, of mountains and cliffs, are seen often from windows of the same dwelling.

Santa Barbara repeatedly has won national honors in "better homes." Many typical residences here are of Spanish architecture.

Built around the characteristic patio, they reveal garden seats and playing fountains, vine-draped pergolas, arbors of roses. Other spacious homes follow the style of Italian villas, "show places" famous for their luxuriant greenery, cascades, marble-bordered pools, stately cypresses, and all the classic accompaniments of formal gardening. One such garden-spot, the Gillespie estate, on Para Grande Lane, is open to visitors every day except Sunday.

Some of Santa Barbara's attractive residence districts hold an elevated position, commanding panoramas of the flower-enshrined dwellings below, the waters of the Channel, and the ridges of the Santa Ynez range. On the broad mesa to the north of the city, and on surrounding heights, are many residences; and spacious mansions find an ideal setting on the slopes which rise beyond the old mission. Montecito (its musical name means "little wood"), a select district in the eastern part of the city, has houses of stately dignity. Near by on the coast lies Miramar. People of leisure and wealth have all-year residences in Santa Barbara, and many other fortunates maintain here their winter homes.

Resort of the affluent, whose interest turns naturally to outdoor activities, Santa Barbara has become the scene of notable sports events. Polo and golf call devotees. Yachting is a feature ever luring, and fronting the city is a snug yacht harbor, sheltered in all weathers by a long-armed breakwater, which serves, too, as a promenade. Exploring parties voyage over to see the coves and mysterious caverns of the Channel Islands.

Navy maneuvers are often held in the Channel, and official speed tests of war-vessels launched on the Pacific Coast are made in these waters—spectacles of keen interest to the throngs of onlookers.

The city owns all of its beach frontage, and the pleasant temperature of the surf at Santa Barbara makes bathing delightful. Pleasure-seekers frolic almost every day, riding the breakers or basking in the brilliant sunshine along the gently-sloping beach. Yet, as when Bradford Torrey so praised it in his *Field Days in California*, there is solitude still to be enjoyed by the stroller along this strand, "where sea and land meet, with a mocking-bird singing his soul out on one side of you and pelicans plunging into the water with a mighty splash on the other side, with the fairest and friendliest

of sierras compassing you about, the blue water outspread before your eyes, carrying them away and away till the blue heaven drops into it, with seaside verbenas and lovely constellations of yellow primroses overrunning the broken gray-sand windrows just beyond the reach of the breakers. . . ."

Along the landward side of the beach for two miles leads a parkway lined with palms and flowering shrubs. Oak Park, southwest of the mission, is distinguished by its great oaks and sycamores, and Alameda Plaza displays a wealth of shrubbery and exotic plants. More than 150 species of palm flourish in the city's parks and gardens, which are declared to contain flowers and trees in greater variety than are to be seen elsewhere in California.

Santa Barbara is the focus of a system of superb highways. Mountain Drive, a circuit of the Santa Ynez foothills from the old mission winds over a canyon route, and connecting with it is the Mission Ridge Road which brings one to a commanding view of the city and its setting. Picturesque highland roads and ocean-shore boulevards lead to spots of scenic and historic interest. The Montecito Drive eastward; the Cliff Drive parallel to the westward shore, and leading to Hope Ranch Park; San Marcos Pass route, the road to Ojai eastward over Casitas Pass, that to the beautiful waterfall of Smith's Canyon beyond Goleta—these are highways offering memorable excursions. Some of the best-known have been here reviewed, but there are other side trips and combinations of the various routes which offer many charming hours of travel for the visitor. Well might a sojourner in Santa Barbara spend a month in exploring the surrounding regions—and then see not all that might be seen.

Radiating inland is an intricate system of trails, extending from the sea-level to 4,000-foot summits, and horseback-riders as well as walkers enjoy trips over these scenic paths. Hope Ranch Park is favored by equestrians. Noteworthy, too, is the Tunnel Trail, passing the south portal of the municipal water-tunnel, thence winding up through the canyons to the apex of La Cumbre. Through the wilderness to the north lead trails and roads to camping places among the pines; and comfortable inns and resorts are scattered throughout all the highlands.

Along the coast to the west of Santa Barbara are ranged picturesque communities. Goleta is seven miles from the city, and Naples just a bit farther on. A Japanese submarine shelled an oil company property near Goleta on February 23, 1942, to little effect.

Not far to the west is Ellwood, where you will see some of the oldest eucalyptus trees in America, brought hither from Australia. A rich oil-field has been developed here in recent years.

The mountains north of the surf-line are the loftiest in this part of the Coast Range. Santa Ynez Peak towers 4,292 feet above sea-level and to its east rise Condor Point and Brush Peak, both high summits.

Gaviota is a breeze-swept place, its Spanish name meaning "sea gull." On this shore, highway and railroad run along cliffs high above the waves, descending now and then to the beaches. Travelers acclaim this one of the most remarkable of all coast routes. The highway turns inland at Gaviota, but the railroad continues around the mighty rincón of the range to Conception, at the head of the Santa Barbara Channel. The lighthouse at Point Conception stands on the shelf of a surf-beaten cliff, which rises more than 200 feet above the sea. The land behind lies much lower, and from the ocean the outer cliff appears to be an island. Point Conception, discovered by Cabrillo on October 18, 1542, is of monumental importance in the geography of California, for, as has been indicated, it marks a decided change in direction of both the coast and the mountain range. From here a continuous sierra extends easterly far into the deserts.

Three passes cross the Santa Ynez range west of Santa Barbara—the San Marcos, Refugio, and Gaviota passes, rivals in grandeur.

It is from Goleta that the road leads over the range by the San Marcos Pass, its summit 2,224 feet above sea-level. To the east of the pass is the Painted Cave, reached from the main highway by a side road. The interior of the cavern is covered with rude painted figures and hieroglyphics, undoubtedly the work of Indians. Not far distant from San Marcos Pass is *La Piedra Pintada*, the Painted Rock, with rudely drawn, highly-colored decorations. From the summit of the pass the road descends into the Santa Ynez Valley.

San Marcos Pass possesses historic as well as scenic interest. On a

rainy Christmas, in 1846, Frémont's troops, marching to capture Santa Barbara, were warned by Benjamin Foxen not to attempt to cross the range by Gaviota Pass, where Californian forces lay in ambush, but instead he and his son (*foxing* the dons) guided them through San Marcos, till then never crossed by wagons or guns. Frémont entered the town without resistance two days later.

Refugio Pass, with a summit elevation of 2,250 feet, is traversed by highway from Orella, a road which comes down near Santa Ynez.

From Gaviota runs the third mountain-scaling road, by way of another beautiful gorge, and the scenery throughout the oak-studded uplands is well worth the climb. At the head of the Gaviota Canyon, tortuous and high walled, stands the village of Las Cruces; and to its southeast gush sulphur springs, in a cool grove of oaks and sycamores. To the north, among rolling hills, you will come upon the beautiful Nojoqui Falls (pronounced *No-ho-quee*), where a stream plunges over a precipice in a sheer drop of more than a hundred feet.

Beyond Las Cruces the highway ascends to the crest of Gaviota Pass, about a thousand feet above sea-level, with Gaviota Peak rising to the south.

This Gaviota Pass route is that of the main state highway, but before continuing northward along it you are likely to turn aside to visit old Mission Santa Ynez, "the Mission of the Passes," as it is called, for indeed it may be reached by any of the three.

The mission rises just east of neat and thrifty Solvang, which dates not from the Spanish era but only from 1910—established as a colony of Danes, who still predominate. In Danish the name signifies "valley of the sun."

Mission Santa Ynez, in a beautiful spot north of the Santa Ynez River, a site chosen by Governor Borica, is long and low, constructed of adobe lined with burnt brick and surmounted by tiles. It is fronted by an arched colonnade, and at one end is the chapel, with the four old bells swung in niches in a restored campanario, somewhat like the arrangement at San Gabriel. The interior of the chapel, which is paved with large square bricks, is plain; and the ceiling is supported by massive carved beams.



Santa Ynez displays the finest paintings to be seen at any of the missions, among them one attributed to Murillo; and in the *museo* (museum) you are bewildered by the array of vestments, sacred vessels, candlesticks in silver and brass, massive tomes bound in rawhide, parchments rare and curious.

The ancient structure, standing since 1812, is still in a fair state of preservation, though in the Indian revolt of 1824 several of the outer buildings were destroyed. No vestige remains of the early chapel which arose soon after the founding of the mission on September 17, 1804. It was dedicated to Saint Agnes—Santa Ynez or Santa Ines, the name in Spanish being pronounced at a breath softly, "Santinez."

A little northeast of the mission is the village of Santa Ynez, a market-place for crops; and northward up Alamo Pintado Creek is Los Olivos, where the level acres grow not so much olives now as other fruits, barley, beans, alfalfa. Cattle graze throughout the hills, and dairy farms and bee pastures abound in this "land of milk and honey."

To the northeast about ten miles gleams pretty little Zaca Lake, with Lookout Mountain and Zaca Peak looming above; and beyond is the wild highland country of the Sisquoc. The upper canyon of the Santa Ynez penetrates another wild scenic region, little visited.

The main state highway lies only three miles northwest of Los Olivos, and this you may follow through the Santa Maria Valley and on to San Luis Obispo.

## CHAPTER XV

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### *To San Luis Obispo*

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TYPICAL of that Alta California beloved by the Spaniards of old is the region between Santa Barbara and Monterey—a lovely coast-land of valleys, hills, and mountains, where many of the old ranchos remain, and where the ranges yet are dotted with cattle.

Beyond the turn of the coast at Point Conception and Point Arguello, the shore line for some distance runs due north, followed by the railroad, with El Camino Real a few miles inland, through Los Alamos and Santa Maria. The rail route leads often along ledges above the surf, and almost always the vast expanse of the Pacific is in view—a great presence which dominates all else. In spring the little coastal meadows and the slopes above are gay with wild-flowers.

Leaving the last spur of the Santa Ynez Mountains, the route traverses sand-dunes, blown inland by the winds in gigantic drifts. At Surf, near the mouth of the Santa Ynez River, a highway turns aside into the rich little Lompoc Valley. Divided by the river, which runs its entire length of twenty miles, this favored valley presents a splendid outlook over the ocean, from which its lands slope gently upward, enclosed and sheltered on three sides by mountains.

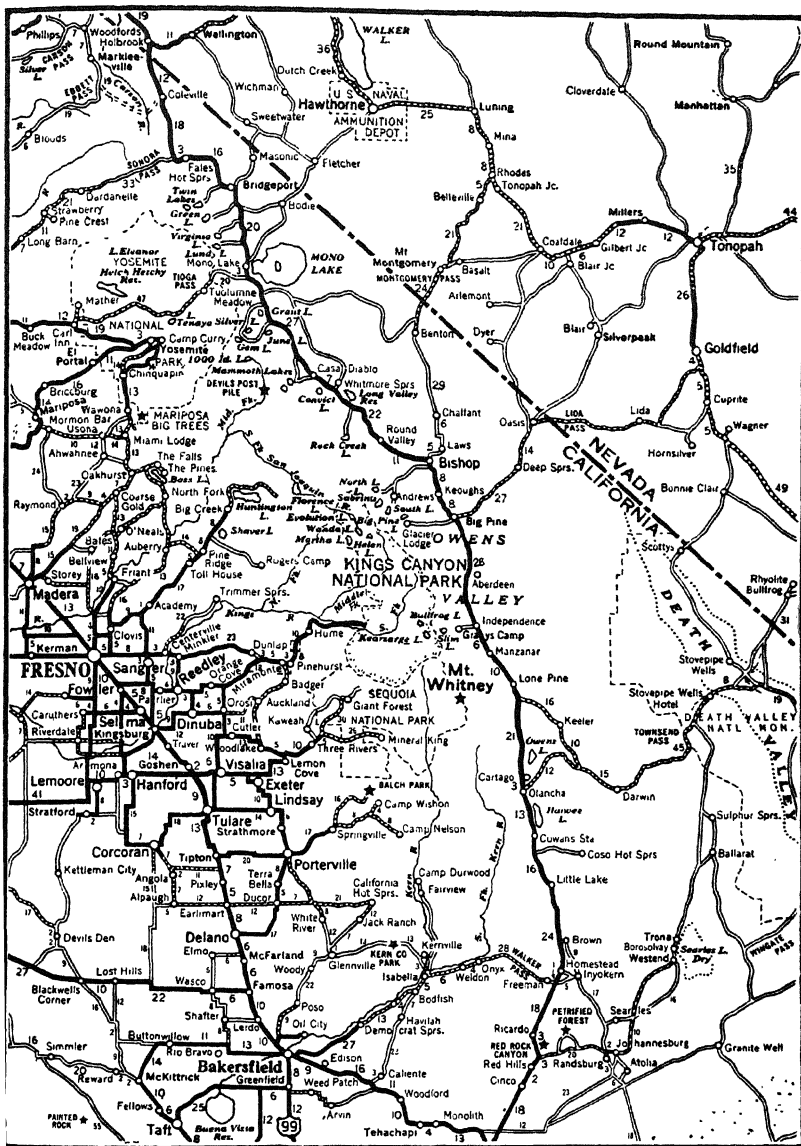
Diversified agriculture flourishes in this region, and many tidy orchards have been set out. Within the Lompoc Valley is raised almost all the mustard grown in the United States, and here many

hundred acres are devoted to this crop. Another highly specialized industry is the growing of sweet-pea seeds, and great fields bespread with the fragrant blossoms are abloom in midsummer. Lompoc, principal town in the valley, lies on the southern bank of the river, at the base of oak-dotted foothills and overlooking the plain. Besides the agricultural exports, Lompoc sends out large shipments of diatomaceous earth—infusorial earth, as it is also termed—from extensive deposits a few miles to the south, where you may see massive chunks of this light insulating material thrown around like feathers.

Of romantic interest is a restored landmark, Mission La Purisima Concepcion, which occupies a picturesque site in the hills not far east of Lompoc. The century-old structure was the third of this name. "Old Purisima," founded on December 8, 1787, by Padre Lasuen, is a pile of ruins beyond redemption, within the town of Lompoc, only a few walls remaining, near an earthquake rift. This first mission was abandoned in 1812 and the new establishment, known by the same name, was built on the other side of the Santa Ynez. La Purisima was a prosperous mission, but it was forced to contend with an amazing series of misfortunes—not the least of these, after the death of beloved Padre Payeras and the more rigid rule of his successor, the fierce Indian revolt of 1824. The insurgents held the mission for some time before yielding to the superior forces of the besiegers.

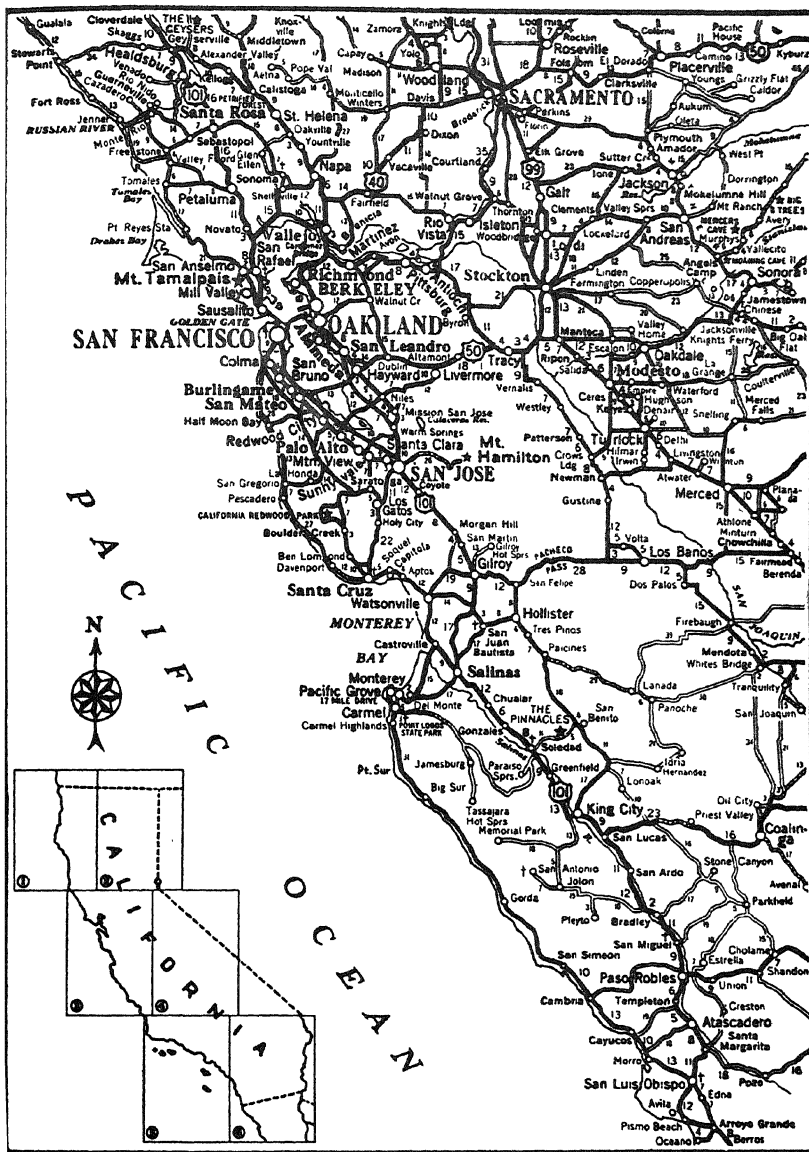
This mission was unique in the absence of the arches which marked other Franciscan structures; instead, square pillars were ranged along the front. Until recently, only a few of them were left upright, a desolate roofless colonnade. Fragments of adobe wall remained, often from four to five feet thick, showing the substantial character of the original building. Now, with the mission having the status of an historic monument in state ownership, restoration (a new structure on the lines of the original) has been carried out as a public project, on a very large scale.

While the mission was never among the most characteristic, its situation, with its back to the heights, is striking; and it commands a fine view of the wooded valley and rough hills, with the ocean glimmering in the distance.



MAP 4. CENTRAL CALIFORNIA—East Part  
 Showing Main Travel Routes  
 (Arabic numerals indicate mileage)





MAP 3. CENTRAL CALIFORNIA—West Part  
 Showing Main Travel Routes  
 (Arabic numerals indicate mileage)



Mission Santa Ynez, about twenty miles up the river, may be reached from Lompoc by a scenic highway, passing along the southern base of the Sierra Santa Rita and the Purisima Hills.

Along the coastland route north from Lompoc, next you traverse the rich Santa Maria Valley, passing little Guadalupe Lake. The main settlement in the valley is the prosperous city of Santa Maria, which stands on El Camino Real. Petroleum wells here have been producing since 1901 and the output has been maintained. The Santa Maria oil-fields lie to the south of the city in the rolling hills, many of the derricks rising along the Graciosa Ridge, which culminates to the east in Mount Solomon, a massive flat-topped butte.

The Santa Maria Valley reaches inland from the coast for about thirty miles, varying in width up to ten miles. A lateral road from Santa Maria leads east up the Cuyama, beloved by artists, and so crosses the range to Maricopa and the San Joaquin Valley.

Guadalupe, below Santa Maria, lies about six miles from the ocean. Along this part of the shoreline, as at Mussel Rock, the sea has carved strange arches and caves in the limestone cliffs. Point Sal, a dark and bold headland marked by stretches of yellow sandstone, forms an angle of the coast to the south.

Continuing north from the Santa Maria Valley, the railroad leads for miles through a region of sand-dunes, some of the hummocks of wind-blown sand advancing here through the years upon rich farmlands, even engulfing the houses, as they have in parts of Holland. The main highway is inland, passing Nipomo.

Arroyo Grande—"the big *arroyo*"—is next, the town of that name lying a few miles from the sea. This sheltered vale is literally one garden of flowers, for here is a center of the seed industry of California. Acres of sweet peas in bloom mingle their scent with the salt tang of the sea. Grain-farms and flourishing orchards checker the valley floor.

Just beyond lies Pismo, on Pismo Beach, noted for its large thick-shelled clams. The beach, packed hard by the waves, is a favorite course for automobile speeding. Cottages and pleasure pavilions are at Pismo, a popular resort-place. From here the rail route turns inland, running due north between the hills to San Luis Obispo, while



the main highway follows the coast and then ascends a lovely canyon to the city.

Situated at the base of the Santa Lucia Mountains, San Luis Obispo is seven miles from the ocean. The *cerros*, or pyramidal hills, in the vicinity, striking formations, are the cores of small volcanoes which broke through the underlying sedimentary rocks in dim ages past. One strangely cleft suggests a bishop's miter, and it is said this influenced the padres to give the place its name, San Luis Obispo de Tolosa (St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse).

Mission San Luis Obispo is in the city. The remains of the old church are protected by a modern arched ceiling and roof, and bell-niches have been added. An antique statue of the patron Saint Louis, the bishop, wearing the miter, stands above the altar. Among the treasures of the mission are a cope and stole of Padre Junipero Serra and the venerable cross used at the first mass, besides costly Spanish altar-cloths, hand-wrought silver, old paintings and images.

The mission, founded on September 1, 1772, by Padres Serra and Cavaller, was the fifth mission set up in Alta California. Indians for some time were hostile and burned many of the buildings; indeed, it was chiefly because the tule-roofs were so easily set alight by incendiary arrows that tiles were adopted for the mission structures, and they were first used here. Besides the church, finished in 1793, the original establishment also included barracks, granary, guard-house, workshops.

Port San Luis, long known as Port Harford, seven miles distant from the city, is an important oil-shipping port, connected by pipe lines with the petroleum fields of the San Joaquin and Santa Maria valleys. San Luis Obispo Bay, a broad open bight, was discovered in 1542 by Cabrillo, who called it Todos Santos (All Saints) Bay. The coast region about Port San Luis is notable for arched rocks and other striking formations, of which Fisherman's Rock is probably most remarkable, the arch being almost perfectly rounded; near by, too, are the Overhanging Rock and a long succession of sea caves. Ocean terraces hereabouts are pronounced by scientists to be perfect records of the manner in which this part of the coast has been raised—the lowest terrace is ten feet above high tide; the middle one, sixty feet; and the upper one, a hundred feet. Water-rounded

pebbles are often found upon them. Inland, near San Luis Creek in a lovely sycamore grove, flow sulphur springs of known potency.

About twelve miles from San Luis Obispo, off the highway toward Avila, is Cave Landing, whence the padres shipped their tallow in mission days. Robbers' Cave here was the treasure-hiding place of bandits and smugglers.

The *cerros* west and northwest of the city are objects of curious interest. A seven-mile trip leads up Reservoir Canyon, to the northeast, between two ridges of hills, of which those on the east are highest, the three main peaks coming into sight being Lopez Mountain, Gay Mountain, and Piney Ridge.

In the hills to the southeast of the city, in 1850, the robber band of Joaquin Murieta fought a pitched battle with a posse of pursuers, in which a score of men were killed on each side.

On the coast west of the city lies the resort town of Morro, on Morro Bay—a narrow, land-locked lagoon. Opposite its entrance rises lonely Morro Rock, a precipitous islet standing 570 feet above the sea at high tide. It is the haunt of sea-lions and thousands of sea fowl. This great red conical rock is indeed among the most striking features of the California coast—one wonders if the good padres were tempted to make it a Mont St. Michel and place a chapel at its summit.

Don Vicente Canet came hither before the American occupation and built a big thick-walled farmhouse on a sloping knoll beside the Santa Luisita, with the mountains rising behind, and looking across the bay to the Morro. A fantastic legend tells of how the ghost of the old don rides on a spectral white steed on moonlight nights between the Morro and the ruined *casa*, where he dwelt for many years.

A considerable area on Morro Bay and the Morro Strand are part of the state park system, the recreational facilities including a golf-course.

A magnificent new coast road now leads between San Luis Obispo and Monterey, part of the state highway system.<sup>1</sup> The first stage of the journey is to Morro Bay, thence along the shore to

<sup>1</sup> This is an alternative route to San Francisco, but it is best for leisurely travel. (See note on page 211.)

Cayucos, at the head of Esteros Bay, an important oil-shipping port, and on to Cambria, in a dairying region of rich grasslands. The coast, famous for its pines, is followed to San Simeon, in the shelter of the point of that name, with Piedras Blancas—Spanish for “white rocks”—the cape at the next turn of the coast. North of San Simeon is the manorial home of William Randolph Hearst, whose rancho extends for many miles northward and inland, along the Santa Lucia range.

The coast highway route between here and Carmel will be described in the later chapter on Monterey Shore.

## CHAPTER XVI

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### *Central Coast Valleys*

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PORTOLA and his stalwart men, first explorers in the land of California, found their march up the coast blocked beyond San Luis Obispo by an impassable sierra. It was only when they turned inland and scaled a lofty ridge that they came to a long narrow valley which served as a passage through the mountains all the way to Monterey Bay; and so it was that El Camino Real, and the state highway and the railroad after it, followed this inland route, paralleling the coast but separated from it by the Sierra Santa Lucia. And so you may go today, though, as has been noted, an alternative route, a great highway, has been cut along the coast to link San Luis Obispo and Monterey. Northward, then, from San Luis, the main highway and the railroad cross the Santa Lucia Mountains by way of the Cuesta Pass, about 1,500 feet above the sea at its summit. This part of the range was overrun by ferocious bears during the mission days, and the vaqueros were wont to rope them with their *reatas*—exciting sport, with the spice of danger.

From the park-like reaches of the lower slopes the scenery changes to the wilder grandeur of the rugged highlands. The grade is conquered by the railroad in a succession of loops, including a sweeping Horseshoe Curve; the highway is more direct.

Crossing the divide, you descend to Santa Margarita, in a region of big cattle-ranches. The Salinas River is over to the east. Here-

abouts flourish some of the finest white oaks in California, and the rolling slopes are mantled with wild oats—not a native grass, though so characteristic of parts of California, but early introduced from Europe.

Near Santa Margarita are remains of an adobe asistencia, or little chapel, and old storehouses erected by the padres of Mission San Luis Obispo. A road leads east to Pozo and La Panza, across the San Juan River to Simmler, and on to McKittrick and Bakersfield in San Joaquin Valley. South of this road beyond La Panza lies the Carisa<sup>1</sup> Plain, a plateau of about 1,400 feet elevation, with no drainage outlet, as several dry lake-beds attest. In the midst of the plain rises a huge rock or hill, with a great hall in its center, the walls covered with Indian paintings in colors—undoubtedly among the most interesting remains of the aborigines in California. By some it is supposed to have had relation to sun-worship.

Beyond Santa Margarita on the main northerly route, you join company with the Salinas River and come to Atascadero, its Spanish name signifying "a deep, miry place." This is the center of the Atascadero colony, with large areas planted to fruit and almond trees. A place of magnificent distances is Atascadero, laid out on the scale of a great capital by the enterpriser, Lewis, who—alas!—languished behind bars, some years afterward. The substantial structures of the one-time civic center, now devoted to new purposes, give evidence that more than the blue sky was delivered to investors; and the country hereabouts is indeed well-favored, meriting the praises of the prospectus-writer.

The Salinas River, its valley the largest in the Coast Range, is followed now for one hundred miles, though in summer the stream flows part of its course underground, its bed being virtually dry. Health-giving winds which sweep up the trough of the valley every day from Monterey Bay are a noticeable feature of this region.

The attractive city of Paso Robles is next visited. Rolling country round about is dotted with oaks which gave this the Spanish name El Paso de Robles (The Pass of the Oaks), and such is still the official designation of the city. Here are great hot sulphur springs, with hotel and bath-house, and these waters are deemed

<sup>1</sup> Also spelled Carrizo.

beneficial for both external and internal uses. Indians are said to have brought their sick even from as far as Texas to make them well in the magic curative waters. Today the bath-house (*Kurhaus*) stands directly over the main sulphur spring, which has a tremendous flow. It is enlightening to note that the elevation here is 700 feet above sea-level, about that of Baden-Baden and Kissingen.

Paso Robles is in the midst of a beautiful region, much of it rich farming and grazing land, and the best acres are set out in almond orchards. On Santa Ysabel ranch, three miles south of Paso Robles, lies a lake of sparkling hot mineral water under the oaks. Ignace Jan Paderewski, famed Polish pianist and patriot, possessed Rancho San Ignacio near Paso Robles, and in former years he spent some time there.

Roads diverge from Paso Robles in several directions. One runs west to Cambria and San Simeon, on the coast highway. An excellent highway from Paso Robles crosses the range to the eastward, linking the Salinas with the San Joaquin Valley. The way is up the little Estrella River and Cholame Creek. From Cholame roads lead north to Coalinga and northeast to the oil-fields of Kettleman Hills, but the main highway runs south and east through Lost Hills to Wasco, in the San Joaquin.

On the Salinas River route, nine miles beyond the Pass of the Oaks reposes the old mission town of San Miguel. The mission is in excellent preservation, with its chapel still in use, for resident Franciscans preside. The mission establishment now consists of the church and a long row of low buildings. Here the corridor of the convento and the church are unusual because of the varying size and shape of the arches. Inside the church may be seen the original decorations and ornaments made by Indian craftsmen, largely under the direction of one Munras, a Spaniard. The white board ceiling rests on massive beams, and the walls are frescoed in blue and red-brown. High is the altar, artistically embellished and crowned by a statue of St. Michael the Archangel, patron saint of the foundation; and the rude pulpit is painted in strange blendings of dark green, dull blue, and purple.

Mission San Miguel Arcangel was founded by Padre Lasuen, assisted by Padre Buenaventura Sitjar on July 25, 1797. The pres-

ent chapel was built three years later. Despite the early hostility of the Indians and a destructive fire, the mission became prosperous; the largest number of neophytes dwelling here was in 1814, when there were more than a thousand. A long adobe wall fifteen feet high enclosed the buildings, and water for the mission was brought from the Santa Ysabel springs by a conduit.

Camp Roberts, a great army training camp of World War II, is north of San Miguel. The Salinas River is spanned at San Ardo by bridges, and ten miles north lies San Lucas, long noted for its thoroughbred horses. The Santa Lucia range rising steeply reaches its culmination west of here, in Junipero Serra Peak and Vaquero Peak.

From San Lucas a highway crosses the range on the other side of the valley, due east to Coalinga, negotiating the Mustang Grade (it once was far wilder) on the way.

Upon your journey down the Salinas Valley you may make a loop by road westward, from Bradley, San Ardo, or San Lucas, visiting Jolon and Mission San Antonio, and then coming back to the main highway at King City.

Between King City and Soledad the main highway route is on the western side of the river through Greenfield, while the railroad and a secondary highway follow the eastern bank through the little settlements of Coburn and Metz. Greenfield is surrounded by alfalfa farms, gooseberry-patches and orchards, and from here a road ascends the Arroyo Seco, linking up with the Carmel Valley highway beyond the range.

King City, where a many-arched highway bridge crosses the river, is the chief market-place of the southern Salinas Valley. The surrounding country produces abundance of pink beans and fruit and grain, as well as cattle.

You will be well advised to turn aside, either from here or from the towns to the south which have been mentioned, for the short trip to Jolon (pronounced Ho-lon') and the Mission San Antonio de Padua. The route is most picturesque, bordered by grain-fields and cattle-ranges. It ascends over Jolon grade to the summit of a pass and on to Jolon, a little place, but still the chief town of the sequestered valley of the same name.

Mission San Antonio de Padua, situated six miles northwest of

Jolon, stands alone now on the banks of Mission Creek, a small stream flowing into San Antonio River. The undulating country all about is studded with oaks, which caused Padre Serra to call the valley Los Robles (The Oaks). Behind the mission in the distance spires Junipero Serra Peak, 5,853 feet in altitude, the highest point in the central Coast Range. The situation of San Antonio is regarded by many as the most beautiful of all the mission sites.

This mission was founded on July 14, 1771, by Padre Serra—third in Alta California, following San Diego and San Carlos Borromeo. It is told that when the padre and his companions arrived in this spot he bade bells be hung upon the branch of a tree and began lustily to strike them. When asked why he did this when probably there was not a single native in all that region who knew the meaning of the ringing bells, he replied, "Let me relieve my heart, wishing that this bell might be heard by the whole world." An altar was set up and mass celebrated, only one native (attracted by the clangor) being present. The patriarchal tree may be one of those seen on the road to the mission.

Some of the Indians here had a legend of dark-gowned priests who had visited them long years before, carrying the cross and bringing them their religion. These may have been a party of far-wandering padres from New Mexico, about 1631.

The first mission settlement was on the San Antonio River, but in 1773 it was moved a mile or so, up to the present site on Mission Creek, though the permanent buildings were not begun until 1809; the façade was erected in 1821. The natives of the valley proved friendly, and soon were converted in goodly number, so that the mission prospered mightily. For its fine horses, above all, it was noted; and these became the prey of horse thieves who raided the herds, nor were the 50,000 head of cattle and 50,000 head of sheep unmolested. Following secularization, the mission gradually fell into disrepair, then into ruin; but it was not deserted at once, as were some of the others. Perhaps because of its isolation, the pastoral age lingered for some years longer at this mission, watched over by Junipero Serra Peak.

Of the once-great mission establishment nothing remains now except the old church, with a long row of dilapidated arches reach-



ing off to the west. The brick façade of the church, with its three portal arches below and its central arched opening above, holding a bell, flanked on either side by a low bell-tower, is impressive architecturally. A shingle roof protects the structure from further disintegration by the elements, but it has suffered much. Inside, this venerable place of worship has been cleansed after years of neglect; benches have been installed, and a simple altar has been placed in the sanctuary, with some old wooden statues. These improvements, scanty as they are, are only recent. In the rickety old choir-loft stands now a small organ. Religious services are held here weekly, though the church is in precarious disrepair and not much more than a ruin; but with the Franciscans once more in charge it is hoped that restoration will come.

Some rose vines cling to the old colonnade outside the church, and at the far end of the row you come upon two square compartments made of burnt brick and lined with cement. You can descend between the two into a subterranean room, apparently the water-mill of the old establishment. An ancient olive tree stands solitary in front of the mission, some distance away; and a few pomegranate trees still remain here, pathetic reminders of the former luxuriance of the gardens. Parts of the old irrigation system developed by the padres are still in use.

About three miles south of Jolon stand two adobe houses on the Rancho Los Ojitos, of which the larger, thought to have been erected in 1778, is declared by some to be the oldest dwelling in California. The tavern at Jolon, no longer a hotel, is decked with a big grape vine more than a century old.

From near Jolon the so-called Nacimiento road—it follows headwaters of that sparkling highland river—crosses the range to Limekiln Creek and on to the Sur coast highway. The large Hunter Liggett Military Reservation is in this region.

To continue now the trip down the Salinas Valley, you go northward from King City to Soledad, amid irrigated farmlands, diversified with dairies. Long windbreaks of eucalyptus trees are striking features of the landscape. The Chalone Peaks, of ancient calcareous rocks, rise about six miles east of Soledad.

Soledad Mission, properly Mision de Nuestra Señora de la Soledad

(Mission of Our Lady of Solitude), situated in an enclosed field four miles west of the town, is in a lamentably ruined state, past rescue. A few crumbling walls alone mark the spot where a flourishing mission settlement once stood. Near by are remains of the padres' vineyard, one of the oldest in California. This lonely place on the breezy plain was visited by Governor Portola in 1769, and on October 9, 1791, the mission was founded here by Padre Lasuen. The adobe chapel was complete in 1797. After secularization of the impoverished mission had depleted his flock, faithful Padre Sarria lingered here to care for the few remaining; and here, weakened by advanced age and starvation, he died upon the altar-steps of the church one Sunday morning before mass.

In the Santa Lucia range, to the west, is the elevated region known as *Paraiso*, or Paradise, so called by the early padres who rested there after labors, refreshing themselves with the sparkling waters of the mineral springs. In 1791 twenty acres of land, containing these springs, were granted to the padres, who hailed it as the Earthly Paradise.

In the opposite direction from Soledad, the remarkable crags known as the Pinnacles are attained by a road which extends northeast for eleven miles. The main approach, however, is from Hollister, on their other side. That the Coast Range may vie with the loftier Sierras in bold grandeur of scenery is strikingly evidenced in these Pinnacles, for no more wild and fantastic mountains are in all California than these spires and strange hunchbacked peaks—great hulks of stone, cleft by narrow tortuous gorges. El Machete, the Knife-Blade, towers eight hundred feet in air, bearing up on its mighty surface twelve acres of rock, and opposite, on the other side of the trail, rises Palisade Rock, many feet higher. Vancouver, the British navigator who was a landsman upon occasion, discovered this vast precipice in 1792, and gazing upon its sheer walls, battlemented like an ancient fortress, compared it to some grim giant's castle. "It is the most wonderful mountain I have ever seen," he wrote, he who had traveled the world over.<sup>1</sup>

Beyond Soledad the Salinas Valley gradually broadens, and the

<sup>1</sup> See page 199 for description of Pinnacles National Monument, as visited from the eastern side.

bright green of lettuce is seen in the fields round about Chualar and northward. This is one of the greatest of lettuce-growing regions, and now the lower Salinas Valley is indeed just one vast salad-bowl, so widespread is this crisp headed leafage, sent forth to all the world. The modern cult of the salad made the fortune of this land, once given over to potatoes and sugar beets. Over to the east of Salinas, and elsewhere in the valley, you will see rows of a plant somewhat like sagebrush. Guayule it is, brought hither from the highlands of Mexico and cultivated for the production of rubber.

Upon the broad northern plains of the valley lies the city of Salinas, with a business district which would do credit to a much larger community—for this is the market-place for a wide area. The name Salinas in Spanish signifies "salt-pits," but these are not now in evidence; and instead of salt, the region produces sugar—in a huge beet-sugar plant west of the city. Attractive trips may be taken to the many-hued sweet-pea fields, at their best in June.

Every year in late July, Salinas holds its California Rodeo. The spirit of the true Old West is here revived, and thousands throng to witness the colorful and thrilling events. Riding of bulls and outlaw broncos, horse-races, pony-express contests, and the selection of the comely sweetheart of the rodeo—all these enliven the varied program. During the rodeo proof positive is presented of that old axiom of the range, "Never was a horse that couldn't be rode; never was a man that couldn't be throwed."

Northeast of Salinas is the old town of Natividad, where a sharp skirmish took place in the Mexican War; and if you follow the road beyond you will come to San Juan Bautista, historic shrine.

Salinas River passes by the city of Salinas and empties into Monterey Bay a few miles to the northwest. Over seaward lies one of the most alluring of California's playgrounds—the Monterey Peninsula.

The wooded mountains to the west of the valley are the Santa Lucia range, with Mount Toro outstanding, and those to the east are the Gabilan range. Frémont's Peak rises above this mountain mass at its northern end, and toward it you may fare on leaving Salinas. Of the highways, perhaps the favorite is the direct route through Santa Rita and Prunedale, beyond which are the Pincate

Rocks, which *both* Murieta and Vasquez used as lookouts and lurking-places; though many will prefer the older and more spectacular highway over the San Juan Grade. Near the northern foot of the grade, and easily reached by a brief connecting-link from the other highway, lies the mission town of San Juan Bautista.

"At San Juan Bautista," wrote the author of *Ramona*, Helen Hunt Jackson, "there lingers more of the atmosphere of the olden time than is to be found in any place in California." Holding an attractive position on a plateau at the base of the Gabilan range, the little community is no less picturesque in detail, for here remain many old galleried adobe houses, come down from the Spanish régime, and the broad, sandy streets are over-arched with ancient trees. In the days of the stage-coach, San Juan for a time was one of the most important towns between San Jose and Los Angeles, and boasted two thousand inhabitants. Now it has barely a quarter that number, but prosperity remains assured by the fertile acres of the San Juan Valley.

Fronting the old plaza, which is now owned by the state, stands the Mission of San Juan Bautista (Saint John the Baptist, no less), one of the best preserved of the Franciscan establishments and still in use, under the care of the Maryknoll Society, a Catholic missionary organization. The mission contains rare treasures, relics of early California—antique musical instruments, old illuminated choral scores, sacred paintings, documents, silk vestments gay with silver and gold brocade. The church, a wide building with thick adobe walls supported by massive buttresses, is notable in having three aisles, a feature which is found only here, among all the missions of California. The belfry has been added of recent years, on the lines of the original, but its immediate predecessor was an ugly wooden tower now fortunately done away with. Most beautiful and characteristic of the features of the mission is the long arched colonnade of the convento wing.

This mission, founded on St. John's Day, June 24, 1797, by Padre Lasuen, was completed in 1812. The corner stone of the church was laid in 1803.

In the mission garden grow pear trees planted by the padres over a century ago and still in bearing, and below the church a section

of the true Camino Real, just as it was in the time of the padres, may still be seen.

An interesting reminder of the early days at San Juan is the Castro house on the plaza, which was the home of an affluent Spanish family prominent in the early history of California. Most celebrated scion was General José Castro, commandant of the California forces, who made this his headquarters in the '40s. The house, which is in good repair, is a two-story building, with overhanging balcony along the front, and with walls three feet thick, surmounted by a roof of tiles. The garden is filled with a luxurious growth of shrubs and flowers. It is said, on uncertain authority, that Frémont stayed awhile at this house, though he and Castro were later arrayed in the field against each other.

Near the Castro house and fronting the plaza stands the quaint Plaza Hotel, more than a hundred years old. In fact, some say that its lower story was built in 1792, before the mission. Of this tavern the story goes that caballeros and cowboys were wont to ride through the high open door and across the earthen floor up to the bar, quaffing their liquor without dismounting. Fronting the plaza, too, is the old Zanetta house, the home of the inn-keeper of the '50s. These historic structures now are owned by the state.

Above San Juan rises Frémont's Peak, where the Pathfinder raised the American flag, March 4, 1846. This was the outcome of an acrimonious dispute between Castro and Frémont at San Juan. When ordered to leave the country, the American, instead, scaled this peak, threw up earthworks, and beneath his country's banner bade defiance to the Californians. When he got tired of waiting for the threatened attack, he withdrew his men northward. Recalling the episode, a monument and flagpole stand at the summit of this mountain, a state park easily reached by road and trail, which affords superb views in every direction. Salinas Valley lies to the south; to the west are the Bay of Monterey and the Pajaro Valley; to the north reposes the San Juan Valley, with the Santa Clara Valley beyond. What a cluster of valleys! Those of the San Benito and of the San Joaquin lie to the east.

Seven miles east of San Juan is the city of Hollister, reached also from Gilroy, in the Santa Clara Valley. Hollister is not far from

the Gabilan Mountains, at the foot of a high mound—a city park—which commands a splendid panorama. On the level valley floor cluster the houses of Hollister, embowered in trees and flowers. Apricot orchards, seed-farms and dairies add to the prosperity of the country.

The ride up the San Benito Valley to Tres Pinos (Three Pines) is delightful. This is still an extensive hay and grain area, in which much thoroughbred stock is raised, and on the Bolado ranch hereabouts—Rancho Santa Anita—Frank Norris was a guest for nearly two months, studying wheat-farming on a large scale. In *The Octopus* he used the local color thus gained; a dance staged in the Bolado barn suggested a memorable chapter. Now, on the way southward beyond Tres Pinos, you pass Bolado Park, a recreation center. It was in the Tres Pinos region that Tiburcio Vasquez, notorious brigand, carried on his depredations in the '70s. Once he and his band raided the town of Paicines in true "thriller" style, shooting and looting.

From Paicines a mountain road leads southeast to Panoche and Idria, where are rich quicksilver-mines, named for the great production-center of quicksilver in Carniola, which ranks next to Almaden among the mines of Europe.

About fifteen miles south of Paicines lies the town of San Benito. A jaunt of six miles west from this road, diverging at Pinnacles post-office, will take you to the Pinnacles National Monument, which can be reached also from Soledad, as has been recounted.

Exploration of many of the caves must be made almost by crawling. These rocks are not of volcanic origin, as often averred, but are a dark red conglomerate found nowhere else in America. One of the caves, attained by a steep twisty passage, is the Banquet Hall; another striking feature is the Bridal Chamber, amid precipitous cliffs.

This area of broken country is assuredly the worst of the badlands of the West, strange in its formations, strange in colorings, altogether weird. It is just such a mountain fastness as might serve as a refuge for brigands—and tradition, indeed, tells wild tales of Vasquez and his unruly band, who lurked in the awesome caverns which pierce the mountain-sides. The finding of the Vasquez treasure has yet to be recorded, though many have delved.

## CHAPTER XVII

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### *Monterey Shore*

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REACHING out into the blue Pacific, holding a medial position on California's coast line, is that great forested promontory famous as the Monterey Peninsula. To northward sweeps the crescent of Monterey Bay, to its south sparkles the smaller bay of Carmel, and from its outward cliffs and beaches you gaze upon the open ocean.

Over this entire Monterey region lingers an atmosphere of romance; it is spoken of as "within the circle of enchantment," and indeed all those who have dwelt there, even for a brief period, can attest to the potency of its spell. In no small measure this is a heritage from the "olden, golden days" when Spain and Mexico held easy sway over these shores. The history of this scenic coastland goes back into the centuries. It is generally accepted by historians that in 1542 Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed into Monterey Bay; and that other gallant navigator, Sebastian Viscaino, landed here sixty years afterward and took possession of the country for Spain. Monterey, meaning literally the "King's Wood," or the "King's Mountain," was named by Viscaino in honor of his patron, the Count of Monterey, Viceroy of Mexico. In 1769, California's first Governor, Gaspar de Portola, passed here, for the time failing to recognize the harbor described by Viscaino; but in the next year he established a military post, or presidio, here, and Padre Junipero Serra founded a mission—the second in Alta California—though at

the next year-end this was removed to the Carmel River. Monterey, as capital, was the most important settlement in California from 1770 to 1849, when the seat of government was removed to San Jose and commercial supremacy passed to San Francisco.

"Old Monterey" is a name which forever holds within itself a charm. No place in all the West can match this in romantic associations, and few indeed can vie with it in splendor of situation. The country round about is most favored: genial in climate, rich in coloring. This is the real California.

Though it has not outlived two centuries the city is "old" as things are reckoned in our new land. An almost medieval antiquity clings about the adobes—you might think them twice their age—mostly low-lying buildings, with dusty red tiles and stained plaster walls.

The old Customs House is on the bay shore, where now the gaudy-colored fisher fleet bobs at anchor behind a staunch breakwater. A long galleried building of adobe and stone, with a square two-storied tower at either end, it is shaded by patriarchal cypress trees, and in its sheltered veranda those of a passing generation still sit and take their quiet siestas or gaze dreamily across the waters.

The oldest part (the central section) dates from 1814, and thereafter the structure was used in succession by the Spanish, Mexican, and early American régimes, for under all these Monterey was the capital of California. Now, under care of the state, a delightful assemblage of historic relics is displayed, to recall the days of Monterey's glory, including mementoes of the Bohemian coterie of writers and painters who have made the place their heart-home. In this museum, and scattered elsewhere in Monterey, you will see timbers and fixtures rescued from the wreck of the *Natalie*, once the *Inconstant*, the French sloop-of-war on which Napoleon escaped from the isle of Elba in 1815, and which after its conversion into a trading-ship went ashore on this beach in 1833.

Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones raised the American flag here "by mistake" in October, 1842, in the delusion that war with Mexico was on, but learning otherwise, he hauled it down and apologized. It was on July 7, 1846, during our war with Mexico, that Commodore John Drake Sloat raised the American flag offi-



cially and finally over the Customs House, and California was claimed as a possession of the United States. A massive monument to the old commodore's memory rises on the sky line, in the Presidio above the bay.

This army post, on commanding heights, was established (as has been noted) by Portola in 1770. The site of the foundation of the mission at the same time by Padre Serra is now marked by a stone cross near the Presidio gateway. When Serra landed here, as when Viscaino had come in 1602, a magnificent oak spread its branches above the spot—its remains are treasured still at San Carlos Church. A statue of Padre Serra as he landed stands on the hillslope above, and a plain marker indicates the site of El Castillo, the earliest fort crowning the heights. This fort participated in one spirited engagement, when the privateer Bouchard took Monterey and sacked the town in 1818. Now the Presidio is an army post, though not a large one.

From the eminence of the Presidio you look out upon the fishing-fleet sheltered behind the new breakwater. Catching and packing of sardines are primary industries in Monterey, and along the wharves you will see picturesque fisherfolk, and often their great brown seines spread out to dry near by. Sardines are the mainstay of the packing industry here, but an immense tonnage of fresh fish is taken. At the wharves are renowned fish restaurants, possessing the secret of properly cooking and serving the abalone, delicious shell-fish of this coast.

Almost across from the Customs House stands the old Pacific Building, among the largest of all the early-day structures. Once a sailors' boarding-house—built about 1834, it is one of the oldest hotel structures in California—holding also stores and offices, now it is a studio and club building, with a beautiful Spanish patio to the west, supplanting the dusty yard where bull-and-bear fights thrilled the populace of old. The public may enter this delightful court, through the graciousness of the ladies who are owners.

Only a few steps west of the Customs House is the old Whaling Station, established in 1855 as center of what was then the chief industry of the place. Restored, it is now a private home, presenting an admirable example of Monterey architecture, combining New

England and Spanish elements of style. The whalebone sidewalk is an unusual feature. Next door is what is termed the first brick house in California, built in 1847 by a Virginian named Dickinson, who departed for the mines before his mansion-to-be was entirely finished. Now you may partake there of savory Mexican dishes.

The first theater in California (near by on Pacific Street), built about 1844 by one Jack Swan as a tavern and sailors' boarding-house, was converted for dramatic presentations by soldiers of the American garrison during the Mexican War. Now, in public ownership, it holds a collection of relics pertaining to local history. Here are to be seen the old stage, and the wooden emergency-curtain hinged from the roof—to be dropped, some surmise, if the audience should most strenuously express disapproval. Legend insists that Jenny Lind sang here, but she was never in California.

Other historic structures merit a visit. Along Main Street south of the city's center clusters a remarkable group. The little House of Four Winds here was the first Hall of Records in California. It received its name because of the weather-vane atop its roof, in poetic reference, perhaps, to politicians of early (and later) days. A short distance north stands the little adobe, built in 1837, which during the Mexican War served for a time as the quarters of Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman, adjutant and aid to the military governor of California, Colonel Richard Mason. The young Sherman lived and loved in Monterey. Of more than passing sentimental interest are the descendants of the old rose-tree which he planted (so runs the legend) in the garden of his sweetheart, Señorita Maria Bonifacio. It long thrust its sturdy branches into the principal street of Monterey, high above the adobe wall which shielded the shaded garden from the curious eye. Now the house and garden are vanished, the señorita is long since dead, but the roses planted in her honor still flourish. The original Sherman rose-tree is in a garden planted by an artist, Percy Gray, on the Mesa of Monterey, near Del Monte; and the house there is the old Bonifacio mansion, rebuilt of the same material on this new site.

Neighboring the small adobe which was Sherman's quarters, with a lovely high-walled garden beside and behind it, is the two-story Larkin house, example of the Monterey architecture at its best,

built in 1835 by Thomas O. Larkin, merchant, the first and only United States consul in California—a man who did much in assuring American sway over the central Pacific seaboard. General Stephen Watts Kearny made this his headquarters as first military governor of California, so that in a sense this house was the first American capitol; and his successor, Colonel Mason, did the same, later removing the offices of governmental authority to the old barracks, *El Cuartel*, which has disappeared, though the site on Munras Avenue is marked, as are so many historic locations in Monterey.

On the street above the Larkin House—Pacific—stands Colton Hall, a substantial structure built largely of stone, which bears the name of Walter Colton, alcalde of Monterey, the first American clergyman, judge, and editor in California. He contrived to construct it from funds raised by levies on gambling and fines for riotous living. It was in September, 1849, that a distinguished representative assembly, the first Constitutional Convention of California, met here. An interesting feature of the structure is the massive south wing constituting the old jail, the calabozo, with its grilles of pierced iron plate.

Colton Hall now houses some of the municipal offices, and to its south stands a beautiful new civic building (the Few Memorial) holding others. Incorporated as the end of a wing in this structure is a restored adobe. Below these halls slopes a quiet intimate plaza, terraced with picturesque stone walls. Near by is the interesting Federal building and post-office, its exterior finished in simulation of large adobe bricks.

Pilgrims turn eagerly toward local reminders of one of the most lovable men that ever trod our shores—Robert Louis Stevenson. You may read his inspired description of Monterey in the sketch, *The Old Pacific Capital*; and he caught up some of the wilder seascapes of Monterey shore and used them later as settings for *Treasure Island*. R. L. S., then just thirty, wrote here *The Pavilion on the Links* and assembled his materials for *An Amateur Emigrant*.

This beloved romancer dwelt here from September to December, in 1879. The "Stevenson House," on Houston Street, near Pearl, is in reality *two* whitewashed adobe houses built into one. That wherein Stevenson lived (in a room on the second floor back) was

frequented by Jules Simoneau, French restaurateur, whose loyal friendship and substantial viands gave new strength to the fragile wanderer. With Simoneau he "played chess and discussed the universe" daily, and the restaurant near by (the place has disappeared) he praised as the most satisfying he had ever come upon in his years of world travel. Monterey of that day was a dreamy town, its streets "economically paved with sea sand," as he said.

Among outstanding landmarks you will note the green-tinted adobe (now a book and gift shop) which was one of the early courts in California; the home of Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado, a residence built about 1836, above where Colton Hall now stands; and the houses bearing the names of the Amesti, Abrego, Escolle, Vasquez, Serrano and Soberanes families, though their original owners possess them no more. The old Pacheco adobe is incorporated in a hospital.

San Carlos Church, on the eastern outskirts of Monterey, was the royal chapel erected to serve the garrison of the old presidio—the only one of the four presidio churches of early California extant. Built about 1795, and dedicated as the parish church in 1834, it was the place of worship of the governors for many years. Restoration has been made from time to time, with the change to the cruciform completed in the '60s. In aspect this church (it never was a mission, though sometimes mistakenly called one) presents some Aztec architectural influence.

In a room opening from the chancel are preserved old vestments, pictures, and other objects, many of them belonging originally to Mission Carmel, over the hill. The holy vessels are beaten out of solid silver. All these, wrote Charles Warren Stoddard, who so revered them, are relics of "a crusade that was gloriously successful, but the records of which are disappearing from the face of the earth."

The approach to the portal of the church formerly was along a pavement of strangely-shaped white blocks—the bleached vertebrae of whales. In the enclosure behind the edifice is the dead trunk of the massive oak tree, already mentioned, under which Viscaino celebrated divine service in 1602 and in whose shade Serra established the mission in 1770.

The Estero, or lagoon, near old San Carlos Church is the center of a public park, and on its western shore stands an adobe which was the old French Consulate, before American rule. This landmark was removed here from another site.

With all its old-time structures, Monterey lives actively in the present as well as in memory of the past. On the wooded hills above the city and overlooking the bright waters of the bay cluster beautiful modern residences, most of them in the characteristic California Spanish style. From the upper streets of Monterey you can see Del Monte over to the northeast in a forest of greenery, with the glint of lagoons in the sun; and to the northwest, Pacific Grove, with which Monterey forms virtually one community.

During the war years Del Monte was in Government use, and it may so continue.

For more than half a century Del Monte was one of California's largest and best-loved resorts. Its vast estate was renowned for scenic beauty, amazing variety of trees and flowers, diversity of activities. Del Monte is one of the most delightful of places, at any season. Here one would find sportsmen from all lands and hear chat of the doings in all the world capitals; or, turning from this, one might (better, *two* might) take quiet strolls past the ivy-covered, oak-shaded little chapel, or along the lagoon, where the white swans glide with infinite grace.

Del Monte Forest, covering much of the Peninsula, is a woodland of appealing beauty.

Seaside, north of Del Monte, has lost some of the charm of earlier days, when it was a somnolent hamlet amid the sandhills. Up the curve of Monterey Bay you may wander, through the great Fort Ord reservation, important in the army training program in World War II, and past Marina and other villages, to the mouth of the Salinas River and beyond.

Neighboring Monterey on the tip of the Peninsula is Pacific Grove, comely community of homes and home-loving people. Established as a religionist retreat in 1869, the place welcomed the foundation of the second Chautauqua in the United States ten years later. Some have commented that this city retains a staid New Eng-

land atmosphere, in contrast to the vivid Mediterranean qualities of Monterey.

The public Museum, between the city's business center and the shore, is one of the most fascinating little museums in this country. Its collections are especially rich in the flora and fauna of central California, the naturalistic display of marine animals being exceptional.

The Hopkins Marine Biological Laboratory—a unit of Stanford University—situated on a rocky headland at Pacific Grove, can study undersea life in greater variety than even the similar laboratory on the Bay of Naples. It is not a museum or a show place, but a scientific workshop, revealing the truth of that dictum by William Beebe, "The edge of the water is the most wonderful spot in the world."

Though surpassed by the marine gardens of Catalina, those of Pacific Grove merit fame, and here, as there, glass-bottom boats reveal the beauties of the fairyland undersea. Bright-colored fishes disport beneath your gaze as they glide in and out among the sunken reefs and caves. Amber sea grasses wave softly with the movements of the tide; delicately-branched seaweed spreads in fantastic forests below, and brilliant starfish cling to the crags. All a marvel of unfamiliar beauty is this, basking in a soft light strange and mysterious.

Pacific Grove has a sheltered bathing-beach, camp-grounds, and attendant attractions congenial to vacationists. It is difficult to refrain from quoting Stevenson: "Thither, in the warm season, crowds come to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion, and flirtation, which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable."

West of Pacific Grove reach out the wave-lashed rocks of Point Pinos (*Punta de los Pinos*, point of the pines), southern horn of Monterey Bay. The picturesque old lighthouse was set up about 1851.

Spanish Bay lies to the south of Pacific Grove, facing the great ocean, and beyond its wonderful dunes of pure white sand, amid the pinewoods, are the halls and cottages of Asilomar. Between Pacific Grove and Carmel leads a scenic drive, across the heights of the Peninsula, with sweeping views over the tree-tops of Del Monte

Forest to the sea, and at one place a wonderful panoramic view of Monterey Bay.

A most popular way to "see the Peninsula" is to circle around from Del Monte and Monterey, through Pacific Grove and Asilomar, along the seacoast by the scenic route world-renowned as the Seventeen-Mile Drive, though now it has been extended to a far greater length, in all its delightful ramifications.

Monterey Peninsula is laid out on the map, in little, not unlike the peninsula of Spain. Perhaps it was this fancy, perhaps something in the atmosphere, in the hills and sparkling waters, reminding them of their far-off homeland, which went to the hearts of the early voyagers and made them ground their boats upon the silver strand of Monterey. The drive which circles the Peninsula leads along the border of the sea, past sloping shingle and rocky headland. As you go over this road the intoning of the sea beside you is as the pleasant voice of a companion. Out you look forever upon the tremulous surface of the ocean; you see the waves form afar, swell to mightiness, flash up in ridges, lean forward, curl over—and then break. The white foam heaves up and down upon the seething sand, racing up the smooth slopes, then running back again.

In a noble setting of forest and garden, hill and sea, spread golf-course greens, near Moss Beach, a crescent of glittering sand. As you motor along you will see (and hear) sea-lions, basking in the sun on wave-washed rocks offshore. You may pass in a moment from forest depths to the blue vista of the waters, seen through a sylvan frame of Monterey cypress and Monterey pine—trees native only in this coast region.

Point Joe, and its Restless Sea, where conflicting tides clash ceaselessly; Seal Rocks and Bird Rocks are passed in succession. Cypress Point, with a grove of ancient Monterey cypress and another expansive golf-course of perennial green, is rounded; then Sunset Point and Midway Point, on Carmel Bay, looking across to Point Lobos.

At Midway Point a castellated crag juts into the sea. Here stands a lone cypress, its gnarled roots seeming to grasp into the very rock; and above it rises a battlement of jagged stones. You may clamber up into this turret, the cliff falling away below you on all sides, and look out over the great furrowed fields of water. The glassy

green waves slide in below, covered with a creaming foam-drift. To watch them wheeling and circling in greasy eddies among the sunken reefs, to see them sway beneath in reeling whirlpools, is enough to make the head swim and the hand seek the gray cliff for support. Farther out the sea shines with a metallic luster, the tilted wave-faces throwing shadows behind them, the sunlight springing from crest to crest.

Continuing the drive, soon you round Pescadero Point and pass amid sumptuous villas to Pebble Beach on Carmel Bay. Perhaps the most distinguished of the six golf-courses on the Peninsula is the Pebble Beach course, holding a site upon the very margin of the bay. It has been the scene of national championships. Yachts anchor offshore in Stillwater Cove; and in a glass-bottom boat you may put out from the pier at the cove to study the submarine gardens round about Arch Rock.

Distinctive are the homes at Pebble Beach, for while a number of architectural modes are represented, there has been a particular development of the styles harking back to Mediterranean originals, entirely appropriate here because of the Hispanic traditions of the land and because of its bright sunny beauty. With red tile roofs, white or light-colored stucco walls, shuttered windows and flowery patios, these houses fit perfectly into their scenic environment. More and more, too, use is being made of the soft-hued Carmel "chalk-stone" in the building of walls and walks, fireplaces and chimneys.

The scenic drives which climb the hills of the Peninsula above Pebble Beach thread a thick pine forest, revealing here and there glimpses of the ocean and Carmel Bay through a labyrinth of trees. Then at last you come out at a breath upon the heights above Monterey. To the west and north the Bay of Monterey sweeps around in a graceful curve, the water of an unbelievable blueness and girded with a thin white line of breakers. Instantly to mind comes a comparison with the Bay of Naples. Directly below recline Monterey and Del Monte, seeming so near that you might almost reach down and touch them. Over to westward, beyond the little lighthouse, the mad ocean waves whiten among the broken rocks of Point Pinos, churning about like Stevenson's "Merry Men."

Passing out of Del Monte Forest gate, you come to the "village"



of Carmel-by-the-Sea. This community among the pines has won recognition as the art and literary center of California. With its picturesque shops (they're mostly *shoppes* here), fascinating tea-rooms, theaters, and art displays, Carmel is indeed "different." The outdoor Forest Theater is especially notable.

The broad beach of clean white sand is popular with bathers throughout the year. This beach and Carmel are only four miles from Monterey by the direct route over Carmel Hill—a scenic straightaway.

At the southern boundary of the town lies the placid Carmel Valley. The little river slips on to the lagoon at its mouth, running silently as it passes near the massive walls of old Mission Carmel, for here rests all that was earthly of one of the most stout-hearted pioneers that lived, Padre Junipero Serra, here in the cool sanctuary of his best-loved mission. Across the valley the mountains pile up one behind the other, the purple haze gathered always in their hollows, while to the southwest reaches out rugged Point Lobos, the whitewater glistening under its foot.

Carmel Mission was in the care of Padre Junipero himself, and from here he directed his work as president of the missions, and his successor did likewise. Its official name is Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, commemorating a beloved Italian saint. As has been noted, this mission was founded at Monterey in 1770, but the establishment was removed over the hill to the Carmel riverside the next year. The little river had been named Carmel in honor of three Carmelite padres who accompanied Viscaino in his voyage to this region in 1602.

Serra died in 1784, nine years before the present church was begun; it was completed in 1796. The church is distinctive among the Franciscan establishments in its architecture; the massive south tower, with its outside stairway and its Saracenic dome, is exceptional. Noteworthy, too, is the star window, not altogether symmetrical, in the gable. Carmel Mission departs also from the usual whiteness of the missions, for it is built of a soft straw-colored stone, which was quarried near by. The roof is now covered with red tiles, as it was originally; and, in the restoration, the pitch of the roof has been made less steep.

Within, the church is of strange shape—not unlike the inverted hull of a ship, but ribbed with stone pilasters of the Doric order. These ran into stone arches above, which once supported the vaulted tile roof. None of the original decoration has survived in the main church, but a bit of it yet may be seen in a little side chapel to the left of the main entrance. In the pavement of the sanctuary you will discover some of the original floor tiles. Beneath the sanctuary flooring are the tombs of Junipero Serra and three others—Padres Crespi and Lasuen, eminent in mission history, and Padre Lopez, a humbler worker in the vineyard.

In a memorial mortuary chapel near the entrance to the church is a beautiful sarcophagus cut from California marble, with a bronze effigy of Serra, and figures of three kneeling and mourning padres—the whole the work of Jo Mora. A small collection of mission relics is in this chapel, and the church holds a goodly number of the original wooden statues, oil-paintings, and ornaments.

Near the memorial chapel other structures have been added in recent years, and somehow the newness of the “restoration” detracts from the charm of the revered capital mission.

From the mission a highway leads up the Carmel Valley, enclosed within steeply-rising hills. Picturesque estates and ranch-homes amid flourishing orchards are seen along the road, which can be followed all the way to Jamesburg and Tassajara, where hot springs gush in the wild mountains to the south. A justly popular route diverging northward from the valley highway is the Laureles Grade road, crossing the lofty ridge above the Corral de Tierra district, and joining the main Salinas-Monterey arterial. Another scenic road linking the Carmel Valley with the Salinas Valley is that which crosses the range and descends eastward by the Arroyo Seco, to Greenfield and Soledad.

Southward from Carmel, the highway leads toward the Big Sur country, linking with the route through San Simeon by which now you can travel all the way to Los Angeles<sup>1</sup>. Faring beyond the old mission, across the Carmel River, you crest a rise and behold, in a

<sup>1</sup> This coast highway, although it is remarkable for its scenic character, is not one on which motorists should expect to “make time,” particularly south of Big Sur. There are very few lateral roads by which drivers can leave the main highway, once on it.

panorama of dramatic splendor, Point Lobos, reaching seaward; and it will be unforgivable if you fail to turn in at the Point Lobos State Park gate and explore this romantic cypress-clad headland, before continuing to Carmel Highlands.

Point Lobos is crowned with those strange wind-blown cypresses which are native nowhere else in the world except around Cypress Point, across Carmel Bay. Folk-legends as fantastic as the trees themselves have arisen to account for their presence here upon the very verge of the continent—for they grow in their wild state never more than a quarter-mile from the sea. One more-than-twice-told tale is that they are sacred trees planted by Buddhist monks from China who sailed hither many centuries ago; another story has it that their seeds drifted over from Japan; yet another, that they are cedars of Lebanon, planted here by pious pilgrims from the Holy Land. Scientists laugh at these stories as mere fancies, saying that these trees are a remnant, that they were once far more widely dispersed throughout California and in other parts of the northern hemisphere.

On the cliffs and headlands the cypress trees are exposed to the scourging of the winds. Contorted and strangely warped, their trunks are sometimes worn smooth, as if by the fierce sand-blasts of centuries, and many are bleached "white as rain-blanchd bone." Flat and low-clinging, their matted foliage is driven into attenuated shapes; they seem, indeed, in the phrase of Robert Louis Stevenson, "fleeing before the wind."

Here rugged cliffs rise sheer above the surf. Up between the headlands reach long inlets or fiords, deep-trenched in the granite rock-mass of Point Lobos. All this coast is ragged with rocks, and most of the reefs and sea crags off-shore are eternally mantled with foam.

Point Lobos is *of the sea*; nowhere does one gain a keener sense of the beauty and majesty of the Pacific. At the base of the cliffs, where waters swash and swirl, scarlet starfish lie sprawled; abalones (with inner shells as iridescent as mother-of-pearl) cling to the lower ledges; clusters of blue-green sea anemones, marine animals, open like flowers ashore.

Seaweed there is in abundance—fantastic, lace-like seaweed, warm-

colored, mantling the base of the rocks. Some of the sea grasses, turning in the tide, gleam blue with a phosphorescent glow. Coral-ines, red fan-shaped algæ, mingle with rich sea mosses. Farther out, the "sealshead kelp" bobs about, and difficult indeed it is to distinguish it from the heads of swimming sea-lions. And sea-lions, too, herd in the waters and on rocks offshore, and to the point they gave their name—*lobos marinos* (sea-wolves), as the Spanish called them, and often they give voice, sounding like a pack in full cry.

A mile below Point Lobos the coastland slopes upward to Carmel Highlands, where from the forested mountain-side facing the deep blue waters of the Pacific, a noted inn looks out, a most picturesquely-situated hostelry, with guest cottages surrounding it, hundreds of feet above the foaming breakers.

Residences at Carmel Highlands are set amid pines and cypresses, in estates which are gardens of luxurious growth; and some of the homes are set upon ledges over the restless surf. You are sure to pause at a turn of the highway to look across at the James house, built of stone in the style of a Spanish Basque-coast dwelling, seeming to spring from the rock on which it stands. It is the most beautiful residence in all California.

Nor has the entire coast a more wonderful region than Carmel Highlands, with its sheltering mountains and its reef-studded shore. Continuing southward, you will round Yankee Point, traverse the lovely San Remo estate, and so travel on to the Big Sur country. On this rugged coast, mountains come down to the sea in giant headlands; and if you turn inland you may travel through forests of lordly redwoods.

This coast highway ranks as a main-traveled route between San Francisco and Los Angeles—assuredly one of the grandest of the world's highways, comparable to the Corniche Road of the Riviera.

A remarkable fact about the new route southward is that it runs along the rugged coast where formerly for a hundred miles there was no road at all, and scarcely a footpath. The old Indian trail, so long the main travel artery of this then remote region, follows the first ridge of the Santa Lucia range, a few miles inland. The seaward slopes are generally barren of trees, but here and there you may see the yucca *Whipplei* or angel's candle, with its high spike of

creamy bloom. Besides the redwoods of the canyons, on the inland ranges grows that rarity, the Santa Lucia fir (*Abies venusta*), which is native only here. From its resin the padres made incense for their mission altars. Back in these mountains, at a goat-ranch a few miles south of Carmel, Robert Louis Stevenson sought refuge for a brief time in 1879, cared for by a couple of old bear-hunters.

Beyond Malpas Canyon the road leads, a canyon "hard to cross over" as the Spaniards said; lofty Soberanes Point is passed, and then Garapatas Canyon, spanned by one of the spectacular bridges now so numerous along this coast, at the deep canyon-mouths. Garapatas signifies "ticks," which hereabouts explored early explorers.

Palo Colorado Canyon, place of redwoods, is next; and Notley's Landing, picturesque old hamlet in rack and ruin, with its few huddled houses overlooking the sea. Bixby Creek Canyon is crossed by the mightiest bridge of all, a lofty concrete span carrying the highway more than 260 feet above the creek-bed. You can walk out onto the bridge, to observation-alcoves.

Following the coast, high on the sheer mountain-side, you see ahead Point Sur, which from afar has the appearance of an island, though in reality a peninsula. Crossing the mouth of the Little Sur River, you look into the heart of the range dominated by Pico Blanco, white as a snow peak of the Sierra Nevada.

A side road leads out across wind-swept sands to the Sur lighthouse, perched 270 feet above the waves on the black rocky butte which is Point Sur.

The main highway trends inland, ascending the Big Sur River, Rio Grande del Sur—that is, "of the south"—but it is no great stream, regardless. Pfeiffer's resort, long a landmark, now stands within a state park which embraces lovely redwoods and river scenery. Over on the coast west of here, reached by road, lies a beach likewise in public ownership, with lofty arched rocks near the surf-line which are most remarkable.

Now for many scenic miles the highway follows the coast, usually several hundred feet above the breakers. As a succession of headlands is passed, new and enchanting views are revealed. Partington Point, Gamboa Point, Lopez Point, these are left behind, and then the route swings around an open bight ten miles to Cape San

Martin, rugged and precipitous, with surf-beaten crags offshore. Midway between Lopez Point and the cape you cross Mill Creek, along whose course grow big redwoods. A mountain road branching here traverses the range to Jolon and the Salinas Valley, by way of the headwaters of the Nacimiento River.

Sixteen miles south of Cape San Martin is Piedras Blancas Point, low and rocky, with its white conical lighthouse tower outstanding. The two prominent white rocks beyond the headland account for the Spanish name. Interesting are the ruins of the mansion of Juan Castro here—he was the lord of thousands of acres of coastland.

San Simeon Point is next, the village of San Simeon on the sheltered side at the head of a little bay. The Hearst castle is seen high on a peak somewhat inland. To early Spanish explorers the bay here was known as the Bay of Sardines, though not sardines but whales were caught offshore by the Portuguese whalers who made this their port from 1865 to 1890.

The highway leading south soon reaches Cambria, about a mile inland amid its pines, in the narrow valley of Santa Rosa Creek; then continues past sharp Swallow Rock, with its colony of cliff-swallows, to Harmony, and on to Cayucos, on Esteros Bay. Morro Bay and San Luis Obispo lie a few miles beyond, as we have already described.

Such is the magnificent coast route leading southward from Carmel, so often driven over as part of a visit to the Monterey Peninsula. The highway is commended particularly to the leisurely motorist.

As you travel thus in the Monterey coast region, you will thrill with the ecstasy of this land of living color. The Capri blue of its seas and skies, the red of roof-tiles amid vivid green of Monterey cypress and Monterey pine, the silver white of surf along its glittering beaches—all are combined in matchless panoramas. Monterey shore presents colors as many and varied as are held within one of its own iridescent abalone shells! There are cloud effects which writers cannot put in books; there are landscapes which change with the minutes, so that artists cannot hope to catch them. The morning sea-mist stringing along the wind in fantastic ghost-shapes, the shifting shadows in the pine-tops, the brimming tide, the sun going down like a burning ship, the moon-path over the waves, the

blinking lighthouses in the night, the sand-dunes lying white under the stars like hillocks of snow—all these are ever-varying, and binding all together is the mighty warp and woof of the sea.

From year's end to year's end, it is enchanting. With lingering regret you turn away from the Monterey shore—consoled only with the thought that you are likely to come again—and again.

## CHAPTER XVIII

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### *Santa Cruz—Its Beaches and Mountains*

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SANTA CRUZ, city of the Holy Cross (its Spanish name has that significance), looks out upon the northern expanse of Monterey Bay, at the foot of mountains bearing the same saintly name—and indeed they afford sanctuary for all such as wish to withdraw from the turmoil of crowded places.

The approach from the south is along the bay shore much of the way, with Loma Prieta (dark hill) looming ahead, the summit of the range. Leaving Monterey and Del Monte behind, you traverse a region of mottled sandhills through Seaside, Marina, and a succession of lesser hamlets, then cross the Salinas River near its mouth, and so come to Castroville, laid out on the former rancho of Rafael Castro, of the distinguished pioneer Spanish family. It is here that you may turn inland if bound for the Salinas Valley, but the coast route is inviting, and it is likely you will wish to follow it northward.

Moss Landing, soon reached, fronts a lagoon and a vast expanse of sand-dunes; and inland you see the magenta-colored pools of the salt-works, with the glittering white sea salt piled beside them. Almost always a line of intent bass-fishermen is to be seen along the bridges. A whaling station was here for years, but no longer is it in operation. Rumrunners more recently fixed upon the place for activities in the dark o' the moon and several pitched battles with



the authorities disturbed the somnolence of the then moss-grown community. Now it cherishes a bright hope of awakening as a port of water-borne commerce.

You continue northward through a pastoral country, beside the windings of Elkhorn Slough, especially beautiful in the hours of reflection at dawn and sunset. The route trends inland to the settlement of Pajaro, and across the river of that name to Watsonville, about five miles from the coast.

Watsonville is the leading community in Pajaro Valley, celebrated for its apples, which are sent from here even to England. Most of them are bellflowers and pippins, and the tree-branches in fruit are propped with poles to prevent their breaking, for these bear heaviest of all apple trees. If you happen by on an airy day in spring, the blossoms may be carried before you in showers by the breeze, floating down on the road like fragrant snow. At any season you can quaff the cider vended by the roadside, and you're sure to smack your lips at its cool deliciousness.

Watsonville has bemoaned the lack of a poetic Spanish name, some of its citizenry (forgetful perhaps of Deauville) making bold to say the termination brands it as "a hick town," but still it remains on the maps as set down by one Watson in 1853.

Roundabout you may travel through the fertile Pajaro Valley—now *pajaro* (pa'-ha-ro) is Spanish, meaning "bird." It was named for a great captive eagle which the Indians here displayed to Portola and his men in 1769. Not only is the Pajaro Valley one of the select apple-producing regions of the world, but berries, lettuce, and varied vegetables are also grown abundantly. It was not far from here, near Santa Cruz, that the luscious loganberry was discovered about 1881, in the gardens of one Judge Logan, who at any rate was a judge of good berries. The loganberry is supposed to be a cross between the wild blackberry and the red raspberry.

Flowers rejoice in this realm of endless summer, with no last rose. The Hyde begonia gardens at Watsonville present a riot of glorious color in September.

A favorite highway route from Watsonville leads through the Chittenden Pass, a water-gap in the Coast Range followed also by the railroad, along the Pajaro River. It traverses the range—a gorge

of scenic grandeur—and joins the main state highway south of Sargent.

Another scenic highway crosses the range from Watsonville by a route more elevated, over Hecker Pass. As you approach the summit you come to an isolated group of redwoods, a picturesque landmark. Southward you can see the surf-white shore line, usually all the way to Monterey; and on the coastal plain near Watsonville gleam four sparkling little lakes.

The highway passes near Mount Madonna. Tradition has it that Portola, the first gobernador, once scaled the mountain's lookout crest, and now you may follow in his footsteps without suffering the privations of an explorer. The summit, within a park attained by a side road, is indeed a favorite picnic-ground, and its sweeping views—Loma Prieta to the north, the ocean to the west, the Santa Clara valley below to the east, with the white-domed observatory of Mount Hamilton beyond—are inspiring in their scope.

Redwood and live-oak, manzanita and madrone, fern and bracken, make this region a wonderland of verdure. It was in this terrestrial paradise that Frank Norris, noted novelist, dwelt for a time in 1902, and his log cabin below Mount Madonna—he called the place *Quién Sabe* (Who Knows?)—is still pointed out. A monument to his memory, a bench of rough stone surmounted by a simple cross, bears the inscription, "Frank Norris, 1870-1902. Simplesness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth." You will wish to travel at leisure on this Mount Madonna passage, and every turn of the road presents an invitation to pause and wander the trails.

The Hecker Pass route, a sixteen-mile link of the coast road with the main highway, joins the latter just north of Gilroy, or, if you desire, by taking a diverging road you can come into the arterial south of Morgan Hill.

To reach Santa Cruz from Watsonville, however, you continue northward along the coast route. Just over to the east lies lovely Corralitos, amid its flower-fields. You approach the bay again at Aptos, about a dozen miles from Watsonville, in a countryside known years ago for its stock-farms, where famous trotting-horses were bred. Aptos has a magnificent sweep of white sand beach, at the base of high cliff-palisades facing the bay. Seacliff and Rio del

Mar are attractive places on this curve of the coast, where several of the beaches are in state ownership.

In the foothills of Loma Prieta near by, especially along Aptos and Soquel creeks, remain tracts of redwood forest. It was on October 10, 1769, that redwoods were first seen by white men, as far, as we definitely know. The expedition of Portola, marching northward from the Pajaro River came upon the giant trees near Pinto Lake and paused amazed, gazing up at their mightiness. Fages, one of the chroniclers of the expedition, wrote in astonishment, "Here are trees of girth so great that eight men placed side by side with extended arms are unable to embrace them."

Beyond Soquel is Capitola, a long-established resort which, besides its bayside beach, boasts a sheltered lagoon, popular in the summer vacation season. Past the placid expanse of Twin Lakes and crossing Soquel Creek you continue along the sweeping shore to Seabright, a southerly district of Santa Cruz.

To most, Santa Cruz is known chiefly as a resort city, though it has commercial interests as well. A delightful spot, this, for seaside recreation. The bathing beach is one of the broadest and safest on the Pacific Coast and the climate is perennially mild, with little difference between midsummer and midwinter. Casino, pleasure-piers, and bathing-pavilion contribute to the amusement of holiday throngs. A board walk leads eastward from the casino to the mouth of the San Lorenzo River; and above the city evergreen golf-courses hold commanding slopes overlooking the Pacific. Deep-sea fishing offshore offers real adventure.

Santa Cruz is an old mission town, though the mission founded here by the Franciscans disappeared. Now upon its site on Mission Hill, northeast of the city's center, rises a structure built along the lines of the old, and within are displayed many of the original altar treasures of the mission, the records, the gold-edged vestments, the baptismal font, and the sacred statues, all of these zealously preserved through the years. The myrtle-covered burying-ground is a revered relic of the past.

Mission Santa Cruz was founded on September 25, 1791, by Padres Salazar and Lope; but the church was not completed until three years later. It was long a thriving establishment.

A settlement called Branciforte, unwelcome neighbor, was founded near the mission in 1797 on the site of the present city. It was named in honor of the incumbent viceroy of Mexico, the Marques de Branciforte, but it conferred scant honor upon him, after all, for many of the settlers had been convicts, and the villa did not prosper.

Today, Santa Cruz is a city made the more lovely by gardens and groves. Laveaga Park, a municipal recreation-ground on a head-land offering sweeping views, is still in its natural state of beauty.

Delightful, too, are the automobile trips around Santa Cruz: most famous, that along the Cliff Drive, above the crashing breakers, to Arch Rock and the lighthouse on Santa Cruz Point beyond. You will see upon this coast many remarkable rocks cut through by the waves. The coast highway may be followed through Davenport, past Año Nuevo Point and Pescadero all the way to San Francisco—a scenic route to be described later.

A favorite mountain trip to the north of Santa Cruz leads to the upper canyon of the San Lorenzo and to the Big Basin—California State Redwood Park. These objectives are accessible by highway, and are often viewed en route between Santa Cruz and San Francisco.

In the heart of the canyon and scattered throughout the hills above are resort hotels and camps, for in summer the Santa Cruz Mountains are a vast playground for city folk. Ben Lomond, four miles from Felton, has an attractive forest setting, and almost hidden in the dense woodlands near by lies Brookdale, a place of country homes. The settlement of Boulder Creek, above, is a picturesque old lumbering town, at a point where three canyons come together—those of the San Lorenzo, Boulder Creek, and Bear Creek. This area, once densely forested with giant trees, was the scene of some of the earliest large-scale lumbering operations in California, the huge logs being brought out of the woods by long, toiling teams of oxen. Some of the stumps near Boulder Creek and Brookdale are truly titanic. Now second-growth redwoods mantle the hillsides, masking the desecration, and they are lovely, though they will not attain the stature of giants for a few centuries yet.

To the northwest lies the California State Redwood Park, in an

elevated valley called the Big Basin—a natural amphitheater about five miles long and four miles wide, holding one of the finest remaining forests of primeval redwoods. In this grove the older trees thrust their evergreen spires skyward to a height of more than 300 feet. Their warm-hued cinnamon-brown trunks, massive as the classic Doric columns whose living prototypes they are, tower upward in stately array. Beneath, an infinite variety of shrubs, trees, and ferns makes a verdant woodsy garden of the forest floor.

At the "village" of the Redwood Park, on Opal Creek, known as Governor's Camp, are clustered the warden's lodge, post-office, inn and cottages, store and studio, and the Camp-Fire Circle.

The giant trees of the forest are best seen upon a jaunt of a mile and a half along the Redwood Trail, starting and ending at Governor's Camp. Many of the redwoods, especially those of curious formation, bear fanciful names. The strange Animal Tree, with its excrescences of burl near the base, is one of the tallest in the Big Basin, while the Father of the Forest is even mightier. Mother of the Forest is 320 feet high, even though the top was broken off in a storm some years ago.

From the north, California State Redwood Park is usually attained by the Skyline Boulevard, which is joined by a highway which ascends the mountains from Saratoga, southwest of San Jose.

An alternate route from Santa Cruz to San Jose and San Francisco leads across the mountains in a northerly direction, ascending first the densely-wooded San Lorenzo canyon. At the Big Trees station, six miles north of Santa Cruz, you stand within a grove of mighty redwoods, a county park. Usually the term Big Trees is restricted to the *Sequoia gigantea* of the Sierras; but here, for years it has been applied locally to the *Sequoia sempervirens*. Among the tallest trees in the grove are the *Giant* (306 feet high), *Jumbo* (250 feet high) and the *Cathedral* group. The *Frémont* tree (285 feet) is hollow, its cavernous opening, it is alleged, being able to hold half a hundred humans in a huddle. According to tradition, Frémont and some of his aids encamped in the hollow base of this tree in 1846, using it as headquarters. In the shadowy depths of the forest you come upon a deserted "village," built in the '60s, now decrepit and tumbledown.

Leaving the grove, you continue up the San Lorenzo to Felton, where you are likely to turn aside to Boulder Creek, the gateway to the California State Redwood Park; but you can drive northeasterly and keep right on across the range, passing the resort-center of Mount Hermon.

The principal highway follows a route from Santa Cruz almost due north across the mountains, above the sheltered valley in which lies Glenwood. Some of the mightiest sequoias in the range are clustered at Glenwood.

The dark form of Loma Prieta—3,800 feet—highest point in the Santa Cruz Mountains, rises to the southeast. Laurel, Wright, Call-of-the-Wild, and Alma are some of the popular resort-places in this picturesque range, which is so much sought for vacation outings.

The summit is crossed in a region of redwoods and madrones, laurels and pines, and then the route comes down through Los Gatos canyon. As you descend, you see on the right upon commanding terraced heights a Jesuit novitiate, like a monastery in a Mediterranean land. Just beyond you emerge upon Los Gatos, charming city in the foothills at the mouth of the deep forest-clad canyon, with views out over the Santa Clara Valley. The highlands above long were infested by mountain lions and wildcats, and early Spanish settlers gave the name *Los Gatos* (The Cats) to the locality. Now the feline marauders have vanished from the vicinity, though the hunter may still come upon them in the higher range.

## CHAPTER XIX

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### *Santa Clara Valley*

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ANY itinerary of California is sadly lacking which omits the Santa Clara Valley, beauteous at all seasons of the year. Especially fortunate is the visitor who happens along during blossom season, in March and early April. Then, from the foothills, the valley appears snowbound with the white petals of fragrant blossoms which densely cover millions of trees. The sight of Santa Clara's orchards in bloom is not to be matched even in Japan, and these California trees bring forth glorious fruit, while Nippon's myriads of cherry trees are sterile. This fruitful valley, one of the world's garden-spots—glorious "garden without walls"—is usually entered by the traveler from the south just beyond Sargent, and from the north at Palo Alto, the fifty miles between being traversed by highway and railroad which run side by side.

Northbound, after leaving Sargent, you pass through Carnadero (lovely Spanish name for "slaughtering-place"), cross lands once the home ranch of Henry Miller, cattle king of pioneer times. A German immigrant butcher-boy, he arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with six dollars in his pocket; but so well did he add to the original store that by the time of his death in 1916 he possessed a million acres of land and a million head of livestock. It was a common saying that he could drive his cattle from one end of California to the other without need to camp a single night off his own lands.

Beyond the former Miller acres you come to Gilroy, one of the oldest and most important places in the valley. The first English-speaking settler in California—John Gilroy Cameron, a Scot, runaway from a ship at Monterey—came in 1814 and dwelt here for years. In latter times, as "Old Gilroy," he was a patriarch of the village.

From Gilroy the Hecker Pass route crosses the Santa Cruz Mountains to Watsonville and Monterey Bay; and in the opposite direction, eastward, its position marked by a striking three-cornered *picacho*, Pacheco Peak, lies another mountain gateway, Pacheco Pass, through which motorists may reach the San Joaquin. When the highway was a stage road, it was infested by bandits. You have guessed it: foremost of these was Joaquin Murieta, who was almost captured once at the San Luis Gonzaga Rancho, which is reached after crossing the summit and descending to the valley lands. A century-old adobe, the Pacheco family ranch house, here stands beside the road at Cottonwood Creek, on their expansive holding. Vasquez and his gang also frequented this region at the foot of the pass. A long stretch of arrow-straight highway leads eastward from here to Los Banos.

If you do not turn to left or right, choosing neither of these spectacular mountain gaps, but press on along the main route, your course continues northwesterly. As you traverse the southern reaches of the valley and it opens out before you, its abundant productiveness becomes manifest. The Santa Clara Valley was compared by Captain George Vancouver, commander of the English ship *Discovery*, who visited it in 1792, to a park laid out on some studied plan. This was when the country was in its native state, with many spreading oaks, and that aspect still may be met with here and there—an effect pleasing and restful to the eye. Now the landscape generally is dotted with homes; many miles of well-kept roads cut the valley into a mosaic of a thousand pieces, and everywhere reach the regular regimented rows of the orchards, trees in rank beyond rank, for this is dominantly a fruit-raising district, with the prune crop by far the heaviest. The prune was introduced from Agen, near Bordeaux in France, in 1856, and the millions of trees now yielding sunsweet fruit are the outgrowth of the tiny



grove then planted in the eastern foothills near Evergreen by Monsieur Louis Pellier, an agrarian benefactor, to whose memory due honor. Besides prunes, the valley specializes in apricots, and raises also pears, peaches, cherries. You will marvel to see acres of trays holding prunes and apricots outspread, drying in the ardent sun. As to figs, grapes, and olives, they have thriven here since their introduction by the early Spanish settlers.

Santa Clara Valley is a valley really without a river, the most considerable streams being Coyote Creek and Guadalupe Creek, dignified sometimes on the maps with the name of "rivers." These flow into the Bay of San Francisco; but the southern part of the valley is drained by tributaries of the Pajaro River, flowing into Monterey Bay. The divide is imperceptible. The valley is indeed a vast "saucer" in the Coast Range, opening upon the Bay of San Francisco, with the Santa Cruz Mountains to the west, and the Mount Hamilton chain rising on the east. As has been stipulated already, this valley is not to be confused with the Santa Clara Valley of the South, near Ventura, which is drained by the Santa Clara River.

Through a lovely level country, the route extends beyond Gilroy past San Martin to Morgan Hill, model city amidst the orchards, with Murphy Peak, a pyramidal isolated hill which is an extinct volcanic cone, towering above. Your course now leads through Madrone and Coyote, approaching the outskirts of San Jose (its name is pronounced *San Ho-say'*) at Edenvale, an old estate with luxuriance of trees and shrubbery almost unbelievable.

Metropolis of the Santa Clara Valley, the city of San Jose is one of California's most charming communities. As a residence place San Jose ranks high, deserving its fame as the Garden City, for the twenty square miles of its area are beautified with broad avenues and shady walks and overflowing wealth of flowers. San Jose nurtures well its roses, of which hundreds of varieties flourish in the city's gardens, and in May-time the community has celebrated many a *Fiesta de Las Rosas* (Festival of Roses) with colorful ceremonies. As might be expected, a municipal rose-garden adorns San Jose, with not only the rose but many of its charming relatives growing therein.

The commercial importance of the city is augmented by the rich

tributary region. Among the industrial establishments of most interest to visitors are the large canneries and the packing-houses for dried fruit.

This is one of the historic places of California, although not a mission town. It was founded as San José de Guadalupe on November 29, 1777, three miles south of the Mission of Santa Clara, and as has been noted was the first pueblo to be established in Alta California. San Jose was not a populous settlement, and even after half a century of existence the number of its inhabitants scarcely passed 500. During the Mexican War, on July 11, 1846, the pueblo was captured by American forces under Captain Fallon; and three years later it became for a brief space the capital of California. On the eastern side of City Hall Square is a tablet marking the site of the state Capitol, an adobe structure originally built for a hotel. The first Legislature, which met here December 15, 1849, accounted for much important work in its four months' session, but it enjoyed the going, being termed "the Legislature of 1,000 drinks," this representing the quota of each statesman, doubtless. Despite such convivial surroundings, in 1851 the capital was removed to Vallejo. On March 27, 1850, San Jose had been incorporated as a city, the first in California.

Within easy distance of San Jose by automobile, train and electric-car cluster foothill and bayshore towns of unusual beauty and interest. Los Gatos, much in favor as a resort in summer and winter alike, we have already visited on the way from Santa Cruz. Situated in the high-shouldered hills at the mouth of a deep canyon, it looks out over the orchard-checked plains of the Santa Clara Valley, southwest of San Jose.

Saratoga, four miles northwest of Los Gatos, lies at the entrance to a pass across the Santa Cruz Mountains, leading to the Big Basin, and to the start of the Skyline Boulevard up the Peninsula toward San Francisco. From its foothill eminence Saratoga commands a far-reaching view over the orchards, and throngs of visitors flock hither at the time of the annual Blossom Festival. Sparkling mineral waters gush forth near by in a densely wooded canyon, favorite spot for holiday outings. Monta Vista and Campbell are attractive places in this orchard region.

Another trip from San Jose leads southward about fifteen miles, past a lakelet, up a winding grade, and on to New Almaden and the quicksilver mines, now deserted. At this place more quicksilver has been produced than anywhere else in America, and over eighty miles of tunnels are included in the workings. These cinnabar deposits were worked successfully by Mexicans as early as 1845, and they bestowed the name after Almaden, mining-village in the Sierra Morena of Spain, where quicksilver has been produced for a couple of thousand years. Other quicksilver workings in the neighborhood of New Almaden, though now inactive likewise, are at Guadalupe, a few miles northwest.

Alum Rock Park is a canyon playground seven miles to the east of San Jose, a vast municipal park with sixteen mineral springs and a commodious bathhouse. A pleasant picnic-place, this, with romantic walks and drives leading through the woods and along the clear mountain stream, Penitencia Creek.

Continuing eastward, you may visit one of the most notable of the world's astronomical workshops—the Lick Observatory, surmounting Mount Hamilton, 4,209 feet above sea-level. This peak is the highest on the eastern wall of the Santa Clara Valley, and because of the clearness of the atmosphere and especially because of the number of cloudless nights, its summit was fixed upon as the ideal spot from which to study the law of the stars.

The Observatory is thirteen miles east of San Jose as the crow flies, but twenty-five miles by road—a route popular with sight-seeing motorists. Passing first through the gardens, vineyards, and orchards of the valley and the rolling foothills, the highway winds over minor ranges to Smith Creek, and thence the climb of Mount Hamilton begins. On its upward course the road was said in former times to make exactly as many turns as there are days in the year—perhaps an astronomer laid out its tortuous ascent. There was no provision for leap year, so motorists were admonished not to leave the grade! They are yet, but the road now is wide and safe.

The Observatory was generously endowed by James Lick, pioneer philanthropist of San Francisco, and his tomb lies under one of the supporting pillars of the great telescope, a 36-inch refractor, one of the largest telescopes of its kind. Lick had come to California

in 1847, his trade being that of piano-maker; but his vast wealth was gained in real estate transactions. His benefactions were many, and his was a strong though eccentric personality. He died a bachelor, in 1876; and a story goes that in his youth in a little Pennsylvania town a wealthy miller had frowned on Lick's suit of his daughter, the courtship terminating with the then impecunious young man's departure for South America and eventually California, with the vow to the stony-hearted parent that he would build a greater and grander mill than the other ever saw; and near Alviso he did create a mill to his plan, finished in mahogany and other costly woods, and with fittings on a lavish scale. The domes above the telescopes are features of the main building, clearly seen from the valley; and with the detached buildings housing instruments and a cluster of dwellings, a little village is established on the mountain. Visitors are welcome at the Observatory, which is part of the University of California, and on Saturday evenings they are permitted to gaze through the main telescope. A trip by day is well worth while, however, for the equipment of astronomical instruments is complete and interesting, and you may see also many photographs of the moon, stars, planets, comets, and other wanderers of the skies. The first really successful photographs of comets and of the Milky Way were taken here, and many important discoveries of astral bodies have been made by the distinguished staff.

With the 36-inch reflecting telescope here was begun in 1898 the great modern chapter on the study of the nebulae; and these astronomers, too, developed the methods of observing, with remarkable accuracy, by means of the spectrograph, the velocity of approach and recession of the stars and other celestial objects. Astronomical studies of the highest import are in progress on this mountain-top. Galileo in 1610 discovered four of the nine moons of Jupiter; four of the others have been discovered from Lick Observatory, and a tenth suspect has swum into the ken of these watchers of the skies.

West of San Jose lies the city of Santa Clara, the two forming practically one community. The settlement grew up around the old Mission Santa Clara, which was founded January 12, 1777, being the eighth of the Franciscan line established in Alta California. Padre

Tomas de la Peña presided at the foundation. It was a prosperous establishment in its time, but now has disappeared, the present imposing church on the mission site dating from 1928.

Like St. Francis, the holy St. Clara was a native of Assisi, in Italy, and she founded the first community of Franciscan nuns. The mission here named in her honor treasured three sweet-voiced bells given by the King of Spain, dated 1798, 1799, and 1805; but these perished in the mission conflagration a few years ago, and Alfonso, then still King of Spain, graciously presented a new set of bells. The old wooden cross in front of the church between two towering palms is believed to be that set up in 1777 at the dedication of the mission.

A striking figure in the early history of Santa Clara was Padre Maguin de Catala, who was a veritable *Father* Shipton for prophecy. Called "The Holy Man of Santa Clara," gifted apparently with fore-vision, he prophesied the gold discovery in California, the seizure of the land by the Americans, and the destruction of San Francisco by earthquake.

Around the old mission developed the University of Santa Clara. Founded in 1851 by the Jesuit order, it is one of the oldest colleges in California, with an attractive campus and imposing buildings.

In the University Library you may see relics of the mission, such as vestments, breviaries, missals, sacred paintings, and sturdy old chairs. Every fifth year, the students of the University enact a Passion Play.

Mission Santa Clara was connected with the old Pueblo of San Jose by a link in the Camino Real known as the Alameda, a broad tree-shaded road much traveled in the early times, and of late years restored to some of its former importance, though bereft of a large part of its charm.

On the northward course toward San Francisco, the rail route and the two main lines of highway, which run parallel a couple of miles apart, traverse a level city-dotted plain between the hills and the lower Bay of San Francisco. Sunnyvale is first beyond Santa Clara, and over to the north you see the giant elongated hangars at the aviation base, where the ill-fated dirigible *Macon* was at home. You will be astounded with the mammoth size of these hangars, al-

most a quarter of a mile long, and the great mooring-masts. Administration building, barracks, shops, and helium tank are important elements in this interesting establishment. Beyond the hangars extend long airplane runways.

Mountain View neighbors Sunnyvale on the northwest; and upon the lower slopes of the wooded foothills lies Los Altos, with many manorial homes surrounded by orchards. Native oaks, noblest of their kind, recall the pristine glory of this region, which now is colorful with flower-gardens—as fine as California can show.

From Mountain View or Los Altos you come to Palo Alto, thirty miles south of San Francisco. Leading westward across the bay into Palo Alto from Newark is the Dumbarton bridge, carrying much transcontinental traffic destined for the metropolis.

Adjacent to Leland Stanford Junior University, Palo Alto is known the world over as an educational center, and it has high standing as a residence city. The first house in Palo Alto was built among the live-oaks in 1891 and the majestic old trees are carefully protected—growing along the streets and avenues of the city, besides adding to the charm of the gardens. The name Palo Alto signifies in Spanish—“tall tree,” and a lofty isolated redwood supposed to have given this appellation is pointed out, standing above San Francisquito Creek, near the railroad embankment. It was here that the first Spanish explorers under Portola encamped, from November 6 to 11, 1769, when the name was bestowed.

Stanford University, one of America's leading educational institutions, stands immediately west of the city, its campus extending into the foothills. The university was founded with a rich endowment by Senator Leland Stanford and Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford in memory of their only child, Leland Stanford, Jr., who in 1884 died of typhoid fever at Florence, Italy, in his sixteenth year. On his birthday, May 14th, three years later, the corner stone of the first university building was laid, and instruction was opened here in October, 1891. In the first class, graduated in 1895, was Herbert Hoover; and Ray Lyman Wilbur, long president and now chancellor of the university, was in the next class.

Leland Stanford was the first Republican governor of California, holding office during the Civil War; and later he became United

States Senator. This was after he had made his mark and his millions as one of the four leaders in the development of the railroad linking California with the East; and of the railroad company he was for thirty years president.

Through the spacious campus, drives lead to the principal buildings, which lie less than a mile southwest of the entrance. The main driveway, University Avenue, lined with palms, runs through a magnificent arboretum. Halls and laboratories are ranged in the form of vast quadrangles, and within the main quadrangle is a smaller one (yet it is massive and mighty in proportions) with structures facing on a spacious court adorned with palms. The university presents the most extensive and elaborate example of the mission style of architecture, with buildings of buff sandstone, the exterior stonework of broken ashlar, the roofs covered with red Spanish tiles. Arches and colonnades, fountains and patios, add grace to the whole; and though in the newer structures the original massive style has been somewhat modified, to add greater variety and interest, the distinctive architectural features have been preserved.

On the southern flank of the inner quadrangle stands the Memorial Church, imposing edifice dedicated to religious devotion and contemplation. Elaborate mosaic work of Venetian origin, the most extensive on any building in America, adorns its pediment and spacious interior. The façade, against a background reaching to the apex, presents a vast colored mosaic picture of "The Sermon on the Mount," and below in mosaic appear symbolic figures of the virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love. Within, the stained-glass windows divide interest with the many mosaic pictures of Biblical subjects, including a reproduction of "The Last Supper" mosaic in the Sistine Chapel, Rome; and a sweet-toned organ adds its notes to complete the air of sanctity.

To the south lie rows of one-story laboratory buildings in which are established mainly scientific and engineering departments. Beyond one of the residence halls reposes the Lagunita, a sparkling lakelet, with boathouses on its curving shores.

The Museum, about a quarter-mile north of the quadrangles, contains an assemblage of Oriental art, including the outstanding Ikeda collection; ancient Egyptian art-objects; the Cesnola collection of

Cyprian pottery; and American Indian antiquities. A California Room holds much of interest from the mission era, and a collection of early water-color paintings of the missions. The *Governor Stanford*, a locomotive used in California in 1864, is a venerated relic.

Natural-history collections are found in Jordan Hall and other buildings; and of these the collection of fishes is probably the largest and most valuable in America outside of the National Museum at Washington. David Starr Jordan, first president of the university, who guided its course for twenty-two years, was one of the world's foremost ichthyologists, besides being an educator of noble attainments.

Its striking façade presenting three lofty arches, the Library, the first unit of a quadrangle group to the east of the other, holds a million books. A lofty tower marks the Hoover Library on war, revolution and peace, with collections of publications and documents upon world conflict. This Library, the gift of Herbert Hoover to the university, possesses invaluable materials for research into the causes, the conduct, and the results of world wars, as well as the periods of reconstruction. North of the University Library stands the Art Gallery, with permanent collections and changing exhibits; and in the Museum also are notable paintings, including a portrait of Leland Stanford by Meissonier, and works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, and William Keith, besides the spirited pioneer painting, "Saturday Night in the Mines," by Charles Nahl.

In the northeastern sector of the campus, near the state highway, are grouped most of the playfields of the university, whose students hold a high record for athletic prowess. The Stadium, of the "bowl" type, seats almost 90,000 spectators.

Stanford University is open to the youth of the country, men and women, who are instructed here in all the departments of learning, the curriculum including liberal arts, engineering, medicine, and jurisprudence, besides a graduate school of business. The advanced medical school of the university, with its attached hospitals, is in San Francisco, and medical research is a vital part of the university's activity. Aeronautics and geology are among the sciences to which significant contributions have been made here.



The Carnegie Food Research Institute is a noteworthy adjunct. The high voltage laboratory, on Lasuen Street about a mile southeast of the quadrangles, is equipped with one of the largest electrical transformer sets ever constructed, with a capacity of more than two million volts.

The faculty, with savants eminent in their fields of learning, upholds the university's liberal motto, "Let the winds of freedom blow."

On the higher levels of the campus stand the president's residence and the homes of Herbert Hoover and many members of the faculty. The Hoover house presents an adaptation of the architectural style of the flat-roofed, terraced Pueblo-Spanish dwellings of the Southwest. Herbert Hoover, as we have noted, was a student at Stanford University in the first class; and later, becoming a trustee of the university in 1912, he established a residence here.

The university campus is part of the Stanford stock-farm of seven thousand acres, where some of the fastest racehorses of the country were bred in early days and it was here, under the direction of Senator Stanford, that Eadweard Muybridge took the series of instantaneous photographs of trotting racehorses which led to the development of motion pictures.

## CHAPTER XX

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### *A Peninsular Tour*

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FROM the Santa Clara Valley northward extends a long peninsula—the bay on its east, the ocean on its west, and San Francisco at the tip.

The Sierra Morena, forming the backbone of this peninsula, is a mountain ridge adapted, especially on its eastern slope, as the site for homes of beauty and comfort. On the west the descent to the Pacific is steep and abrupt, but the ridge is everywhere accessible, and most of it is well forested with oak and redwood. Climate and scenic surroundings, transportation facilities, proximity to the metropolis, all are favorable to the advancement of the region as a place of residence—"sunshine suburbs," as the realtors say.

First of the Peninsula communities north of Palo Alto is Menlo Park, where a group of pioneer millionaires had their mansions amid fine old trees. Redwood City is just beyond the charming village of Atherton.

Twenty-five miles south of the metropolis, Redwood City lies between the bay shore and the lofty, rounded hills—hills which once toward the west were covered by dense forests of redwood trees, the timber which built the San Francisco of early days. The first raft of redwood logs was sent from here in 1850; but the forests were soon depleted, for the big city, built almost entirely of wood, was swept by four great conflagrations in 1850-51.

From Redwood City a highway leads across the Sierra Morena, through Woodside; and from this a road loops around southward past Searsville Lake to Portola, place of comfortable homes in a secluded vale above Palo Alto. Another route, the King's Mountain road, climbs westward to the Skyline Boulevard, on the ridge crest, whence you may descend the canyon of Tunitas Creek to the shore. About a mile and a half west of the present town of Woodside is the site of the older town of that name. Only two or three structures are left, but one of them is a most picturesque landmark, the Woodside Store—constructed entirely of lasting redwood—with wide-shaded verandas. Built in 1854, it served as community center for a thousand lumberjacks, who repaired here for “whisky and other needcessities.”

The main cross-range route in this region, though, runs south from Woodside before turning westward at La Honda, which is also accessible by the scenic Alpine Drive from Portola, through forest and glade. La Honda is a long-established resort place amid the redwoods, with another notable old store. This one the Younger brothers, notorious bandits of the '60s, helped to build, and they made this sequestered spot a hangout, though the field of their nefarious activities lay far from California.

Beyond La Honda roads extend down canyons to Pescadero and San Gregorio, on the sea. Several of the stateliest groves of redwoods in this region are reserved for public recreation.

Continuing northward from Redwood City along the main route of travel up the Peninsula, you come to San Carlos, where oak-crowned hills shoulder down almost to the bay; and pass through Belmont and Beresford to San Mateo (it is spoken *San Ma-tay'-o*), largest of the Peninsula cities—a residence-place possessed of an ingratiating climate and a situation rich in scenic beauty. Hundreds of colorful acres near San Mateo, Belmont and San Carlos are devoted to the culture of chrysanthemums and asters, sent forth to all America.

The sumptuous new Bay Meadows racetrack is between Beresford and San Mateo.

A long highway bridge crosses the bay at San Mateo—northernmost of the two great bridges which span the lower bay. This

crosses seven miles of water toward Hayward. Every ounce of portland cement which went into this structure was made from ancient oyster-shells dredged from the bottom of the bay at the bridge site. The bridge was completed in a little more than a year, but the oysters had been stolidly at work there for a million years or more.

Contiguous to the city of San Mateo, amid eucalyptus and pepper trees and native oaks lies Burlingame, long without competitor in this part of California as an exclusive social center. Latterly its supremacy has been contested by Hillsborough, which lies among the trees to the southwest—a community of millionaires, where noble mansions stand within wide holdings. In a woodland theater at Hillsborough symphony concerts are presented on summer evenings. About Burlingame and Hillsborough spread expansive golf-links and polo-grounds, for “Blingum” was one of the first centers of country-club life in the West, dating from the early '90s.

Millbrae, north of Burlingame, borders on the estate of the Mills family, one of whose members, Hon. Ogden Livingston Mills, served as Secretary of the Treasury in President Hoover's Cabinet. The great mansion was built by Darius Ogden Mills, first banker in California—a noble 'Forty-niner. Though in the '70s he removed his main activities to his native New York, he never lost touch with California, nor have his descendants, notable for their public spirit and philanthropy.

San Bruno is next visited, with San Bruno Mountain rising above the bay shore; and San Francisco's municipal airport lies to the east. Soon the famous racetrack at Tanforan is passed, and then the busy factories and packing-houses of South San Francisco. The city of San Francisco is entered only a couple of miles farther on.

Such is the journey along the arterial route between Palo Alto and San Francisco—the route followed by the central highway and the railroad, which comes into the city through a series of tunnels. To the east of this runs a parallel road, the newer Bayshore Highway, touching most of the cities; and high on the ridge to the west extends the scenic Skyline Boulevard, following the same general trend. The boulevard, starting from the summit of the road joining Saratoga and the Big Basin, crowns the divide all the way, presenting panoramic effects grand beyond belief, the blue water outspread

on either side. A barren ridge is this in the main, with clumps of live-oak scattered along, and in the Bear Gulch vicinity you gaze upon a lone patriarchal redwood, known as Skyline Methuselah, probably a thousand years old when America was discovered. His storm-shattered top is eloquent of centuries of stress. A few miles beyond King's Mountain the highway turns to the right and passes between the Crystal Springs Lakes, long and narrow lochs, clear waters which are part of the supply of San Francisco. At the head of San Mateo Canyon you drive across the crest of Crystal Springs Dam, once ranked as the highest cement dam in the world. Beyond the ridge over to the west sparkles Lake Pilarcitos, sheltered by Montara Mountain. The Skyline Boulevard, a few miles before it enters the outskirts of the city, follows the shore of Lake San Andreas, placid waters in an elevated valley above Millbrae.

The trip along the seaward side of the Peninsula is not so well known as those over the Bayshore and the Skyline routes, even to San Franciscans. Yet it is a scenic road, forming part of the coast highway system now being developed all along the Pacific shore.

This automobile drive down the seacoast south of San Francisco affords a pleasant half-day's excursion. You traverse first the market-gardens around Daly City and Colma, known also for its acres of fragrant violets, then cross the hills by a picturesque road. The ocean is reached near Edgemar, and a mile farther south lies Salada Beach, with Sharp Park, a San Francisco municipal golf-course bordering Laguna Salada. The road passes through Vallemar to Rockaway Beach, a cove between bold headlands.

The little San Pedro Valley is crossed a short distance beyond Rockaway. On the last day of October, 1769, the exploring party of Portola encamped on a lagoon at the mouth of San Pedro Creek—the site is now marked, as are all the camp sites of Portola and Anza on the Peninsula. Sergeant Ortega was sent with scouts to find the best route northward, and on November 1st from the ridge crest he beheld the magnificent expanse of the *Estero*, the Bay of San Francisco, which so far as we know he was the first white man to see. Before his party returned to report the find to Portola, a deer-hunting band of soldiers had scaled the range, on November 2nd, and had also seen the mighty arm of the sea.

Every foot of the highly productive soil of San Pedro Valley is under cultivation. Artichokes thrive here as nowhere else, and many carloads of the succulent thistles are consigned yearly to the markets of New York, London, and the continent of Europe. The road skirts Montara Mountain, with lofty Point San Pedro extending out to the west, its varicolored strata atilt; and as you round the point you command splendid vistas up the coast, along the dazzling white surf line of the Pacific. Point Reyes, Mount Tamalpais, and the Farallones are all in sight; and to southward stands out the square-tower lighthouse on Montara Point, while beyond glitters Half Moon Bay. One of the finest views hereabouts is that down into Green Canyon, on the southern flank of the mountain. You pass the resorts of Montara and Farallone, and next in the line of travel is Moss Beach, where, if you have time to turn beach-comber you may gather many delicate specimens of sea moss and other salt-water growths. The marine gardens offshore are remarkable for varied beauty.

Two miles beyond, on lovely Half Moon Bay, lies Princeton-by-the-Sea. Pillar Point and the rock-reef reaching out beyond it protect the northern shores of the bay from heavy surf. Pillar Point was sighted in 1585 by Captain Francisco Gali, a Spanish navigator, in the Manila galleon. Portola passed here on his northward march, October 30, 1769, just before the discovery of San Francisco Bay.

El Granada, a mile farther on, is a community situated on a gently sloping hillside overlooking the bay, with Miramar near by; and Half Moon is the next community of importance along this coast, just thirty miles south of San Francisco. This quaint old place at the seaward end of Pilarcitos Valley was long known as Spanish Town, many of the present inhabitants being descendants of the first settlers. In Half Moon the traveler will find a number of restaurants, not showy, but exceptional in cuisine, French and Italian. You may see here the boyhood home of Peter Kyne. The beach of fine yellow sand, protected by a submerged reef, lies about a mile west of the town; and in the other direction a road ascends the canyon to Crystal Springs Lakes.

From Half Moon the road runs southward down the coast to Purisima, another old-time settlement, half-hidden in the green can-

yon of Purisima Creek, a stream which, where it empties into the sea, plunges down in a spectacular series of waterfalls. Beyond here are Lobitos, situated where Lobitos Creek enters the ocean, Tunitas and San Gregorio. Still farther on as the road runs inland for a space, lies Pescadero, an old town (once a fishing-village, as its name declares) near the ocean but separated from it by low hills. Two canyons converge here, those of the Pescadero and the Butano, with groves of majestic redwoods in their upper reaches. Butano Forest, within a wild rugged region little known, holds towering trees nearly 300 feet tall and mighty in girth; and Butano Falls are the loveliest in the range.

A couple of miles down-shore from Pescadero you come to Pebble Beach, a little cove sparkling with millions of pretty, smooth pebbles of divers kinds, including moss-agate, carnelian, opal, and quartz—treasure-trove to delight a child, or one with the heart of a child.

To the south beyond reddish cliffs juts out Pigeon Point, named for the Boston clipper ship *Carrier Pigeon*, which went ashore on these rocks in 1853. Here rises a lighthouse, a high white round-tower, everything you would expect a lighthouse to be; and another, on a black rocky islet offshore, marks the next turn in the coast—New Year's Point, or Punta del Año Nuevo, as Viscaino called it, because he rounded it just after New Year's Day, 1603. This point is notable for its sand-dunes and for its sea-lion rookeries.

All this seashore region is sure to charm the visitor with its picturesque beaches and headlands, its groves of pine and eucalyptus, its sheltered glens and quaint out-of-the-way villages. If you wish, you may follow the coast all the way between San Francisco and Santa Cruz.

Superb automobile roads extend throughout the Peninsula, and these afford opportunity to view its attractions upon a "circular tour" from the city. One of the favorite trips is that by way of San Mateo, Half Moon Bay, Pescadero and La Honda, a circuit of nearly a hundred miles. It affords a leisurely day's outing amid charming mountain, lake and forest scenery, with sweeping ocean

views and with glimpses of typical Californian suburban towns in settings of varied gardens.

Few large American cities have in close proximity scenic suburban areas comparable to the Peninsula. Much of it is now occupied by homes, and as the metropolis grows, no doubt part of the region will become like Westchester County, outside New York City, in its residential developments; but with such expanses of mountain and forest, it is likely to remain unspoiled—a vast residential park, with streams and woodlands, with country clubs and golf-courses, and all facilities for enjoying life out-of-doors. Some day, it may well be, as has been proposed, that this area will be included in the city and county of San Francisco, with which its interests are so closely linked. But business will not climb a hill, and except along the bay shore, the Peninsula is not likely to take on an entirely urban atmosphere. Always it will remain a realm of sylvan charm.



## CHAPTER XXI

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### *San Francisco*

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SAN FRANCISCO, "the city loved around the world," makes an insistent appeal to all travelers, and no one visits the West without seeing this great and gay metropolis. But it is not enough merely to see San Francisco in a casual manner. You should learn to know intimately the city, its neighboring communities, the delightful country round about.

"Serene, indifferent to Fate, thou sittest by thy Western gate," sang Bret Harte in praise of San Francisco. A city built upon commanding heights, overlooking the broad waters of its matchless harbor, San Francisco in beauty of situation rivals Constantinople, Rio de Janeiro, Hong-Kong. The city covers the northern end of a peninsula, with the Pacific Ocean on the west and the Bay of San Francisco on the east, the famed Golden Gate joining them. Important as a manufacturing center, great in its position as a social and economic metropolis, San Francisco owes its prosperity most of all to its commerce. Its position marks it out as a mighty seaport, the central gateway to the Orient; and the terminal of transcontinental rail lines, highways and airways, leading from the east, north and south. Trans-Pacific aviation routes focus here.

This is a world-city. In all cosmopolitan America there's no place more cosmopolitan, none more distinctive. It is a truly American community, yet set down within it are colonies of alien peoples.

Here where the sturdy spirit of the Argonauts still survives, you may hear on the streets a strange medley of tongues. "Little Italy" clings to the slopes of Telegraph Hill and near by are the bazaars of Chinatown. Each foreign quarter has its own quaint customs, and to eat of the cuisine of every nation in San Francisco's restaurants is to make a gustatory tour of the world.

There is a fascination about the place. Perhaps it is something in the atmosphere. San Francisco is one of America's coolest cities in summer, and the winter weather is delightfully mild. But it is not alone the climate which lends the city its charm; there is added a life, a vivacity, which renders San Francisco irresistible. It draws the visitor again and again. This city, in truth, has a personality. San Francisco is courageous, high-spirited, strenuous, warm-hearted, enthusiastic.

Without question its climate and its varied population have had much to do with upbuilding a distinctiveness in the city's life. Yet let it be recalled also that San Francisco has been influenced profoundly by a history as crowded with picturesque events as the history of a Balkan principality.

Cabrillo, Viscaino, Drake, and all the early navigators sailed by without discovering the landlocked harbor inside the Golden Gate. The actual history of San Francisco begins with 1769, when the Portola expedition discovered San Francisco Bay and encamped not far south of the site of the present city. In August, 1775, the ship *San Carlos*, commanded by Don Juan Manuel de Ayala, entered the harbor, the first vessel to furrow the waters of the bay. Ayala explored and charted the port, returning to Monterey with a good account of the region.

In 1776 the Anza expedition arrived from Monterey, and the Presidio was established; on October 9th the Mission San Francisco de Asis was founded. After its establishment by pious padres and the soldiers of the presidio in that memorable year of 1776, the settlement grew very slowly. In the fourth decade of the next century a trading settlement sprang up on the little cove of Yerba Buena, but at the beginning of 1848 it had only a few hundred inhabitants. Of a sudden came the discovery of gold in California, the wild inrush of adventurers—and by the end of 1849 the population of San Fran-

cisco had been swelled to 50,000. Then followed exciting days of Vigilante rule; the Civil War period; the money-madness attendant on the "Big Bonanza" of the Comstock; the coming of the trans-continental railroad; Chinese exclusion troubles and the turbulent times when that Kearney whose name was Dennis arose like another Wat Tyler and harangued the populace in the sand lots. Ever varying was existence in San Francisco then, and in half a century it has scarcely quieted down.

Nature added to the excitement. Early in the morning of April 18, 1906, a terrific earthquake shook the city, and the business section and part of the residence section were destroyed in one of the greatest conflagrations of history, a fire which spread as the result of the disruption of water-mains by the temblor at a point where they crossed marshy land. The new business section, which rapidly arose from the ruins of the old, is entirely modern, and despite the setback caused by the fire, San Francisco has progressed steadily.

Prosperity has ever gone hand in hand with the city's remarkable material growth. San Francisco's position as one of the great centers of population has been established. The metropolitan area now holds 2,200,000 people, and of these more than 800,000 reside in the city of San Francisco itself. Yet these are but a few to those that some day will dwell here, in this frontier citadel of the New World.

Some one has called San Francisco "the tilted city." The hills are famous, and they merit their fame. Giving to the urban sky line its picturesque effect, for the city's homes and gardens they offer noble sites. They seem themselves to impart a certain variety to the life of the inhabitants; in truth, one can scarcely imagine a many-sided city like San Francisco lying on a flat. Certainly the hills account for the vitality and health of its people, though credit on this score must be accorded also to the sunshine and fresh sea breezes, and to the sandy subsoil underlying much of the peninsula.

Visitors are often surprised at the ease with which these heights are ascended. Automobiles make naught of them; and up and down their sides glide the cable-cars, which still constitute a unique feature of the city where they had their origin. Tourists invariably de-

light in the novelty of riding in these cable-cars. To catch the thrill of traveling thus overland across hilly San Francisco, read those spirited verses by Gelett Burgess, "The Ballad of the Hyde Street Grip."

Three elevations, of almost equal height, dominate the northeastern portion of San Francisco—Telegraph, Russian, and Nob hills. Of these, Telegraph Hill is farthest east, its precipitous slopes rising three hundred feet above the bay shore. Nowhere in San Francisco is such a panorama outspread, as from the tower on the summit. Almost at the base of the hill the bay sweeps around westward into the Golden Gate; and far to northward its broad expanses shimmer in the smaller inner bay called San Pablo. In the great bay's center are Yerba Buena Island, the Exposition, and the long bridge crossing to Oakland; the grim gray prison of Alcatraz rises from the straits, Angel Island is beyond, and at the harbor entrance fortifications stand guard. The traffic of the Embarcadero is under the eye of the watcher from this height—the docks and wharves, and the shipping of the port ranged along the sea wall. Around North Point great ocean liners swiftly pass; and across to and from the northern and eastern shores plow stately ferryboats, streaking behind them long furrows of white foam. The cities that fringe the bay are in plain view; Tamalpais rises above Sausalito and the Golden Gate bridge, and beyond the Berkeley Hills looms the massive dome of Diablo. All these varied elements are gathered together in one vast picture; and you need only to turn around to see the undulating roof-tops of the city, Russian Hill, Twin Peaks, and the lines of skyscrapers along Market and Montgomery streets.

Telegraph Hill is an historic spot, for here in the '50s stood the semaphore and later the electric telegraph station which informed the town below of the approach of ships through the Golden Gate. The straggling settlement of Yerba Buena began in 1835 at the base of the hill, on a cove which long since has been filled in.

The tall cylindrical tower atop Telegraph Hill is the gift of Lillie Hitchcock Coit to the city she loved. She was a spirited belle of the '60s, and she served as a member of Knickerbocker Engine Company in the hand-engine days. A striking statuary group honoring the heroism of the fire-laddies, another gift to the public made pos-

sible by her benefaction, stands on Columbus Avenue near the foot of Telegraph Hill.

Much like the views from Telegraph Hill, in beauty and scope, are those from Russian Hill, over to westward; and the Golden Gate is seen from there probably in its most impressive aspect. Near the crest was once an old Russian sailors' burying-ground, but now this hill boasts many handsome residences and apartment-houses, and long has been the home of literary workers and artists, who from their studio windows gaze out upon a hundred scenes worthy to be painted. Sunset effects behind the hills rimming the Gate are resplendent in their luminous coloring.

South of Russian Hill rises that other famous eminence, Nob Hill, crossed by California Street. The sumptuous homes of the early railroad and mining millionaires were here, the slang designation for a capitalist in bonanza days being "nob"—which is to say, *nabob*. The only one of those structures yet remaining is the brownstone Flood mansion, now the exclusive Pacific-Union Club. Some of the most sumptuous of the city's hotels tower upon this "hill of palaces," as Stevenson called it.

Commenting on the declivitous slopes of the hills of San Francisco, an English visitor, Philip Guedalla, ventures to say, "I estimate that a cent dropped on the crest of California Street would gather speed enough to kill a horse in Market Street, unless it hit a Chinaman on Grant Avenue."

Another famous eminence (not so lofty as those just ascended) is Rincon Hill, south of Market and east of Third Street. No one would suspect it now, but in pioneer times this was the fashionable residence district of the city, though its glory began to wane before 1870. The home of William Tecumseh Sherman was at Harrison and Frémont Streets, and that of General Halleck, built in 1849, directly opposite, while Governor Leland Stanford had a mansion near by. Gertrude Atherton was born on Rincon Hill, and in early days Bret Harte and Mark Twain were entertained there. The hill now is divided by deep, unsightly cuts and eventually it may be leveled entirely to make room for warehouses. Rincon Hill got its name (in Spanish signifying "corner") from a rocky spur which

once juttred into the bay before this part of the waterfront was filled in.

Formerly the hill was surmounted by the old Sailors' Home, a square-set massive structure built in 1853 and demolished in 1919. Its proximity to the waterfront long has made this height a rallying-point for seafaring folk, and it was the scene of fierce fighting between police and strike sympathizers on July 5, 1934, during the longshoremen's strike. Now the hill has assumed new importance as the San Francisco terminus of the trans-bay bridge.

At the southwestern end of Market Street, in the geographical center of the city, rise two hills close together and of similar outline, known as Twin Peaks, scaled by a serpentine boulevard. From here the views are most extensive of all, practically the whole of the city lying beneath your gaze; and the wide sweep of bay and the surrounding country, almost a thousand feet below, make up an altogether imposing panorama. At night the city's mighty spider web of streets is marked out by electric lights, the blazing line of Market Street leading directly to the bay. In poetry and poetical prose, mountains often "stand sentinel," and these two are truly guardians of San Francisco's safety, for on Twin Peaks is a large reservoir of the city's fire-protection system.

Twin Peaks long stood as a barrier to the building up of the southwestern quarter of San Francisco, but now they are pierced by a tramway tunnel, more than two miles in length, assuring rapid transit to aid the growth of the region beyond as a residential section.

Highest point in the city is Mount Davidson, southwest of Twin Peaks, beautifully wooded and surmounted by a cross—the scene of Easter sunrise services. The peak bears the name of George Davidson, pioneer geologist.

Still another notable eminence is Lone Mountain, north of Golden Gate Park. A landmark for much of the city, it is surmounted by the imposing towered buildings of a Catholic college for women.

The main thoroughfare of San Francisco is Market Street, extending diagonally across the city from the bay shore far into the heart of the peninsula—undeviating in its course from the Ferry Building to the eastern base of Twin Peaks, and reaching for many

blocks between ranks of structures modern and imposing. Entirely typical of San Francisco is Market Street, and he who would understand the spirit of the city should watch its cosmopolitan crowds—and here a crowd is something more than a throng of passers-by. This is the thoroughfare alike of the strolling shopper and the hurrying business man; and, again, it partakes of the nature of a gay boulevard. Life and activity and color are its predominant characteristics; its energy is the driving energy of the West.

Because of its festal character by day and night, Market Street is excellently adapted to all those parades and pageants so popular with San Franciscans. Most renowned of its celebrations is the public singing on Christmas Eve at Lotta's Fountain, at the junction of Kearny and Market streets. Here on Christmas Eve in 1910 Luisa Tetrazzini sang to a concourse of 100,000 people, and almost every year a concert in the open air is held before the assembled multitude—an eloquent tribute to the climate of Market Street. Often the silver notes of a prima donna hush to silence this mighty crowd; sometimes choir boys carol loud and clear; sometimes all the people together take up familiar hymns of praise and rejoicing, all creeds joining, and the singing of thousands of voices reverberates under the stars of a California Christmas.

Through this same street a week later surge the merry crowds which welcome the New Year in; and on that evening above all others San Francisco is manifestly "a twelve-o'clock town." The whole population is abroad, light-hearted and vivacious, swirling in the dance; and as the old year dies the streets echo with the tumult of a carefree throng.

A landmark dear to all San Franciscans is Lotta's Fountain, presented to the city by the actress, Lotta Crabtree, who by her charm won the hearts of the gallant Californians of early days. Now it stands in the very midst of the traffic of Market Street—linking to-day with the San Francisco of yesterday.

The spirited group in bronze known as the Mechanics monument stands where Market Street is joined by Bush and Battery streets. At the time of the first settlement Yerba Buena Cove cut into the land as far as this spot, its waves lapping on the beach just a few feet to the west. Farther south on this old waterfront stood the

first Union Iron Works, and the monument by Douglas Tilden was erected in memory of one of its founders, Peter Donahue, by his son. Appropriately, the artisans in this group are represented as punching rivet-holes in a piece of ship plate.

Among the city's other monuments, that dedicated by James Lick to the Pioneers, rising in Marshall Square, southeast of the Civic Center, is perhaps most interesting. The statuary groups are strong in execution, especially that of miners panning for gold; and there are also representations, in relief, of scenes from early Western life and history, the whole being surmounted by an heroic figure of that bountiful goddess, California.

The retail stores of San Francisco never fail to surprise and please the visitor, for they are bright-looking shops, with stocks artistically displayed. Market Street has some of the great department stores, and others are in a triangular area bordered by Powell, Sutter and Market streets which contains some of the city's finest establishments. Grant Avenue is perhaps the most distinguished, but Post and Geary streets likewise have many select shops.

Most colorful of the city's shops are those of the florists, filled every day of the year with luxuriant jungles of foliage and bloom. But brighter than any florist's window that ever was are the famous sidewalk flower markets of San Francisco, presenting to passing crowds an endless pageant of blossom, and each season seems more favored than the other as it brings forth its array of gay and fragrant flowers. Carnations and roses of every hue, long-stemmed California violets, massy yellow chrysanthemums, sweet peas, acacia, dahlias are all to be purchased at a trifling outlay—for not only are flowers marvels of perfection in San Francisco, they also are wonderfully inexpensive. From Thanksgiving to New Year's Day the stands are aglow with the scarlet toyon berries which in holiday decoration largely supplant English holly. No other city in the land has its thronged shopping district beautified in such manner; nowhere else are the choicest treasures of gardens heaped up thus lavishly in the heart of a metropolis.

During the last four decades the business district of San Francisco has been completely rebuilt, at an expenditure of half a billion dollars. This district embodies a modern and artistic development



of that skyscraper style which ranks probably as America's foremost contribution to architecture; and the buildings present a uniformly neat and clean appearance, a fact to be attributed largely to the absence of soft-coal smoke in the atmosphere.

Structures occupied by the banks constitute some of the chief adornments of the business district. In architecture they typify solidity and strength. Many of the principal banking-houses are ranged along Market Street; others stand in the financial district which centers about Montgomery and California streets. Several of San Francisco's historic banking-concerns took leading parts in the operations on the famous Comstock Lode. At San Francisco is located the regional bank for the twelfth Federal Reserve district. "Branch banking" had its great impetus in this city, and it is the center of several mighty banking "chains."

With its many hotels and clubs, San Francisco is prepared to receive its guests with characteristic hospitality. The multitude of hotels is, after all, not a matter for surprise, because this has always been a favorite place for conclaves and conventions. Some of the present hostelries stand upon the sites of their brilliant predecessors, built in those early days "when the miners were kings."

Julian Street, in his sprightly book, *Abroad at Home*, has this to say: "With her hills San Francisco is Rome; with her harbor she is Naples; with her hotels she is New York. But with her clubs and her people she is San Francisco—which to my mind comes near being the apotheosis of praise." And, it may be added, these clubs which invariably appeal so strongly to visitors are distinctive because the people are distinctive, bespeaking a society of marked individuality.

Rudyard Kipling in *From Sea to Sea*, his American Notes, proclaims the Bohemian Club supreme in good-fellowship among men of letters and art; and this same Bohemian Club is known everywhere as one of the truly great clubs of the world. Upon its membership rolls are written notable names, of men eminent in all branches of artistic endeavor. Most of all this unique club is renowned abroad for its midsummer jinks held amid the redwoods of Bohemian Grove, on the Russian River.

On Post Street, near the Bohemians, is the Olympic Club, cele-

brated in another field of activity. This is one of the oldest amateur athletic clubs in the world, having been founded in 1860, some years before similar organizations in New York and London. The influence of this institution in the upbuilding of amateur sport on the Pacific Coast has been tremendous, and some of the greatest runners and boxers of all time have carried the "Winged O" to victory.

The women of the community are not behind the men in club organization, interesting themselves especially in the study of literature and art, and in social service.

The oldest and most thickly settled part of San Francisco faces the bay, though of recent years the city has been expanding rapidly to west and south. There are a number of districts in the city which are more or less arbitrary in their boundaries, yet which are well recognized locally. The eastern part of the city is divided into two distinct portions, known from early days as North of Market and South of Market. The Mission District is the western part of the latter division, extending beyond the present end of Market Street. It received its name because this territory was once part of the domain of the Mission Dolores. The Potrero, which lies beyond Bryant Street, a century ago was the cattle range of this mission, as signified by its Spanish name, which means "pasture." Now it is one of the principal industrial areas of the city.

Most venerable building in the city, though not the oldest (*that* is at the Presidio) is the Mission Dolores, otherwise Mission San Francisco de Asis. Standing on Dolores Street near Sixteenth, in the heart of the new city, it represents one of the few vestiges of antiquity remaining to San Francisco. For more than one hundred and thirty years services have been held within these adobe walls, and for almost half that span of time this was the only church. Now there are over two hundred places of worship in the city to keep it worthy company.

When in the autumn of 1776 a party of soldiers and colonists arrived from the south and took up their residence on the peninsula they chose an inland site for the mission, which was formally dedicated by Padre Palou on October 9th, as already noted. None of the aboriginal inhabitants were present to witness the ceremony,

all having fled. It had long been the intention of Padre Junipero Serra, president of the Franciscans in this field, to establish an important mission in honor of the founder of the order, St. Francis of Assisi. Accordingly, it was decided that his name be given to this, the sixth in Alta California, especially since it stood near the waters of a harbor already called San Francisco. Beside the chapel which soon was built lay a little marshy lake, now filled in, known as Laguna de Nuestra Señora de los Dolores (Lagoon of Our Lady of Sorrows) and, as the years passed, the mission itself came to be called Dolores also, due partly to a desire to distinguish it from Mission San Francisco de Solano, established in 1823 at Sonoma.

The mission settlement, distant about three miles from the Presidio, grew very slowly. For a while the natives of the region proved unruly, and when Padre Junipero Serra visited the mission a year after its establishment there were only seventeen adult Indian converts present to hear him say mass. The first church was a temporary structure, but soon work was commenced upon a more substantial edifice. On April 25, 1782, the present mission was dedicated, its cornerstone being laid one thousand varas (about half a mile) southeast of the original site. Grouped about the mission buildings were the dwellings of the Indians, at first constructed chiefly of willow poles thatched with tules, though later adobe houses roofed with tiles were built. Gradually the number of neophytes grew, and in 1790 there were more than four hundred. A pottery was established, looms were set up for the weaving of blankets, and in both these arts the Indians displayed aptitude. Broad fields were sown with wheat and barley, and the grazing herds of the mission grew fat upon the soft green grass of the *potrero* (pasture ground).

So it prospered, this little religious community, and as the years sped by grew almost affluent under the direction of the padres. Here it stood upon the western verge of the continent, the last outpost of civilization, its peaceful inhabitants little dreaming of the great destiny which awaited their home-place—that within less than a century their pasture-grounds and fields of rippling grain would be covered over with the close-set dwellings of half a million people, aliens to them in custom and speech. Surely, San

Francisco's history has been romance, and not least romantic were those idyllic mission\* days—the only quiet period in the city's crowded annals. Much of joyful living and pastoral content there must have been within sound of the sweet-voiced bells of that mission which bore the dolorous name. It was about these bells, silent now forever, that Bret Harte wrote his wistful verses, "Bells of the Past."

Distinctive in everything, San Francisco has a mission which differs in architecture from all the others. It presents a combination of the Moorish, Mission and Corinthian styles. The façade is adorned with massive pillars, the doorway is arched, and in niches above swing the three bells. In good preservation, the interior of the chapel today is restored to much the same aspect as it had in the time of the padres. The altar of Mission Dolores was one of the most ornate among the missions, and the original decorations and paintings were brought from Spain and Mexico, many of these still remaining. The two side altars are adorned with groups of saints, and the walls at the end of the chapel, behind the main altar, are elaborately carved and painted in dull red and gold. When the mission was built there were no nails at hand, so the heavy roof timbers were lashed together with rawhide thongs, and these remain in place undecayed, as can be seen from the gallery. The rafters are painted in rude chevron-shaped patterns of red, white, yellow, and blue—all this work of the Indian converts more than a century ago. Tiles cover the roof above these substantial timbers. The walls of Mission Dolores, four feet thick, are constructed of adobe, or sun-dried brick.

The little graveyard of the mission deserves more than passing notice. Here amidst roses and ivy and myrtle are hundreds of old graves, many of them unmarked. One of those guarded by a monument is the resting-place of Don Luis Antonio Arguello, early governor of California under Mexican rule. He was himself a native San Franciscan, and brother to that Concepcion Arguello, whose sad, romantic love-affair with the Russian Chancellor, Rezanoff, has been a theme for Bret Harte, Gertrude Atherton, and other writers. Reminders of events as tragic are the graves of James Casey, hanged by the Vigilantes in 1856, and "Yankee" Sullivan, former

champion pugilist, who killed himself while in their clutches, fearing the same fate.

Besides the Mission district, the Potrero, the populous Richmond district, which is to the north of Golden Gate Park, and the Sunset-Parkside district to the south of it—areas which are popularly established as “wards” of the city, though they often merge into one another without definite limits—there are several distinctive residence districts. One of the most select, long established, is Pacific Heights, an elevated ridge overlooking the bay. The finest homes here are along Washington, Jackson, Pacific, Broadway, Vallejo and Green streets.

Presidio Terrace and West Clay Park are residence places of manifest affluence on the southern border of the Presidio; Sea Cliff occupies a magnificent site overlooking Baker's Beach; and the district near the bay along the Marina (main avenue of the great Exposition of 1915) has many fine homes. Prominent among the restricted residence parks beyond Twin Peaks are St. Francis Wood, Forest Hill, Westwood Park, Mount Davidson Manor, and Ingle-side Terraces.

The fortunate fact that San Francisco is a city of hills and valleys has been used to advantage in landscape gardening on a large scale, especially in the newer home tracts. Well-kept parks and squares are scattered through the city; and their lawns, never frostbitten, are green twelve months of the year. Everywhere you see a great show of trees and flowers. Visitors are very likely to marvel at the many-terraced gardens of some of the hillside homes, and to marvel still more at the massive retaining-walls which often hold up both garden and dwelling. It is nothing unusual in San Francisco to see a retaining-wall almost as high as the house itself.

In a city of contrasts, one need not be surprised to find that at its lower end select Pacific Avenue becomes plain Pacific Street, still noisome and once notorious. The Barbary Coast lost its life and laughter some years before Prohibition; but again you can see some of its tawdry dance-halls and saloons along the lower register of “Terrific Street,” as they called it in the unrepentant days (and nights) of yesteryear—and, say, it surely did live down to that name! Much that is reported of the Barbary Coast is veiled in

misty legend; just as are many stories of the old Chinatown. They're no more to be credited wholesale than the marvelous travelers' tales of Mandeville and Munchausen. As material for the "movies," however, this doubtful legendry of old San Francisco ranks with the Klondike gold rush and South Sea island romance. In the parlance of the theatrical world, it is hokum, never failing to win a thrill.

There are other legend-haunted districts in San Francisco which have more than local fame. Such is Chinatown, centered along upper Grant Avenue; such is the Latin Quarter or "Little Italy," with Columbus Avenue and Broadway as its principal thoroughfares.

San Francisco has been called the end of the Aryan migration, a new city to represent a civilization ages-old. Yet almost twice as old, a culture beside which ours seems youthful, is that of the people of China. As if for purpose of comparison (so at least the visitor is apt to look upon it) a fragment of this ancient race is ensconced in the center of San Francisco, the largest gathering-place of Chinese outside of the Orient. "It is a ward of the city of Canton set down in the most eligible business quarter of the city," wrote Rudyard Kipling, marveling at it, and recounting his astounding adventures therein—believe them or not.

Visitors today find it teeming with interest, though they see not the Chinatown he saw, for that squalid quarter of the old years has been cleansed by fire. They look upon an orderly array of dwellings and shops, many of them of ornate Chinese architecture, with pagoda-like roofs and balconies and balustrades; and between these ranks of buildings in close order moves a colorful throng of people with strange faces, high sing-song voices, shuffling gait in walking. Some of the women retain their native costume; and chubby moon-faced children toddle about clad in silks of butterfly colors and glossy black. Though it is now no remarkable sight to behold a Chinese swain attired in the latest metropolitan styles, on the many ceremonial occasions—these people are fond of processions and displays—whole crowds turn out in glorious garb of fancy-colored silks.

The main artery of the Chinese quarter's life is Grant Avenue, which for several blocks north of Market Street is one of the foremost shopping thoroughfares of the city. At California Street

rise the fantastic towers of great bazaars which mark the high points of Chinatown—magnificent museum-shops crowded with wares of the Orient, in bewildering variety. Here is a vast array of lacquer-work and hammered bronze, carven ivory and jade, Satsuma ware and other translucent porcelains of exquisite delicacy. Camphor-wood chests are here, and boxes of sandalwood and fragrant cedar; vases that have the graceful curves of sea shells, vases come down from ancient dynasties; inlay of abalone and mother-of-pearl, rosy coral, antique jewels set in goldwork; sculptured stones to preserve health and the virtues, as sages once taught men to believe. Before you the bland and courteous merchant lays precious fabrics and rich brocades, cloth of flame-colored silk inwove with gold, bright-patterned screens and robes and painted fans which are the perfection of artistry. Even to name all the dazzling displays of these bazaars, Chinese and Japanese, would be a task too long, for they are past all counting; yet there are few of them which would not be looked on with honor in the palace of a mandarin.

One striking feature of Chinatown is that on the street-level it consists almost entirely of shops, with the dwelling-rooms above and below. Besides the bazaars which so fascinate the tourist, here are quaint stores which claim Chinese patronage mainly. Up Jackson Street from Grant Avenue are to be seen a number of deft-fingered makers of jewelry, intent on their gold-carving and fur-bishing of odd ornaments. The grocery stores are packed with many a mysterious commodity (you'll need a strong stomach), and in the apothecaries' windows are displayed dried herbs and roots, dried toads, shark eggs, jars of sea-horse skeletons and such-like remedies known to medieval medicine.

To watch the tailors, barbers, cigar-makers and other Chinese artisans at work in their little shops is to be presented with a varied illustration of "the different ways that different things are done" in far Cathay. Strikingly dissimilar to ours are some of their five-thousand-years-old methods of labor—and at least that old seem the plaintive minor strains which Chinese musicians elicit from their crude and strange-sounding instruments. The Chinese scale is declared to be the nearest to that of the ancient Greeks of any we have today. Though it has this right to be termed classical music,

it holds not much of pure melody, and approaches the modern only in its abundance of cymbalism.

Even stranger than the workshops of the craftsmen are the markets. The fish stalls of Chinatown present a dozen color combinations in their finny displays; in the butcher shops are hung strings of little mottled sausages, glazed roast duck, and meats prepared in all sorts of outlandish ways. Hog carcasses are roasted whole and parceled out in crisp chunks as the purchaser desires, and as you notice that this meat stands highest in favor you are reminded once again of Lamb's quaint *Dissertation on Roast Pig*, and recall that early Chinatown often went up in flames. There are succulent vegetables and herbs, too, many of them importations from the Orient. Likely to tempt the palate of the stranger are the Chinese candies—sugared cocoanut, preserved ginger and melon, with lichi nuts, sweet of taste—sometimes vended on the street by little girls in bright costumes.

The sixteen thousand people of Chinatown are a literate multitude, supporting several newspapers in the Cantonese dialect. You will look on with mingled amusement and amazement as you watch the compositors laboriously setting up one of these journals—for they must walk about and select their type from lofty cases which contain several thousand ideographic characters, each representing a separate word. The community's eagerness for news is manifested again by the flaring bulletin-boards, such as that one at the north corner of Clay Street and Grant Avenue, where all through the day a knot of men is gathered, reading up and down the long red-paper announcements posted on the deadwall.

Chinatown is indeed so replete with interest that it is not easy to leave off recounting its attractions. The tourist will want to see the temples and the many tea-rooms, surely; and then there are the Christian missions which have prospered so well in their work here; and the Oriental public school, a model of its kind. The two joss-houses, or temples, are worthy of a visit, their interiors presenting highly ornate and elaborate decoration schemes, with much gilding and carving. Here merchants repair to consult the joss before embarking upon business ventures. On Stockton Street stands



the striking building of the Six Companies, the ruling commercial organization, which settles many disputes between tong and tong.

Chinese theaters usually are open along Grant Avenue, and spectators wander in and out, witnessing parts of the interminable plays, most of which have historic background, though not long on plot. To the accompaniment of strange music, the actors (no actresses appear on these stages) present their conventionalized pageant-dramas, with stage scenery largely imaginary or symbolical.

Among the quarter's foremost show-places is the Chinatown telephone exchange, on Washington Street just below Grant Avenue. The operators are Chinese maidens, endowed with wonderfully retentive memories. These girls must keep always in mind the names of all the subscribers to the exchange, for it is by these names that the telephone calls are made, and not by numbers as with us.

Chinatown is best seen afoot, though it is easily reached by street car or automobile. After nightfall it is more picturesque than by day, for then the quarter is a place of lights and shadows, the shop fronts and the great colored lanterns casting a mellow glow over the passers-by.

The tour of Chinatown is never complete without a visit to Portsmouth Plaza, which lies at its southeastern corner, between Kearny, Clay, and Washington streets. One of the historic spots of San Francisco, this was once the center of the whole community's life. At its northwest corner stood the old customs-house, and here the American flag was raised over the port of Yerba Buena, July 8, 1846, by Captain Montgomery of the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*. It was in this Plaza also that Vigilantes met to punish lawbreakers by swift and effective methods. Representing the new order of things, overlooking the scene of frontier tribunals, stands now the modern Hall of Justice.

The Vigilance Committee of 1851 was formed by citizens to correct judicial corruption and to combat the unrestrained lawlessness of ruffians such as the Sydney Coves, mostly former convicts from Australia. Again in 1856 it was called into activity, to put down rampant crime and specifically to avenge the slaying of a prominent editor, James King of William, by James Casey, crooked politician whom he had exposed. Great popular excitement

swept the city. Headquarters of these regimented Vigilantes was Fort Gunnybags, a building near the Plaza on the south side of Sacramento Street, surrounded by breastworks of sandbags and guarded by cannon. A bronze tablet marks the site today. At Fort Gunnybags the Vigilantes hanged Casey, along with another killer, Charles Cora.

Portsmouth Plaza has yet another claim to fame, as the favorite haunt of Robert Louis Stevenson when a resident of San Francisco in 1879. In the park rises an artistic granite monument to Stevenson, surmounted by a bronze galleon in full sail—the *Hispaniola* of *Treasure Island*. The inscription is a quotation from his Christmas Sermon beginning "To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little, to spend a little less . . ." admonitions which surely have not been thrown away upon the wanderers of Kearny Street, which Stevenson called "the street of the adventurers." Long days he sat here, keenly watching, this scrivener, he who was little better off than the leanest among them. Long hours he harkened to the tales of ancient mariners, took into his heart the romance of the South Seas, and meditated upon the fatalistic yet somehow cheerful philosophy of life expounded by these world wanderers. For him it was not a period of high prosperity, and the fortitude and delicacy of his own philosophy must have been tested in no light manner, those days that he sat watching the world from Portsmouth Plaza, here on the borderland of Chinatown.

The Latin Quarter, while without definite bounds, may be said to extend from the vicinity of Broadway, Columbus Avenue, and Kearny Street up the precipitous slopes of Telegraph Hill. All the musical dialects of Italy you will hear spoken on its streets, and French, Portuguese and Spanish also. This is the most densely populated section of San Francisco, outside of Chinatown, and at certain times of day and in the evening its humble Broadway is fully as crowded as the high-street of Manhattan.

On its southern border the Latin Quarter maintains a prosperous business section of its own where you may wander for blocks without seeing an English name on a sign. Many quaint and strange shops are here, displaying foreign books and periodicals, liquors and lithographs, notions, and all the *outré* table delicacies in which

these far-removed colonists of Rome delight. In the bakeries you may buy *grissini* and crisp-cruste Italian breads, besides real French bread in enormous loaves, the long loaves and the round. Here, too, are many of the foreign restaurants; and a noted group of these (Italian as to cuisine) fronts Broadway where Kearny Street climbs the steeps of Telegraph Hill in a giant's stairway.

Telegraph Hill everywhere presents a formidable front, and this is a much-used place of ascent by pedestrians. On the eastern side, facing the bay, are sheer precipices and old stone-quarries, and there the summit can be attained only by climbing almost interminable ladder-like stairs. This remarkable hill is crowded with the dwellings of the humble, and many of the houses literally hang on the heights, seeming about to tumble—tenements long the theme of writers of poetry and prose, from Bret Harte down. The hill has its appeal to artists also; as if by instinct, these Latin people seem to fall into picturesque attitudes. The ever-present *bambino* in the arms of his buxom mother; the street-corner wrangler, one who would find it well nigh impossible to speak if his hands were tied; groups of gossiping housewives, and idlers who play endless card games on the steep green slopes—here are varied types such as may be seen any day on Telegraph Hill. Children swarm everywhere. They run with incredible speed up and down the precipitous pavements; they play happily in the dooryards, munching huge crusts dipped in wine.

Jumbled together with houses of antiquated architecture are amazing little gardens, almost as steep as the stone retaining-walls that keep them all from sliding. Upon clothes-lines flutter garments white and gaudy-colored; here a string of peppers dries in the sun, there a string of fish. True to old-country traditions, habitants of the hill still make their own wine, cheese, and macaroni. You will happen upon scenes reminiscent of the hill towns of Italy: narrow cobblestone lanes, cleated sidewalks; and surely the blue of those waters which sweep around to west and north can be rivaled only by the Mediterranean.

After you have surveyed the noble prospect from the tower above Pioneer Park, amid the summit groves of pine and eucalyptus, you may descend by the "Thousand Steps" at the end of Filbert

Street; but it is more than likely you will choose rather to wander down by leisurely stages.

On the northern shore of San Francisco is the harbor of the Italian fishing-fleet—like some Old World port on the Neapolitan coast, or a bit of Messina perhaps, or Palermo. Utterly foreign is the aspect of the fisherfolk; their speech is the speech of Italy, and they seem scarcely at all touched by American life and manners.

Fishermen's Wharf this place has been called, though indeed now it has two wharves, forming a lagoon behind a little breakwater. To those who go down to the sea to fish is added the interesting community ashore—the workshops of the boat-builders, blacksmith shops where tackle is mended and naval hardware is manufactured, tannage vats in which the nets are soaked, markets where fish and crabs and lobsters are vended, restaurants offering fare fit for sea kings. Along the wharves stolid net-menders sit at their task, busy with stout twine and long wooden needles, and great festoons of brown nets are hung up in the wind to dry.

The stalwarts down in the bright-painted boats which range along the wharves are costumed like true Mediterranean seamen, with tam-o'-shanter, knit jersey, broad sash and great sea boots. They call to one another from boat to boat, chatting speedily and vehemently, raising their voices, but if you expect knives to fly you will be disappointed, for they are not really angry and smile always at the end with a great show of teeth. Entirely oblivious of onlookers are these *pescatori* (fishermen), going about their work as if they were at home and not eight thousand miles from Italy. Thursday afternoon is the best time to watch them, for then the ships come in from Drake's Bay and other fishing-grounds outside "the heads," laden with the heavy catch for the Friday market. Silver smelt, rock-cod, flounders, and crabs are poured from basket to basket, and twenty-pound salmon are cast up on the wharf to be trundled off in trucks. Many of the finest fish are sold on the spot, amid strenuous contests of haggling, for in driving a bargain these bronzed seamen are shrewd as shopkeepers.

Whether it is Thursday or not, there is always activity at Fishermen's Wharf. Bait and tackle are to be had, and you may turn angler yourself if you desire; in fact, they are ready to sell you a boat at a

moment's notice, a boat of any kind, as a little sign announces. With the fishermen themselves the graceful lateen-rigged craft of former days, which glided with the swiftness of sea birds, have been supplanted by more modern boats driven by motors.

The situation of Fishermen's Wharf is strikingly picturesque. Directly to the north rises Alcatraz Island; Black Point, Fort Mason and the Transport Docks lie to the west, with the Golden Gate and its bridge-span beyond. Looking southward, you see Russian and Telegraph hills.

If you are a good imaginative walker, there is in this merchant city of San Francisco nothing of more profit than a tramp along the waterfront, crowning this "cruise ashore" with a savory luncheon or dinner, perhaps, at one of the restaurants of the Latin Quarter.

The Embarcadero, along which the ships lie at anchor, may be looked on as a sort of museum of naval architecture. Out in the stream an endless procession passes in review—great freighters, transports, tramps. Tubby little tugs tow heavy-laden barges; ferryboats and splashing stern-wheelers go by; the yachts and sloops and scows of the "mosquito fleet" swarm from the inlets of river and bay. Scarcely is there a type of ship sailing the sea which is not represented here. Usually some gray ships-of-war lie at peace in the harbor, and these you may visit in rowboat or launch.

To wander along the busy quays, taking note of ships and their masters, is stirring indeed to the fancy; and to read one after another the name-plates of these vessels is to touch in imagination at every Pacific port. From the islands of the South Seas they come; from the Mexican west coast, China, Japan, and Siberia; from tropic America, Australasia, the Philippines and our own dependencies of Alaska and Hawaii. Many ships hail from far-away seaports of Europe. Hither to the gateway of the West they bear the merchandise and produce of the world. To say that many million tons of freight are handled every year over these wharves carries no very vivid impression, perhaps; but actually to see the stupendous traffic of a single day along the harbor front is enough to bring a realization of the greatness of San Francisco as a maritime power.

With gigantic swinging yardarms the varied cargoes are hoisted out of the holds and piled up on the wharves—tea, spices, gums,

hardwoods, odd Oriental wares, rice, cocoanuts, copra, silks, matings—and lumber of yellow pine mingles the fragrance of northern forests with the aromatic odors of the jungles. Every 'longshore view presents a scene of stir and bustle; the din is never stilled until sundown. The rolling of heavy trucks, ringing of bells deep within the ships, shrieking of steam, the nervous clatter from trip-hammers, the skirling of sea gulls which circle round about the docks—this is a strange medley of sound caught up by the salt winds of the waterfront. Stevedores shout hoarsely; and the art of free speech is enriched by captains who have a talent at picturesque malediction.

The winds have blown here bold sailormen from every seagirt land. To them at least the world is something more than a colored map; they have trafficked with far lands, have beheld the secrets and perils of far seas. These venturesome ones have breasted the giant storms that rage about the Horn; against the ice-floes of the chill Arctic they have battled, against swift-swirling equatorial hurricanes. Rough they are in appearance, rugged and not refined; yet these are stout of heart as any mariners that ever sailed, and fear is banished from this company. They are the true heroes of sea fiction; with them Stevenson and Frank Norris and Jack London have peopled their books, and scarcely a tale of South Seas adventures but sets out with a chapter along the teeming waterfront of San Francisco. From here put forth the filibusters of old; there is not a year that a treasure-seeking expedition does not weigh anchor in the bay, and many a revolution in many an unquiet "banana republic" has been cooked up by scheming soldiers and sailors of fortune behind the swinging mirror doors of some tavern on the Front.

The walk along the Embarcadero is a diversion best taken in leisurely manner. You may wish to start at the south end, over by the busy inlet known as the Channel. As you circle around past the long line of piers fanning out from the city's front, you soon gaze up at the giant pylon of the trans-bay bridge, opposite Rincon Hill, which is its western terminal, the bridge carrying its traffic high over the Embarcadero. This San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, ranking with the great engineering works of the age, is 22,720 feet long—by far the longest in the world, the Golden Gate Bridge

holding second place. On our way to visit Oakland and other cities across the bay, we are bound to take further note of this marvelous bridge.

You are sure to pause at the Ferry Building, with its lofty gray tower which has stood for so long as a symbol of San Francisco. In general outline this stately tower is like the Giralda at Seville. It is 275 feet high and supports a great four-faced clock, the dials of which appear from below to be about six feet in diameter; they are, in fact, twenty-two feet across.

This Ferry Building, at the foot of Market Street, long was the busiest ferry station in the world, more than a million persons passing through its gates every week of the year. Ticket offices and information bureaus, waiting-rooms, are here, with the offices of state boards connected with the harbor, and some exhibits of more than ordinary interest.

A feature of the Ferry Building, let it be remembered, is the remarkable panoramic map of California along the lobby of the second floor—a gigantic map 200 yards long! Another notable display, upstairs, is a state museum of the mineral resources of California. Gold-mining and petroleum production, of course, have the main emphasis, but you will be astounded by the diversity of the riches revealed in this vast mineral collection.

Over many of the docks on either side of the Ferry Building fly the ensigns of great steamship companies, which operate their vessels coastwise north and south, through the Panama Canal, and across the Pacific.

On your waterfront tour, coasting the base of precipitous Telegraph Hill, you will come to the old North Beach district. At Meiggs' Wharf and Fishermen's Wharf the abundant luck of the anglers may tempt you to join them, for they will tell you (and then prove it) that this Bay of San Francisco is just one gigantic fish-pond. It was from Meiggs' Wharf, at the foot of Powell Street, that in pre-war years the customs, quarantine and immigration officials sped in launches to board each ship that entered the Golden Gate. But from here in the early days was made a far more momentous departure—that of one Harry Meiggs, who left San Francisco and debt and his own wharf behind him, setting sail for other lands.

Arriving in South America, he constructed the wonderful railroad across the Andes, sent back money to pay all bills outstanding, and died the richest millionaire in Peru.

Stories dealing out such rough-and-ready romance are rife along this waterfront where all manner of men and ships are foregathered, and where the flags of many nations fluttering in the trade-winds proclaim the varied character of San Francisco.

That San Francisco is eminently cosmopolitan is attested by the restaurants. The Argonauts and their successors were hearty yet discriminating diners, men who demanded always that an abundance of the best be set before them. Mining-camp prices of those days have vanished, but standards of good living then established have been held at a consistently high plane, so that probably no American city enjoys today such universal celebrity for its table fare as San Francisco. There are reasons of many kinds why this continues to be true. Foremost, perhaps, is the lavish and unfailing fresh food supply which comes to the markets of the city. Then again, the introduction of various alien elements into the community has led to the establishment of restaurants purveying to their distinctive tastes, and so excellent have these proved themselves that they receive wide patronage from those thoroughgoing San Franciscans among whom "dining out" has always been a popular pastime and custom.

The rich abundance in the food depots of San Francisco is something to be seen, not described. Anyone who visits the gigantic markets will begin to understand the opulence of this favored city's bill-of-fare; and his knowledge will be confirmed if in the early morning hours he watches the Italian truck-gardeners of the suburbs bringing their produce cityward. In the markets are gathered all the products of the fertile soil of California, both fruits and vegetables; and to name them would be to present well-nigh the complete agricultural catalogue. In season there are great bundles of tender asparagus shoots, grown on the delta islands of the Sacramento; and from the San Mateo coast come artichokes, introduced by early French settlers. Tropical fruits from the sunny isles of the Pacific are displayed on the stands. Dairy products from the alfalfa farms of the central valleys, the poultry and eggs of Petaluma, meats



fresh from the stalls of "Butchertown," all these make up the list of good things to eat.

A city of the sea, San Francisco has for its table a wide variety of sea food. Among fish sold fresh in the markets are salmon, sea bass, cod, mackerel, herring, smelt, sole, flounder, shad, pompano, barracuda. High in popular favor is the sand dab, a flat fish somewhat like the sole, but daintier of taste. You are likely to be pleased with the shell-fish above all. Epicures have pronounced the big Pacific crab the king of his kind, and he is served up in a dozen savory styles. California oysters, possessing a delicate coppery flavor, are smaller than oysters of the East, but these also have been transplanted to Pacific waters and thrive well. According to local historians, the oyster cocktail had its origin in San Francisco. The small, salty shrimps of the bay waters make a very tasty salad when served with lettuce, chopped celery, and mayonnaise or "Louis" dressing. San Francisco crawfish are much like the lobsters of our Atlantic coast; and clams, especially the large ones that come from Pismo Beach, are favorites as well. It is not unlikely that you will taste in San Francisco for the first time the abalone, for centuries an article of diet in China; and possibly new to you also will be mussels, which are here usually served *bordelaise*.

Books have been written upon the restaurants of San Francisco, and yet the subject has never been covered, so what hope to describe them here in limited space? The foreign restaurants of the city are mainly French and Italian, and some there are which partake of the style of both, serving many-course table d'hôte meals, the cooking of which is generally excellent and often quite extraordinary. Italian restaurants place before their guests such unique dishes as *chopino*, *fritto misto*, *polenta* and *risotto*, tasteful foods with names unfamiliar even to the average American epicure. The numerous forms of Italian paste—*spaghetti*, *macaroni*, *tagliarini*, *lasagne*—are always on the bill, and no meal is complete without the ever-present *ravioli*. An excellent aftertaste to the repast is assured by *sabayone*, which is a variety of baked eggnog made with Marsala wine. In the French restaurants will be found everything requisite to drive away hunger and thirst; and many of their menus take rank as works of

art, from the *consommé alphabetique* (alphabetical soup!) to the blue-blazing "fried cream."

If you would gain a notion of how the early Californians of Spanish descent fared at the table, visit one of the little Mexican restaurants, where you will be served with *chile con carne*, *enchiladas*, *chile rellena* (a kind of stuffed pepper), *chalupas*, *tortillas*, *frijoles*, Spanish rice, and other tasty dishes. Beefsteak and chicken cooked in the Mexican style are among these bright-colored viands. One of the heritages of California from earliest days is the hot *tamale*, enjoying immense popularity with San Franciscans, especially for light repasts "downtown" in the evening.

There are several German restaurants in the city, and others where Russian, Greek, and Hungarian dishes are served. In Chinatown flourish tea-houses and places which make a specialty of Chinese noodles, chop suey and chow mein. Japanese places there are, too, which cater to tourists, serving many-course meals in artistically screened red lacquer rooms.

The foreign restaurants vary widely in character; a few of them are in the whirl of the city's life; others are quaint and quiet. Most of the after-theater crowds, however, gather at the night clubs. Cafés on Broadway invite you to look in on the old Bohemian life of the Latin Quarter. At the other end of the scale are the many quiet tea-rooms of the city, and the business-like cafeterias—some of them tremendous in size.

There is scarcely a restaurant which has not some distinctive feature. Several of them take fame from their preparation of special dishes—abalone steaks, reindeer stew, sand dabs, or that palatable compound known as crab Louis.

And if a little wine for thy stomach's sake is indicated, you may top all this with the native wines of California, justly famous vintages.

After eating your way around the world in San Francisco, as has been urged upon you here in manner somewhat florid and diffuse (let the matter excuse the fault), you are likely to sally forth really ready to "see the town." You may decide to start at the Civic Center and work out.

One of the most extensive and attractive examples of city-planning

in the United States is the Civic Center of San Francisco. This splendid group of buildings lies just off Market Street. The main buildings are grouped around a vast formal garden, with flashing fountains, green satiny lawns, and red-brick pavement where pigeons strut, or swirl in flight.

From many parts of San Francisco the position of the Civic Center may be located by the lofty, graceful dome of the new City Hall. This magnificent structure rises to the west of the central park. It is of the French Renaissance style, each of its two main façades, fronting on Polk Street and Van Ness Avenue, being composed of a central pediment carried on columns of the Doric order and flanked by long colonnades. Surmounting all is an immense dome, 300 feet high—ten feet higher than the dome of the Capitol at Washington. Within, beneath this dome, the rotunda and its noble stairway are majestic, more impressive than any other interior in California.

The stately Municipal Auditorium, a heritage from the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, faces the central park on the south. Its main auditorium, seating more than 10,000 people, has been the scene of history-making conventions. An ever-popular feature is the pipe organ, one of the largest ever constructed, providing free concerts for this music-loving community.

Fronting the central park on the east stands the main San Francisco Public Library, one of the foremost municipal libraries in the country. The exterior of the structure is somewhat similar in style to the Auditorium. Within, it is largely finished in soft-hued gray travertine, and adorned with mural paintings, several of them symbolic of the winning of the West. Among the notabilia are the Max Kuhl collection of fine printing, the music-room, and the children's library. Exhibition-rooms hold changing displays. Besides this central structure, the public library system includes many branches throughout the city; and there is, besides, the extensive Mechanics-Mercantile Library, especially strong in technical works, on the first block of Post Street, in the heart of the business district.

Directly east of the Public Library stands the new granite Federal Building, concentrating many of the offices of the National

Government in this city. It conforms to the classic design of other elements in the Civic Center.

Continuing around the Civic Center, next you come to the State Building, on the north. It houses important administrative offices associated with the government of California, a big law library, and the Hastings College of the Law, a part of the state university.

Two imposing structures of like architecture, the Opera House and the Veterans' Building—together forming the War Memorial group—face Van Ness Avenue, across from the City Hall. The municipally-owned opera house was the principal scene of the great United Nations Conference for International Organization in 1945, and the Charter was signed in the Veterans' Building.

Grand opera, concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and other musical programs are liberally supported.

The Veterans' Building embraces meeting-halls for veterans' organizations, war-trophy rooms, and souvenir galleries. The entire fourth floor is occupied by the San Francisco Museum of Art, with permanent exhibits augmented by visiting collections of outstanding importance. This is directed by the Art Association, which also maintains the California School of Fine Arts, in affiliation with the University of California. In its handsome towered building at Chestnut and Jones streets, below Russian Hill, this school likewise has an art-gallery where special exhibitions and lectures are held.

San Francisco has other public buildings in keeping with its position as a metropolis. Of these, several have been mentioned, in passing. The Post Office, Customs House, Federal Reserve Bank, and the Mint are prominent among the Federal structures in the city.

Most universally admired at the Exposition of 1915 was the Palace of Fine Arts, which still stands, rising above a placid lagoon, just west of the Marina district. This superb structure, with its curving colonnade and rotunda surmounted by a mighty dome, is the inspired work of Bernard Maybeck. While it has been rescued from the destruction which was the fate of the other Exposition buildings, it no longer houses art collections, but, instead, serves as a shelter for a dozen tennis-courts, used day and night.

Another feature of the Exposition, the Yacht Harbor, lies near by

to the east, across the Marina. Scores of trim craft make this their home port, and a prominent yacht club stands here.

Continuing east along the Marina, the boulevard which was the main thoroughfare of that dream city of palaces, the splendidly successful Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, you skirt a park fronting the shore, coming soon to the Army Transport Docks and Fort Mason, on Black Point. Just beyond are a municipal recreation pier and Aquatic Park, neighboring Fishermen's Wharf, which we have already visited. In the other direction, west of the Palace of Fine Arts, are the Presidio of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge.

With coast defenses far-flung and formidable, San Francisco has been called the best fortified city in America. Scores of rifled cannon of the most modern type command the Golden Gate, and many of the largest batteries hold the heights of the Presidio, on its southern shore. But not "frowning batteries" are these, for they stand in a park, bedecked with vines and flowers. The mailed fist, within a velvet glove!

Largest of United States military reservations inside municipal limits, the Presidio embraces an area of more than 1,500 acres. It takes rank virtually as one of the city's finest public parks, being free and open to all, though there are places where cameras cannot be carried. Roads smooth and hard wind amid woods of pine and "clean, lean eucalyptus trees," whence through the foliage one may catch entrancing vistas of the Golden Gate, the bridge, the islands, and the rounded hills of Marin. Beds of bright flowers flank many of the driveways; smooth lawns clothe rolling hill slopes; and by rustic paths the walker is invited to explore the cool shades of the woods. The officers' quarters are surrounded by well-tended gardens.

Truly, 'tis a most pleasant phase of Preparedness, this Presidio of San Francisco. Yet the engines of war are by no means absent; you may see some of them as you pass along—great steel guns of the disappearing type, behind solid bastions. You will look down, too, on narrow Crissy Field stretching along the shore, sending its war-birds aloft in swarms.

The Spanish word *presidio*, as we have already noted, signifies a

garrison-post. This is one of the oldest military stations in our country, for it was on March 28, 1776, that its site was selected by Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza, and the post was definitely occupied on September 17th following, by soldiers under Lieutenant José Joaquín Moraga. The Presidio was thus the first permanent settlement made within what is now San Francisco, though the Mission Dolores was dedicated soon after, early in October. The oldest structure within the present city is the one-story adobe building, originally the commandante's headquarters, long part of the officers' quarters and now a community social center for officers and their families, which was erected in the founding-year, 1776. Beneath its roof many notables have foregathered, but none so dear to romance as Concepción de Arguello and Rezanoff, Chancellor of Tsar Alexander I, of Russia. The beauteous señorita, sweet sixteen, daughter of the commandante, captivated the heart of the Russian, who came on a mission of diplomatic importance in 1806, to negotiate for Russian settlements to northward. Here they plighted their troth, and on his departure he gave promise to petition his imperial master for dispensation to marry one not of his faith, when he would return and claim his bride. He perished when thrown from his horse in far Siberia on his homeward journey. Years later, when, after weary waiting, she learned of his tragic end, she took the veil.

Many distinguished military leaders have been stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco. Albert Sidney Johnston, William Tecumseh Sherman, Phil Sheridan, Fred Funston, commanded here. Some years before the first World War the officer in command was John Pershing—"Black Jack," as his men who had served with him in the Philippines called him.

Attractive indeed to the civilian are the dress parades, drills, inspections, guard-mounts and other events of military life at the Presidio. Great service hospitals stand here; and in the National Cemetery sleep many of our country's warrior heroes.

On the north shore, where the tongue of land known as Fort Point reaches out, the Spaniards in 1793 set up the Castillo de San Joaquín, which the Americans replaced by Fort Winfield Scott, begun in 1854 and completed in 1861. This interesting old brick coast defense, built along the same lines as Fort Sumter, now dis-

used, stands beneath the approach-span of the Golden Gate Bridge. What a fate for this fort which never fired a shot in anger, tucked away under a bridge!

A world-wonder is the Golden Gate Bridge, which was finished in 1937. A single suspension unit 4,650 feet long from end to end—8,943 feet long, between portals—it ranks second in length to the San Francisco Bay bridge, but is far shorter. Its suspension span, though, is the longest ever engineered. Without citing the astounding figures it would be hard to give a conception of its magnitude. So here goes: The two towers, one at Fort Point and the other at Lime Point across on the Marin shore, are 4,200 feet apart, and they rise 800 feet above the bed of the Golden Gate and 744 feet above mean high water—as tall as sixty-six-story skyscrapers. The bridge deck, supported by the two massive steel cables, is 90 feet wide; and its clearance above the main channel at any time is 220 feet, so that the greatest liners can pass beneath, dwarfed in size. A popular diversion is to walk out on one of the pedestrian lanes and watch the ships pass below.

Motorists may drive between the Presidio and Golden Gate Park along a splendid mile-long boulevard known as the Presidio Parkway. Near the entrance to this parkway lies Mountain Lake, sparkling in the midst of green lawns and shrubbery, and beyond to eastward stretch the Presidio golf-links. From Mountain Lake runs pretty Lobos Creek, a rivulet which was the first source of San Francisco's water supply. It flows into the ocean at Baker's Beach, a curving strip of sand on the outer border of the Presidio reservation. China Cove, beyond, is a state park, set aside for public recreation.

Westward of these beaches you will view some rugged coast scenery, its climax at Land's End, where mighty ocean waves storm the cliffs. One might spend hours exploring the sea caves and jagged crags about Land's End, or watching the ships as they pass the island lighthouse of Mile Rock and enter the Golden Gate.

Holding the heights above Land's End is Lincoln Park, and nowhere can you gain more inspiring views than these of ocean, straits, and "the citied hills of San Francisco," as Stevenson calls them. In such superb setting lies a municipal golf-course, and the

golfer as he looks seaward fancies that he can almost loft a ball onto the deck of the passing ocean liner bound for Sydney or Yokohama. West of the links stands Fort Miley, an artillery post of great strength; and from here it is only a short walk or ride to Sutro Heights.

On a noble hillcrest in Lincoln Park, overlooking the Golden Gate, stands the California Palace of the Legion of Honor—a replica of the Palace of the Legion in Paris. Appropriately, it is the gift of the Spreckels family in honor of Californians who fell in World War I. Constantly changing exhibits of the fine arts are features of the museum, and the permanent collections include paintings by French and American artists, the latter, of course, predominantly Californians; the animal sculpture of Arthur Putnam, who delighted especially in lithe pumas in action; Oriental art-objects, and innumerable beautiful trophies of the spade of the archeologist. Relics of World War I are here, too, representing all fronts on which American expeditionary forces fought.

A magnificent pipe organ is a feature of the Legion Palace. You will delight to wander through the sheltered courtyards, with their fountains and elfin statuary. In the main court before the Legion Palace, your attention is sure to be arrested by a striking original of Rodin's figure, "The Thinker." Equestrian statues of Joan of Arc and The Cid stand near the outer entrance to the museum.

The lofty flagpole here marks the end of the Lincoln Highway, great transcontinental route. Another landmark is the remnant of a Chinese mortuary chapel, where deceased Celestials had temporary burial pending their transportation to the land of their fathers for final interment. Lincoln Park was early a city cemetery, though used mainly by the poor and by foreigners, principally sailors.

From Lincoln Park you may continue around the coast to where, upon the seaward margin of the peninsula, lies the Ocean Beach. Here upon the city's western edge the great Pacific surges come bounding it, sweeping up the shelving sandy beach, dashed to white spray against the Seal Rocks and against that lofty promontory on which the Cliff House stands. Along the shore the happy hundreds take their holidays—young and old wading through the foam of the surf, picknicking among the dunes, or intent upon the construction



of sand fortifications. And all these are sights in the city of San Francisco! This whole stretch of splendid beach lies within the municipal limits, and it is only five miles from the Civic Center to Seal Rocks. Most fortunate of city-dwellers are those of San Francisco, for theirs forever is the companionship of the sea—and of mountains and forests and gardens also.

High above the northern end of the beach, at Point Lobos, is the Cliff House. The present massive structure is the fourth of this famous name to occupy the site since 1863. Mining millionaires of the early days, presidents, kings, a courtful of lords—the great of the earth—have wined and dined at the Cliff House and watched the sea-lions play. Nobility must have coveted the site for castle or château; there can be few indeed which command a panorama of such grandeur. Below, the sea-lions romp among the breakers and lie upon the spray-drenched rocks, basking their smooth, portly bodies in the sunshine. They sport about as unconcernedly as if their habitat were in the midst of the Pacific, and they are well-nigh as secure against harm as if it were. Although history tells us that the robust crew of Francis Drake feasted long and well upon their ponderous ancestors, now they are safely under the guardianship of Park Commissioners. Rejoicing in the scientific name *Eumetopias stelleri*, they rejoice also because their furs are not of the texture sought for sealskin sacques; though when they arise wet and glittering from the waves their brown coats have all the gloss and sheen of satin.

From the terrace on the face of the cliff you may watch these amphibians at close range, and if you wish may bring them even nearer, through binoculars. And though their singing is hoarse and coarse, it's as good as a play to watch their acting—great, big, bounding, humorous fellows they are, ungainly yet beautiful, wise beyond all wisdom. Whether they be buffeting the waters or lumbering heavily up the sea crags, their movements are fascinating to behold, and it will be strange indeed if you do not watch them many minutes.

On the heights above are Sutro Gardens—the estate of Adolph Sutro, Comstock millionaire and mayor of San Francisco half a century ago. Here, as in Golden Gate Park, you see acres of green-

ery where once the barren sand-dunes spread. Flowers of every hue bloom all year round, and though this lofty site stands on the very margin of the Pacific, trees flourish here which usually are seen only in more southern latitudes—the feathery-blossomed acacia, for instance, and the graceful pepper tree. The gardens are laid out in the Italian style, with formal terraces and arbors and shell grottoes, with palm-lined avenues, making it altogether a delightful place in which to wander; and at the parapet even the most light-footed explorer will pause, for the view thence out over the ocean is a lasting inspiration. On the far horizon stand the Farallones, twenty-three miles distant, rocky islets which were once proposed as a second Heligoland, impregnable fortresses behind which an American fleet could concentrate for the defense of our Pacific Coast. The loftiest of the isles, the Southeast Farallon, 350 feet high, is surmounted by a lighthouse tower.

Southward along the shore below Sutro Heights extends the parked boulevard known as the Great Highway, and on its seaward side lies the beach, the sands down which every year the Olympic Club athletes troop to their widely-publicized New Year's Day dip in the surf. The Great Highway, after passing a zone of amusement concessions, skirts the western border of Golden Gate Park, guarded by giant Dutch windmills.

Every San Franciscan wants every visitor to see Golden Gate Park. It is the particular pride of the city, and well it may be, for there is not a finer municipal park in all America. Covering a thousand acres, reaching far inland from the ocean, almost the entire tract is in a high state of cultivation—a garden of greenery, with sparkling lakes scattered throughout its length. Hundreds of varieties of plant life from all parts of the world flourish here in the open air, paying thus their graceful tribute to the climate of San Francisco. The beds of richly-colored flowers which adorn the walks are in bloom throughout the year, in winter as in summer. You would never believe that this garden at one time was a desert, yet in 1870, when reclamation of the area commenced it was no more than a desolate expanse of sand-hills.

Today it is a glorious achievement in landscape gardening, harmonious in plan, yet infinitely varied—the master-work of John

McLaren. Miles-long driveways and bridle paths lead in every direction, banked with bright border-flowers and shade trees over-arching. There are trees uncountable, too, in forests and groves—fir, birch, elm, maple, cypress, eucalyptus, pepper trees; palms of every sort; the strange contorted live-oaks of California. Thick-set bamboo forests grow here, a plantation of Australian tea-trees, and brakes of tree-ferns on the hill slopes. The Arizona Garden presents an array of cactus and other strange desert growths. Most famous of the park's flower-shows is the blooming of thousands of rhododendrons in late spring.

Many of the rarer exotic plants are in the Conservatories, near the main drive. Here the air is heavy with rich tropical fragrances, and in a tangle like a Java jungle grow orchids, begonias, lianas, palms, rare ferns, papyrus, water-lilies in magnificent profusion. From the tropics also come many of the birds which range the great Aviary on the hill southwest of the Conservatories, living here amid natural surroundings. Some of the birds are bright as the flowers, dazzling in the brilliance of their plumage; many are sweet singers, and the sundown song of the myriad of warblers is music as exquisite as any this side Paradise. Ostriches, peacocks and pheasants display their fine feathers in dwellings of their own; and navigating the placid waters of the lakes you will see geese and swans, ducks and portly pelicans, most of them of tame and confiding dispositions.

Wild animals inhabit scattered enclosures. Graceful deer and antelope browse in the Deer Park; and no less an authority than Buffalo Bill bestowed praise on the sleek bison herds which graze in ample paddocks near Chain-of-Lakes. California, of course, is represented by burly members of the bear family. A herd of elk—wapiti—wanders in a glen west of Stow Lake.

The lakes of Golden Gate Park are all artificial. Circling around Strawberry Hill is the largest of these—Stow Lake—spanned by stone bridges and studded with islands, and down from the heights into the lake dash Huntington Falls. A broad road winds upward through woods of cypress and pine to the observatory which crowns the summit of Strawberry Hill, more than four hundred feet higher than the Pacific, whose vast blue expanse shines beyond the woods to westward, with the Farallones notching the horizon. Inland

but a short distance from the sea lies the silver Chain-of-Lakes, their islets mantled with iris and ferns, rhododendrons and alders. Upon the brink of Lloyd Lake rises a noble marble architrave, once—before the great fire—the entrance to the Towne residence on Nob Hill. Gleaming white in the midst of a clump of dark yew trees, and casting a perfect reflection on the mirror waters, these “Portals of the Past” exercise a strange fascination.

Another spell is cast within the Oriental Tea Garden, a bit of ancient Yeddo transplanted to the Occident. Amidst dense greenery, quaint high-arched bridges span dark pools where the frogs croak in lusty chorus, frogs sunning themselves on lily-pads beneath which fat goldfish lazily swim. Strange dwarf pines and cedars cast reflections into still waters, and the air is sweet with their redolence, and with the haunting perfumes of the flowers of Japan—climbing wistaria, azalea, fragile-petaled iris, and cherry blossoms white and pink. All are free to enter this garden of delight, may set their picnic lunches on the tables under the trees. Here in a story-book Japanese house, too, you may sit within and be refreshed with fragrant tea and delicate rice wafers, served by dainty Oriental maidens attired in costumes which show forth flowers brighter than any that ever grew in garden.

Near the Music Stand is the Memorial Museum, with treasures which scarcely can be detailed, so many are they. The nucleus of the collections was formed in 1894 at the Midwinter Fair, a successful exposition held by San Francisco following the Chicago World's Fair. An imposing rose-colored building in the Spanish Renaissance style, with high and massive central tower flanked by spacious wings, now houses the collections. Every year they are viewed by almost a million people.

Much admired is the fountain before the entrance of the museum—an irregularly shaped pool, with the figures of two pumas, enchanted by the music of a happy young Pan.

The art collection in the museum, with examples of the work of acknowledged old masters, presents also modernistic paintings in bewildering array. A striking exhibit of work by California artists includes landscapes of alluring beauty. In the statuary hall you will pause before Story's tragic figure of “King Saul,” and another treas-

ure almost priceless is the gigantic Doré bronze vase, "The Vintage," in the entrance lobby.

Besides the expected Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, coins and medals, arms and armor, and the furniture and textile collections—and all these are very fine—the museum holds much of distinctive Western interest. In the Pioneer Room are reminders of early days in California, the more precious because so much local historic material was destroyed in the great San Francisco fire. The Indian basket collection is extensive, and the barbaric culture of the Amerinds from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska is revealed in the varied displays. Among the ethnological exhibits, that representing the South Seas is notably complete, and the Oriental art-objects delight with their brilliance and variety. Jewels, ceramics, fine glass, tapestries, period costumes, musical instruments, models of ships—what hope even to hint at the superb scope of the collections?

The mineral galleries are filled with specimens rare and curious, with the mining industry of California accorded due precedence. Natural history collections place emphasis on display of birds and beasts, reptiles and fishes of the Pacific area.

Most important of such collections, however, are those of the California Academy of Sciences, its museum standing also in Golden Gate Park, across from the other, beyond the Concert Valley. Particularly notable here are the splendid habitat groups of mammals and birds, showing them in their natural environment. The display of water birds is declared to be the most complete in America. This museum houses large and rare collections, including entomological and botanical specimens, and altogether presents a comprehensive exhibition of the wild life of California. An American Indian collection occupies a separate display-room, emphasis, of course, being placed upon artifacts of the California tribes. The African Hall, an adjoining building with habitat groups of animals and birds of the Dark Continent, is better than a circus. The big game here and much else are gifts of Leslie Simson.

Adjoining this Natural History Museum on the west is the Steinhart Aquarium—pronounced by travelers equal to the famous aquariums in Honolulu and Naples, and at the Battery in New York City. Fish strange and beautiful are here assembled, brought from

the far corners of the earth, or rather the sea, often at tremendous expense. Hawaii and the South Seas are liberally represented with brilliant-colored fish, and many are grotesque in form. Lighting arrangements are skillfully disposed.

An interesting sight is the feeding of the seals which disport in large outdoor tank-pools near the entrance to the Aquarium.

On every Sunday and holiday in the year a band plays before appreciative throngs in the outdoor Temple of Music, which faces the Concert Valley and its arbor of elm trees, between the Memorial Museum and the Natural History Museum group.

Adornment of this wonderful park has not been left to the landscape gardener alone, for here and there amid its lawns and coppice rise monuments, many of them patriotic in sentiment, including memorials to three of our presidents—Grant, Garfield, and McKinley. A monument to Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," towers near the Academy of Sciences museum; and others honor Padre Junipero Serra, father of the missions, and Thomas Starr King, whose oratory aided greatly in preserving California to the Union in the Civil War. That the people of San Francisco are cosmopolitan in their hero-worship, as in everything, is shown by monuments to Verdi, Beethoven, Robert Emmet and Robert Burns, and the Goethe-Schiller monument, a replica of that which stands before the theater at Weimar in Germany. Near the Thomas Starr King monument is that to Cervantes, one of the most unique and picturesque groups in the park. The work of Jo Mora, noted California sculptor, it depicts Don Quixote and Sancho Panza kneeling in homage before the portrait bust of their immortal creator, Miguel de Cervantes. At the summit of a small hill north of Stow Lake rises an immense stone Celtic cross, known as the Prayer-Book Cross, which commemorates the first religious services in English held on our Pacific Coast—by the company of Francis Drake in 1579, a few miles north of this spot, as will be recounted. Another reminder of old England is the bust of Shakespeare, sent over from Stratford-on-Avon (an authorized copy of the original bust in Holy Trinity Church there), standing not far from the Natural History Museum in the Shakespeare Garden, which holds virtually every plant and flower mentioned in the bard's works.

A monument of a very unique kind is on the park's ocean frontage—the *Gjoa* (pronounced "Yoah"), that stout Norwegian sloop in which Captain Roald Amundsen with a crew of but six men discovered the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 1905. This ship was presented to the municipality by the explorer. A granite shaft now rises beside the gallant ship, set with a medallion showing a profile portrait of the hero, with simply his name and his life-span—1872-1928—for inscription.

Near the ocean, also, but tapping an underground source of *fresh* water, are two immense Dutch windmills. The southern windmill is one of the largest in the world, able to pump 40,000 gallons an hour, and the northern windmill has a pumping capacity almost as large.

As the center of the city's outdoor life, Golden Gate Park is supreme. Here no admonitions to stay off the grass confront the visitor; across the lawns the children romp at will. Their favorite gathering-place, though, is the Children's Playground, near the Haight Street entrance. Swings, slides, teeters, and a merry-go-round make happy hours for the little ones, and they may ride on contemplative donkeys, in sober-paced goat carts, or on the elephants which are here at times. Boating on Stow Lake is always a popular diversion (especially with sailors "ashore"), and across the waveless waters of Spreckels Lake the children sail their model yachts in miniature regattas. Their elders are free to follow such restful pursuits as fly-casting, playing croquet, archery, and bowling on the green in the manner of our Elizabethan ancestors.

Kezar Stadium, where important football games are held, is at the eastern end of the park, and near by stands the Kezar Basketball Pavilion. The old stadium is another large athletic field, enclosed by a sloping terrace, south of Spreckels Lake.

A parked boulevard, popularly called the Panhandle, reaches eastward from Golden Gate Park into the residence district of the city, and the main drive from its entrance on Baker Street out to the beach is more than four miles long. Near the Panhandle and the northeast corner of the park, below Lone Mountain, stands the University of San Francisco, for young men, under the direction of the Jesuits, which was founded in 1855 as St. Ignatius College.

Not far south of the Panhandle, on a commanding eminence, is Buena Vista Park. A curving automobile boulevard and footpaths reach the summit, and the prospect thence is such as to justify the name; indeed, many think this the best close-up view of the city from a height, surpassing even that from Twin Peaks, which rise to the southwest.

Overlooking Golden Gate Park from near-by densely-forested hills to the south, known as Parnassus Heights, stand the handsome buildings of the medical center of the University of California, including the University Hospital. The School of Medicine, College of Dentistry, and College of Pharmacy are here, with the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research, the leading public health institution of the West.

On the ocean shore the Great Highway runs southward from Golden Gate Park a couple of miles to Fleishhacker Playfield and Zoo, at Sloat Boulevard—these constituting another city park, free to the public. The outdoor swimming-pool here is immense, 1,000 feet long, holding sea water with the chill taken off. Here is a whole series of tennis-courts, baseball diamonds, and barbecue grills for picnic parties. For the children, a big sand-pile and wading-pool, a miniature railroad, donkeys and goats to ride, merry-go-round and everything to make the heart dance with delight. Youngsters and oldsters alike marvel at the collection of beasts, birds and reptiles in these zoological gardens, so well arranged along curving avenues that you are likely to wander for an hour without noting the fleeting time. Lions and tigers and monkeys and elephants and camels and polar bears—well, it is no use trying to call the roll of the entire animal kingdom, and it looks as if most of its members are present.

South of Sloat Boulevard, amid the greensward of golf-links (one of the municipal courses is here), with the Fort Funston military reservation to westward, lies Lake Merced—Laguna de Nuestra Señora de la Merced. This extensive sheet of water is as winding as Windermere, and as beautiful. Along its banks and among the dunes of the adjacent coastland grow the blue lupin, the golden poppy, and other brilliant wild flowers in vast variety and abundance. And here you tread historic ground, for it was in the gray dawn of



September 13, 1859, that Judge David Terry and Senator David Broderick fought the tragic duel in which the latter was mortally wounded, here on the forested shores of the Lake of Our Lady of Mercy; or perhaps a little distance to the south, for the site of the dueling-ground is not quite certain. A justice of the State Supreme Court and a United States Senator, politicians embittered by the disputes which arose just prior to the Civil War, they shot it out, like Burr and Hamilton. Terry, the challenger, was a Southern fire-eater; Broderick was originally a New York man, and his death stirred wide public excitement.

Lake Merced is in the extreme southwestern corner of the city of San Francisco. Beyond here you are in the fair hills of the Peninsula, and the trips traversing them by the Skyline Boulevard and along the ocean shore already have been described.

Whether you take your leave at this gateway, or by one of the bridges, if you must go, it will be with regret that you depart.

## CHAPTER XXII

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### *Oakland, Berkeley, and Their Neighbors*

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THE cities upon the eastern shore of the Bay of San Francisco form a great urban community covering a hundred square miles. For more than a decade this has been one of the most rapidly growing sections in America and today its population approaches a million. While this favored region is a place of residence, it has been expanding steadily in commercial and industrial importance as well. Great impetus to industry came during World War II.

The site of the cities on the eastern bay shore is as picturesque as that of San Francisco. From the gently sloping coastal plain their houses and blooming gardens reach far up the heights which rise to the east, while above and beyond tower the high hills, with peaks which attain almost the stature of mountains. Looking down from these hills (from Grizzly Peak, for instance, behind Berkeley), it is seen that below lies one thickly settled community, one great city in which municipal boundaries are merely imaginary lines. Across the sparkling waters of the harbor and beyond the trans-bay bridge rise the gray heights of San Francisco, with the long rampart of the Sierra Morena sweeping down the Peninsula; and to northwest, beyond the Golden Gate, looms the clear-cut peak of Tamalpais. Such is the view from the hillside homes of Oakland, Berkeley, and Piedmont.

Don Luis Peralta, soldier of Spain, received a lordly grant here in

1820, the Rancho San Antonio. Gazing out from the heights over the broad expanse of hill and plain almost a century ago, Don Luis, patriarchal owner of all this domain, like Charlemagne dividing his realm, parceled it out in four ranchos, bestowing one upon each of his four stalwart sons. El Cerrito Creek was the rancho's northern boundary, San Leandro Creek was its southern limit, and for the division lines he used other creeks—Strawberry, Indian Gulch, Creek of the Lion. José Domingo Peralta became lord of the north, including most of modern Berkeley; Vicente Peralta was possessed of a large share of what is now Oakland; to the south spread the holdings of Antonio Maria Peralta and Ignacio Peralta. They all built houses of adobe, stables and corrals, and lived the simple, care-free life of rancheros.

At Temescal, now in the midst of Oakland, stood the old sweat-house, or temescal, of the Indians, and beside it purled a stream bordered by oaks. In those far-off days, deer browsed on the herbage, salmon leaped in the streams. Where once Spanish dons saw only waving grasses and wildflowers, toyon and live-oaks, today you look upon homes and shops and factories, and a vast checker-board of streets.

Oakland was founded in 1850. Two brothers Patton came upon a hunter named Moses Chase, ill in a tent near what is now Lake Merritt and stayed to care for him. They liked the place and bought land from Peralta upon which they erected homes. Clinton, the hamlet was called. The near by village of San Antonio grew up next—the lumber trade booming it—teams of oxen toiling from Dimond Canyon with loads of redwood. Settlers named Carpentier, Moon, and Adams took land west of the lake, though Vicente Peralta, foreseeing what was to come, tried to keep them away. The village was agog with controversies over "squatters' rights" and Spanish grants; some claimed land as settlers and others claimed it because they had purchased from Peralta. Everywhere in the region round about the old ranchos were gradually broken up.

Despite advantages of situation, Oakland grew slowly at first, having only 10,000 people after a score of years of unhurried existence. By the beginning of the century it had become a city of im-

portance, but it was after the San Francisco fire of 1906 that it forged ahead both as a place of residence and as an industrial center.

The visitor must not be content merely to pass through Oakland and the neighboring cities on his way to or from San Francisco. To gain an adequate idea of their beauty and extent he must visit them and seek out their varied attractions. All are easily reached by the suburban electric lines and by automobile across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, which was completed in 1936. Ferryboats, connecting with trains, still run between San Francisco and Oakland pier, though in diminished numbers now.

Now San Francisco and Oakland, as has been noted, are linked by the world's longest bridge. This trans-bay bridge, after leaving Rincon Hill and the San Francisco waterfront, extends first to Yerba Buena Island (long popularly called Goat Island, because of the wandering goats there in pioneer times), and beyond this forested islet, which is pierced by a tunnel—Treasure Island and the naval station are seen to the north—continues to the eastern shore of the bay and on into Oakland. Reckoning in its approaches, this double-decked structure is eight and a quarter miles long; the west bay crossing between San Francisco and the island is 10,450 feet in length. This, the most important section, consists of *two* complete suspension bridges—each with one main span of 2,310 feet and two side spans of 1,160 feet—connected midway at an anchorage pier of concrete, of massive proportions. This central anchorage extends 200 feet below the water, and rises 300 feet above it; and the height of the four towers ranges from 465 to 505 feet above water-level.

The double-deck tunnel, 540 feet long, through the top of Yerba Buena Island, is another wonder, for in bore it is the largest vehicular tunnel in the world. Lined with bright-surfaced tiles, it is 76 feet wide and 58 feet high.

The east bay crossing, between the island and Oakland, consists of a cantilever span 1,400 feet long, followed by five simple spans each of more than 500 feet in length, followed by a mole supported by concrete and wood piles. On the west bay crossing, the upper deck is 58 feet wide and it can carry six passenger automobiles

abreast, while the lower deck carries three lanes for heavy trucks and two interurban car tracks.

Cables supporting the suspension bridge are 28 inches in diameter, and more than 187,000 tons of steel are in the entire structure, and a million cubic yards of concrete. The cost—approximately \$77,200,000.

Earth and rock removed from the island during the excavation were deposited on Yerba Buena Shoals, adjacent to the north. Thus was created an extensive level area in the center of the bay, serving now as a U. S. Navy station. Before this, in 1939 and 1940, this was the site of the colorful Golden Gate International Exposition, celebrating in fitting manner the two titanic engineering triumphs—completion of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge.

Oakland, with more than 400,000 inhabitants, in size is the third city in California. The harbor has been improved until it ranks as one of the best on the Pacific, so that Oakland carries on a large coast-wise and overseas trade, while its position on the eastern shore of the bay makes it a great railway terminus. These advantages of rail and water transportation have brought many factories to the city. Industrial expansion was great during World War II.

Oakland's public buildings are modern and imposing. Towering above the business district is the City Hall, one of the tallest structures in California, the ball on the top of the dome being 377 feet above the street. From the cupola, reached by elevator, an all-inclusive panorama of the city and the bay region is viewed. Newest of the public buildings is the massive Courthouse, facing Lake Merritt, at Twelfth, Fallon and Oak streets.

The community has large and commodious hotels; theaters and shops befitting a big city are here. Park improvement is a feature of Oakland's civic program. Expansive gardens, both public and private, surround Lake Merritt, a natural water park in the midst of the city. Three miles around, the laguna is 160 acres in extent, and across its placid surface ply fleets of pleasure craft: sailboats, powerboats, rowboats and canoes. Lake Merritt's waters are salt; in fact, this is an arm of the bay, though cut off from it by a broad causeway and a movable dam.

On the shores of Lake Merritt lie Lakeside Park and Peralta Park, the former maintaining a large conservatory. The lake is encircled by parkways and paved boulevards, which are flanked by attractive homes and public buildings; and around it reaches a "Necklace of Lights," giving a striking effect at night, with the circlet of amber globes reflected in the shimmering waters.

The lake's attractiveness is enhanced by the presence of thousands of wild ducks which flock from the Pacific Northwest and even from the bleak coasts of Alaska to make their winter home on this protected lagoon. By spring they become almost as tame as barnyard fowls, and their feeding twice daily at Lakeside Park is always witnessed by throngs of admiring visitors. The birds are guests of the municipality, being fed barley as a public benefaction. Sea gulls and mudhens often edge in on this handout.

Prominent upon the lake shore is the great Municipal Auditorium, in Peralta Park, scene of many conventions. Reached by elevator within is a public art-gallery. Besides a small permanent collection of paintings, in which the outstanding landscape is "Storm King" by Gifford Beal, and etchings and block prints, loan exhibits of work by California artists are generally on view.

On the northwestern shore of Lake Merritt stands the Oakland Municipal Museum, not yet adequately housed, but with well-arranged and interesting collections. The California Indian exhibit is quite complete, and other exhibits pertain to the ethnology of many parts of America, besides Oceania and Africa. The Colonial kitchen and bedroom are especially noteworthy, and many other relics of early American life are also shown. A colorful display of the birds of California, with various other natural-history exhibits; collections of minerals, of coins and medals, and much else of interest, are here to be seen. The city's Natural History Museum, with extensive and valuable mounted collections made by the Snow expedition to Africa, is near by. Lions and polar bears are among the big game on display in groups; hundreds of animal skins, trophies of the chase, are hung about; and the collection of butterflies is certainly beautiful, but the housing and museum equipment leave much to be desired. Adjoining, overlooking Lake Merritt, is an aviary.

Sequoia Park, less than four miles southeast from the heart of the city, is largely redwood-forested; and beneath the redwoods are massed pines, laurel, manzanita, and a tangle of huckleberry and ferns. The redwoods here, mere "youths" of the venerable Sequoian race, from eighty to ninety years old, have already attained a remarkable height and dignity.

A recreation ground and the Oakland Zoo lie at the southern or lower end of the park. In the zoological collection are lions, leopards, monkeys, and other wild beasts, many of them captured by the Snow expedition, which spent more than two years in Africa.

Sequoia Park adjoins Joaquin Miller Park. The Miller property (excepting that deeded to his daughter, Juanita) was purchased by Oakland in 1919. For more than a quarter-century Joaquin Miller lived above Dimond Canyon at the lofty estate which he called "The Hights"—"three miles east, one mile perpendicular," as he described its location in reference to the center of Oakland. Here from 1886 to 1913 was his home, an assemblage of cabins still preserved as they were—"every room a house," with a pleasant walk in the sunshine between rooms. Monuments he created here for hero-worship, honoring Frémont, "The Pathfinder," Robert Browning and Moses; and his own funeral pyre, built of cobblestones, he set upon the crest of a hill. The Frémont monument marks the spot where the explorer and his men camped in 1847, and it was from here or from the hills back of Berkeley that he bestowed the name "Golden Gate" upon the resplendent entrance to the harbor.

Edwin Markham long was a neighbor of Joaquin Miller; and in Oakland, too, have sojourned such literary notables as Jack London (he covered the waterfront), Robert Louis Stevenson, and Bret Harte (theirs were brief stays), John Muir, Henry George, Charles Warren Stoddard, George Sterling, and Ina Coolbrith.

Mills College occupies a spacious campus below Joaquin Miller Park. Here since 1870, this is the leading college for young women in the West, ranking with the best Eastern institutions of its kind. Notable for the diversity of its terrain—combining woodland and lawn, canyon and lake shore—the natural aspect of the campus has been maintained, even with the presence of more formal gardens about the classroom buildings, and it is graced with native shrubs

and trees. Redwoods grow in the canyons; venerable oaks shadow the streams which tumble down from the heights. The naturalized eucalyptus trees, towering in masses of ragged leafage and bark-stripped branches, seem to have flourished here for centuries. Set within this campus, and fitting harmoniously into its vistas of hillside and forest, stands a group of residence halls, modern and attractive, in the Spanish colonial style.

Notable among the academic buildings are the Library, the Music Building, Art Gallery, Lisser Hall. El Campanil, a Spanish bell-tower, rises amid the oaks near the Library. In the Art Gallery is displayed a comprehensive collection of Western paintings, representative of the work of such artists as William Keith, Francis McComas, Maynard Dixon, Cornelis Botke, and others. Many special exhibits are made here.

Upon the forested shores of Lake Aliso is presented an annual pageant, the audience gazing across the little lake upon the players on the opposite slope. Some distance above the campus on forested heights stands Chabot Observatory, owned by the city of Oakland, for astronomical study.

Piedmont and the upper Claremont, on the hillsides overlooking the bay, boast magnificent homes, as do the Montclair and Rock Ridge districts. Piedmont is an incorporated municipality which is entirely surrounded by Oakland. It is unique in having only a scant block of stores, its area being devoted almost entirely to residential purposes. Fruitvale is a suburban residence section, surrounded by gardens, groves and orchards; Melrose and Elmhurst, situated to the south of Fruitvale, are delightful communities and beyond is San Leandro, not long ago devoted to cherry orchards, but now a growing city, with industrial interests.

Between Oakland and Berkeley on the bay shore lies Emeryville, an incorporated town with large manufacturing activities. Many interesting relics were exhumed from the Indian shell-mound once here, but which has now been leveled to make way for industry.

Berkeley, seat of the University of California, immediately north of Oakland, derives its name from the philosopher, George Berkeley, later Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, who sailed for America in 1728 for the purpose of establishing colleges. His devotion to the



cause of learning made appropriate the bestowal of his name on the educational capital of the West, for he it was who penned that prophetic line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

In 1853 Henry Durant opened a school on the corner of Broadway and Fifth Street in Oakland. This institution became the College of California, and it soon was necessary to secure a permanent location. Many sites were considered, and finally in 1858 Berkeley was selected as ideal. On April 16, 1860, at Founders' Rock (still a revered landmark on the campus) the site was dedicated. Eight years later, on March 23, 1868, the University of California received its charter, following the deeding of the property of the old College of California to the state.

A member of the first graduating class—of six—jestingly termed the University of California "the smallest university in the world." Now it is one of the largest, with more than 14,000 students regularly in attendance on this campus, and more than 25,000 at all branches. A great new construction program will care for expansion.

Holding a site which slopes gradually toward the hills and presents a commanding view of the Golden Gate, the bay, and San Francisco, here is one of the most picturesquely located of American universities. The campus is a pleasant place of green lawns, old oak-groves, forests of eucalyptus, and botanical gardens—all a setting for an imposing array of buildings. Many of the newer structures are of white granite, forming part of a harmonious architectural plan which is being carried out as the institution develops.

Entering the campus at Sather Gate, the southern entrance, you see before you to the right Benjamin Ide Wheeler Hall, a great classroom and auditorium building bearing the name of the revered president of longest tenure here—1899-1919. Walking northward, you pass this structure and the University Library, above on your right; and Boalt Hall of Law and California Hall, in the center of the campus on your left—a noble group of four white granite buildings of massive yet attractive architecture. Just south of Sather Gate is the Administration Building.

The university library, in the main library building here (made possible by the gift of Charles Franklin Doe) and two branches on the campus, has more than 1,000,000 volumes. Largest in the West, it is

particularly notable for the exhaustiveness of its collections in important fields of knowledge. Counting branches on all campuses of the university, the total number of volumes in its library (of which this is the central repository) exceeds 1,500,000. The immense main reading-room and periodical room are particularly notable. A number of admirable paintings adorn the walls, and a display of old books and fine printing is held in a series of cases. On the first floor to the right of the portal as you enter is a recreational reading-room for the students, the sumptuous Morrison Library of 20,000 general books. Upstairs are two other separate collections, one the Library of French Thought, and the other the Bancroft Library. This contains the largest and most important assemblage of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts on California history, and possesses materials on all the West, the initial gift having been made by the indefatigable historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft.

Below California Hall stands the Life Sciences Building, largest classroom and laboratory building on any university campus. It holds two outstanding museums—one, the herbarium, a collection of more than half a million indexed plant specimens, representative of every continent, for the use of the department of botany; the other, hundreds of thousands of specimens of birds, mammals, and amphibians, particularly of the West, for examination by students of vertebrate zoology and related sciences.

Across a branch of Strawberry Creek, which flows through the campus, stand the three imposing buildings of the College of Agriculture—Hilgard Hall, Agriculture Hall, and Giannini Hall, forming three sides of a quadrangle. To the visitor the display of forest woods in the corridors of Giannini Hall is especially interesting. Upon Hilgard Hall you will note the striking inscription by President Wheeler, "To rescue for human society the native values of rural life." Greenhouses and nurseries are ranged to the northwest.

Haviland Hall, center of instruction in education, lies to the east, near the president's residence; and higher up the slope is the Students' Observatory, used for astronomical studies on this campus. Nearby, above the north gate stands the Architecture Building. The handsome structures of the College of Engineering rise near by. In the materials-testing laboratory, among a bewildering array of

mechanical devices, are a giant universal testing-machine, largest of its kind, and models of the trans-bay bridge. Above, near Founders' Rock, is the Hearst Memorial Mining Building, housing a comprehensive school of mining. In the galleries is displayed an interesting mineral collection. The building was given by Phebe Apperson Hearst, in memory of her husband, Senator George Hearst, pioneer mining millionaire.

To the south, lifting its granite shaft three hundred feet above the campus, stands the Campanile—the Sather Tower, gift of Jane Sather, in memory of her husband, Pedar Sather. A wonderful panoramic view in every direction is gained from the outlook-gallery near the top, reached by elevator. There is no better way to study the campus than from this commanding height. In the tower hangs a chime of twelve bells, cast in England, the largest of them weighing two tons; and these are rung thrice on week-days during the university session (once only on Sundays, though), and on festal occasions.

Across a broad esplanade, toward the bay, stands South Hall, the ivy-covered red brick structure which once held *all* the university classes.

Above the Campanile are Bacon Hall, Le Conte Hall, Gilman Hall, and the great Chemistry Buildings, with surrounding laboratories, wherein much distinguished scientific research has been carried forward.

That good health and physical fitness may contribute to the development of clear thinking, the university has the Men's Gymnasium and the Hearst Memorial Gymnasium for Women, both on the southern margin of the campus, with swimming-pools, athletic-fields and tennis-courts; and near by, facing College Avenue, stands the Students' Infirmary.

In the southeastern corner of the campus, along a shaded brook, are clustered the vine-covered Faculty Club, the Women's Faculty Club, halls for the senior students, and Stephens Union, center of the social life and extra-curricular activities of the students, and headquarters of the Alumni Association. Neighboring it on the west, and of the same Tudor architectural style, stands Eshleman Hall, where journalistic careers are molded in work on undergraduate

publications. An art collection, including interesting Oriental objects, occupies temporary quarters just to the south. The printing-office, with the University Press, has its new building facing the western edge of the campus.

Bowles Hall, a dormitory for men students, and Stern Hall, for women, stand amid the eucalyptus trees of the upper campus.

An imposing edifice on the southeastern margin of the campus, rising in tiers on the hillside, is International House—a Rockefeller gift. This serves as a home and social center for American students and students from other lands, and is dedicated to developing understanding and sympathy through the association of young men and young women who will, in the years to come, be leaders of affairs in their own countries. At the time of its foundation, a survey revealed that one-tenth of all the foreign students in the United States were registered at the University of California.

Above the International House, at the mouth of a wooded canyon, is the California Memorial Stadium, an immense concrete structure, combining the characteristics of "bowl" and coliseum, wherein a hundred thousand spectators may witness intercollegiate football games. Edwards Field, with great running-track and athletic-grounds, lies not far below on the southern border of the campus.

One of the most distinctive features of the university is the Greek Theater, in a hollow of the hills on the eastern heights of the campus. Planned on lines similar to those of the ancient theater at Epidaurus, it seats a full myriad of people. So equable is Berkeley's climate that it is possible to hold outdoor performances at any season of the year, and under serene skies such artists as Sarah Bernhardt, Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams, Nordica, Tetrizzini, Gadski, Ysaye, and Kreisler have found inspiration in the Greek Theater. Besides this dedication to the muses, the theater is the scene of the Charter Day ceremonies, and various other significant University gatherings. The Greek Theater is a gift of William Randolph Hearst.

Great as is the state university in its physical equipment—and mention has been made here of only the larger buildings—its true eminence is in its faculty, with many recognized authorities upon important fields of knowledge, in its large Graduate School, and in

the original programs of research carried forward. "Let There Be Light" is the university motto. The Bureau of Public Administration and the Institute of Child Welfare are among the adjuncts of the university, engaged in special investigations.

Since the régime of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the presidency of the university has been held by David Prescott Barrows, political scientist; William Wallace Campbell, astronomer; and the incumbent, Robert Gordon Sproul, recognized as one of the ablest administrators in America, a progressive leader in higher education.

Besides giving instruction in all branches at Berkeley, the university has numerous divisions throughout the state, among them the University of California at Los Angeles, the University Farm at Davis, Santa Barbara College, the Citrus Experiment Station at Riverside, the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, and a number of professional colleges in San Francisco. The university is also kept in close touch with the people of the state through the field activities of its College of Agriculture and of its University Extension Division.

One of the broadest urban thoroughfares in California is Shattuck Avenue, through the center of Berkeley. With a population of about 100,000, Berkeley is prominent among the pleasant places of residence which have made city life in California so attractive. Since its first settlement in 1850, this has been essentially a community of homes, and its streets and boulevards delight the visitor. Claremont, in the south, and Northbrae, Cragmont, Thousand Oaks and Arlington, in the north, are charming residential districts beautified with greenery and flowers.

Many Indian rocks, most of them pitted with mortar-like depressions once used for grinding acorns, are in the northern part of the city, attesting that the region was thickly settled by aborigines. One on Indian Rock Avenue, near the Circle, is typical of these monuments of an almost-forgotten race.

Above the city rise the Berkeley Hills, with many vantage-points. Charter Hill, bearing near its crest the "Big C" of the collegians, is site of the Cyclotron, center of atomic research, where wonders have been worked. Beyond one may walk to Grizzly Peak. In the Cragmont district pavilions upon the hillside offer extended views out over

the city and the bay. To the west may be seen steep Cerrito Hill, forest-crowned, and at its foot the communities of Albany and El Cerrito.

The scenic Grizzly Peak Boulevard passes along the high hills, near the summit of the peak, which is surmounted by a fire-lookout; and from here you can drive northward to the Cragmont rocks. In Wildcat Canyon and the sylvan area beyond the first range of the Berkeley Hills is a regional park, shared by the people of all cities surrounding.

An artistic as well as an educational center, Berkeley is notable for the writers, musicians, and painters who have their homes among its oaks and eucalyptus lanes, on the heights overlooking the bay.

Berkeley has hillside homes, but on the other flank of Oakland the city of Alameda lies on a level island, across an estuary, with San Leandro Bay to the east. Several bridges and causeways, and a great concrete "tube" beneath the Estuary, give connection with the mainland. Along Alameda's residence streets are some of the loveliest of California's homes, standing in the midst of rich and varied gardens, while parks and broad boulevards add to the delightful atmosphere of this island community. More than half a century old are many of the shade trees which overarch these boulevards, for Alameda was laid out as a town in 1852. In early Spanish times it was known as the Encinal de San Antonio—*encinal* signifying oak-grove.

Alameda is blessed with a bracing climate, and the pleasantly warm waters of the bay afford bathing at all seasons. Broad beaches of white sand reach along the southern shore, and here have been established amusement resorts which of late years have undergone much development. Neptune Beach, largest of these, has a bathing-beach a quarter-mile long, with large floats close to shore; a vast concrete swimming-tank, brimming with filtered bay water, and amusement concessions which delight throngs of pleasure-seekers.

Every form of aquatic sport is enjoyed at sunny Alameda. Yachts, canoes, and motor-boats ply these placid waters, and along the shore stand the attractive houses of yacht clubs.

The industrial section of the city fronts the inner harbor, the Estuary of San Antonio, with busy factories and ship-building

plants, and in former days this was home port for ships of the Arctic fleets of the Alaska packers—some of the real old-time sailing-craft, their masts and spars towering in a maze of rigging.

Many pleasant trips may be taken round about Oakland. Among these are the trip along Grizzly Peak Boulevard behind Berkeley, already mentioned, connecting with the Skyline Boulevard, and the drive along the Tunnel Road eastward (a new low-level tunnel has been bored) into the Mount Diablo country, soon to be described. Some of the most interesting trips lead southward. The Foothill Boulevard runs from Oakland to the city of Hayward, and from here excellent highways extend along the base of the hills and on into the Santa Clara Valley. Hayward, in little Castro Valley, has many poultry and rabbit farms.

About two-thirds of the distance from Oakland to the city of San Jose, stands Mission San José de Guadalupe, founded June 11, 1797, by Padre Lasuen. The cornerstone of the first permanent church was laid on July 12, 1802. This was one of the most prosperous of the missions, for a time ranking fourth in value of crops and herds. In the year 1824 it attained its peak of population, 1,800 souls. The hamlet of Mission San José now has only a few hundred. Irvington, a somewhat larger community known in early days of American settlement as Washington Corners, lies about a mile to the west.

Because of its central position, Mission San José was the starting-point for many parties which explored the great interior valleys, and from here also set out punitive expeditions against the Indians of the interior. The alcalde of the native settlement at the mission, a chief called Estanislás, ran away into the mountains and raised a revolt against the whites. After an arduous campaign in 1829, he was finally captured by General Mariano Vallejo.

Of the original large establishment at Mission San José only the monastery remains, its vine-clad adobe walls rising at the very roadside. A modern orphanage conducted by the Dominican Sisters is near by, and on the site of the old church stands a modern parish chapel retaining many venerable relics, including two of the mission's bells, one bearing the date 1815, and the other the date 1826. The olive and pear trees planted by the padres still bear, and a well

from which they drew water is on the neighboring estate of Palm-dale, where the prosperity of all the growing things attests the unerring skill of the mission fathers in choosing sites for their settlements. That they had an eye for scenery also this Mission San José amply testifies. As to climate, records kept for many years at Warm Springs, about two miles south of here, indicate that this neighborhood enjoys nearly the most equable climate in the world. Comparisons show that of several score of places where there is small variation in temperature, only one, a city of southern Italy, excels Warm Springs in this regard. Milpitas, just beyond Warm Springs, is so prosperous a village that it can afford to laugh off the fact that it long was gently guyed as the Podunk of northern California.

In the high hills about six miles east of Milpitas rises the Calaveras Dam, retaining a lake in the bowl of the valley behind.

Nearer the bay, the trip southward toward San José passes through San Leandro and its suburb of San Lorenzo; then Mount Eden, whence a highway bridge crosses the bay to San Mateo. The old town of Alvarado, with extensive salt refineries, lies to the south of Mount Eden, and Centerville is about five miles beyond, to the southeast. Newark, at the lower left corner of a triangle formed with Centerville and Irvington, is a place of some industrial importance; and from here extends the Dumbarton Bridge, across the lower bay to Palo Alto.

East of Centerville is Niles Canyon, one of the most picturesque regions in the Coast Range, less than an hour's ride from Oakland. Through this winding gorge the waters of Alameda Creek follow their green channel toward the bay, and high on either side rise the hills, in some places wooded with native live-oaks, such as flourished once throughout all this region, in others carpeted with grass which is satin green in winter and spring, burnished yellow gold in summer and fall. The depth to which the narrow valley has been trenched shows that in former centuries Alameda Creek must have swept down with the impetuous current of a mountain torrent, and even today it is a considerable stream, in the winter months regaining some of its ancient greatness. Perhaps in other lands it might be termed a river; and such, in fact, was the dignity assigned to it by the good padres of Mission San José, who called this stream Rio de



la Alameda. Certainly it is of importance in that it has given its name to the county whose principal watercourse it is, third county in wealth and population in the state. The community of Alameda was named long after the stream.

The little city of Niles, at the mouth of the canyon, upon the eastern border of a diversified agricultural region, is of singular interest because of its extensive nurseries, with hundreds of acres thickly set with trees and shrubs, many characteristic of semi-tropic as well as of temperate regions. Still remaining at Niles are the ruins of a flour-mill built in 1853 by José de Jesus Vallejo, brother of the general. It is interesting to recall, too, that here were made some of the earliest motion-pictures.

Niles Canyon is traversed by highway and is also viewed from trains routed to or from the interior *via* Niles. If you are a good walker, an excellent way to see the canyon is to tramp through by the road from Niles to Sunol—a walk which can be made in leisurely manner, as the distance is only seven miles. Along the banks of the stream are beautiful picnic-places, shaded by oaks and laurels, sycamores and alders.

Sunol, at the eastern portal of Niles Canyon, is a pretty town almost surrounded by hills. Here a broad avenue leads southward from the main road through a luxuriant garden to the Water Temple, built open to the air and modeled on classic Grecian lines. Beneath the graceful dome a clear sparkling waterfall drops into a tiled pool far below, attesting the purity and clarity of the water, which is part of the supply of San Francisco.

It was to this place that Don Antonio Suñol came to settle. Though born in Barcelona, Spain, he had served long and well in the navy of France, and is said to have been present at the final surrender of the great Napoleon. After the stress and strain of the wars, he arrived in California in 1818.

Beyond Sunol lies Pleasanton, in a region known as the Amador Valley, with a guest ranch to the west, once the residence of Mrs. Phebe Apperson Hearst, and at that time named Hacienda del Pozo de Verona. A striking example of Moorish architecture, the "ranch-house" is surrounded by extensive well-kept lawns and gardens.

Livermore, principal community in the lovely Livermore Valley,

is to the east. Beyond here a steady line of traffic crosses the Altamont Pass, barren and wind-swept, down into the San Joaquin Valley at Tracy. But Livermore is far from barren, for here, as around Pleasanton, spread rich vineyards, producing juice grapes and wine of inviting bouquet.

A rodeo is held at Livermore every year—filled with thrills supplied by competitors who have spurred here from all the West.

So salubrious is the climate that Livermore is the site of the extensive Veterans' Hospital and several sanatoriums. Another proof that it is a healthy neighborhood, say the townsfolk, is that it produced a world's champion heavyweight, Max Baer, hailed among the fancy as the "Livermore Larruper." The first-comer, could he have known it, would have thrown his hat in the air with a cheer at that!

Robert Livermore, first Nordic to settle in this hinterland of the Contra Costa, was a man of sturdy character greatly beloved by the native Californians. Born in Bethnal Green, London, in 1799, he followed the sea from early years, voyaging to California around 1820. The fair-haired little Englishman won favor among the señoritas, and soon at the Rancho Agua Caliente, or Warm Springs, he married the beauteous Josefa, daughter of José Higuera. In company with José Noriega, Don Roberto herded his stock inland, and in 1835 drove on into the valley which bears his name, raising horned cattle, horses and sheep, though long vexed by Indians who stole and slaughtered his herds. Rancho Las Positas, comprising two square leagues, was granted four years later to Noriega and Livermore, but the Briton acquired his partner's share, and lived as the ranchero in an adobe house near Positas Creek until his death in 1858.

Don Roberto's hospitality was never-failing, and during the gold rush he played host to many Argonauts. It is not easy to realize nowadays that his was a frontier post, on the very outskirts of settlement in Alta California. An Anglo-Saxon pioneer in this land then new, Livermore was the advance-guard of the coming millions.

## CHAPTER XXIII

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### *Contra Costa*

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WHEN the early Spanish settlers of San Francisco gazed across the bay's expanse they looked upon a fair hill-backed region which they called the *contra costa*, or "opposite coast." This embraced what is now Alameda County, as well as that still called *Contra Costa*—to which the name has been restricted in latter years.

North of Berkeley it begins, with the residence town of El Cerrito, at the base of the steep tree-crested *cerrito* rising from the bay shore; and beyond, extending from bay to hills, lies Richmond, reached by direct ferry service from Marin County, as well as by highway and rail from Oakland and Berkeley.

The city of Richmond, six miles north of Berkeley, is almost entirely the growth of the present century. In 1899 there were on this site only a few houses standing in the grain-fields; now the population is over 50,000 and Richmond looks forward to a promising commercial and industrial future. Extensive harbor improvements are completed, and more are projected.

It is as a manufacturing center chiefly that this city prospers, and several of the large factories are worthy of a visit. The diversified manufactures of Richmond range from railroad cars to vitreous pottery, from heavy chemicals and giant powder to cans and steel barrels. The great Kaiser shipbuilding yards here made Richmond a "boom city" during World War II.

To one interested in the California petroleum industry the immense oil refinery at Richmond will prove a revelation. The heavy crude oil is brought to the refinery from the oil-fields of the interior, some more than two hundred miles distant, in great double pipe lines. The system of refining crude California petroleum, which has an asphalt base, is rather complex, and the various processes are interesting to observe. At this plant the raw materials are converted into several hundred different products.

Richmond is the beginning of "the oil coast," as it has been called—for along this Contra Costa shore are ranged the "tank farms" and refineries of the great oil companies. Industry here is on a titanic scale. Within this region are the world's largest sugar-refinery, the world's largest gold and silver reduction-plant, the largest steel-mills west of Chicago, great powder-mills, and scores of other major industries. All along the bay shore lies an expanding industrial area. San Pablo Bay reaches north from Richmond, and following along its shore the towns of Pinole and Rodeo are passed. As its Spanish name indicates, Rodeo was once the place for "round-up" of cattle, but that day has vanished.

At the entrance to the Straits of Carquinez, which unite the larger bay with Suisun Bay, you see the great Carquinez Bridge—a spectacular structure which is one of the important highway bridges in America, its main towers rising to a height of 325 feet above the water—equal to a twenty-two-story skyscraper. The length of the main bridge, not counting the approaches, is almost two-thirds of a mile, and it is more than forty feet wide.

The Carquinez Bridge takes you to Vallejo and to highways leading north. To Vallejo it is only three miles from the bridgehead.

Vallejo, commonly pronounced "Val-lay'-ho," is attractively situated on rolling hills overlooking San Pablo Bay. Many of the inhabitants are employed at the Mare Island Navy Yard, which lies opposite across a narrow channel, as you may observe admirably from the Carquinez Bridge.

Founded by General Mariano Vallejo, head of one of the leading native California families, the city was for a time, in 1851-52 and again in 1853, the capital of the state. The neighboring city of Beni-

cia, which was the capital in 1853-54, bears the name of General Vallejo's wife.

Mare Island was called by the Spaniards *Isla de la Yegua* (Island of the Mare), in reference, it is supposed, to a lost mare which was recovered there. About ten miles in circumference, the island is long and narrow. A famous name is bound up with its story, for it was Admiral David Farragut who established the Mare Island Yard in 1854. Many cherished associations are recalled by the interesting relics in the naval museum here.

Of particular interest to visitors are the shops, dry dock, and marine barracks. The Navy Yard is our principal naval construction station on the Pacific. Usually war-vessels, which may be visited, in normal times, are anchored in the roadstead, and often submarines are moored at the wharves.

A route of great beauty is that followed by the broad highway and the railroad along the southern shore of the Straits of Carquinez, here little broader than a river. The curving course of the channel brings to mind the significance of the Indian name, Carquinez, which is "great serpent."

Beyond Crockett and its vast sugar-refinery lies Port Costa, an important grain-shipping port in times past, but now of no great note. For years trains were carried from here across to Benicia, on the opposite shore, aboard "the biggest ferryboat in the world," the *Solano*; now there is a magnificent bridge.

At Benicia, which was for a brief period, as we have seen, the seat of California's government, the old brick Capitol building is now in use as a town hall. A military arsenal, established in 1851, fronts the bay; and at the old Benicia barracks, formerly here, both Grant and Sherman were stationed for a short time, when young officers, in the early '50s.

The lady Benicia, wife of General Vallejo, was a beauteous daughter of the Carrillos; and in the little Carmelite cemetery rests another who in her time was a famous belle, Concepcion Arguello, whose sad story is recounted elsewhere.

Following the southern shore of the straits, with Mount Diablo rising grandly to the southeast, you come to Martinez, at the mouth of the pretty Alhambra Valley, said to have been called once El

Hambre, signifying "Hunger," and the legend which gave it this title tells of the privations of early Spanish settlers. Martinez, bearing the name of a pioneer family, is an attractive city, the county seat of Contra Costa. John Muir, beloved naturalist, dwelt in this charming community from 1905 to 1914, in a house which is still standing and which attests that this passionate lover of beauty in scenery was at least careless of that quality in home-architecture.

Martinez may be reached from Richmond *via* Pinole by the scenic Franklin Canyon road, as well as by the route following the bay shore.

Continuing eastward from Martinez along Suisun Bay, through Port Chicago, you reach Pittsburg, in the lowlands at the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, just north of Diablo. This place is on an old Mexican grant known as Rancho Los Medanos. The word *medanos* means sand-drifts or sandhills, the name here being derived from the dunes which creep down to the river upon the rancho's eastern boundary. In 1849, new gringo owners of the rancho persuaded William Tecumseh Sherman to conduct a survey and lay out a city. Sherman hired a boat in San Francisco, and with a small crew made soundings and markings, staking out the best channel up Suisun Bay to the confluence of the rivers. He then plotted a large city here. Colonel J. D. Stephenson, one of the owners, dreaming of a metropolis to spring up, gave it the ambitious title of "New York of the Pacific," and as such started the present city of Pittsburg.

In 1863 coal was discovered near Mount Diablo, and forthwith this shore town became known by the fanciful name of Black Diamond; though the coal proved of inferior quality, and production ceased.

Salmon-fishing became the community's chief support, but in 1911 recognition of the industrial possibilities of the place caused the change of style to Pittsburg—a name truly prophetic in view of its assured development as the "steel city" of the West.

The great steel-plant here presents an inspiring sight of industrial activity. Open-hearth furnaces glow ruddily. You may see red-hot ingots weighing several tons brought out from the furnaces and sent through mighty rollers till they lie as thin, flaming red sheets

of metal fully a hundred feet long; or you may watch steel castings made weighing more than thirty tons. Processes in manufacture of wire, nails, corrugated iron, hexagon wire mesh, and tin plate are among those which attract attention of visitors.

South of Pittsburg, in the very center of the Contra Costa region, rises the grand isolated mass of Mount Diablo, which since 1851 has been the meridian base for the official survey of a large area of California. The Mount Diablo country is charming, and its ease of access makes it particularly popular. This peak, 3,896 feet above sea-level, is the highest in the central Coast Range north of Mount Hamilton. El Monte del Diablo, the Spaniards called it, believing that its inner recesses harbored a malignant demon who launched landslides down from its heights. A legend persists that when in 1806 a fierce battle was being fought on the mountain's flank between the Indians and Spanish soldiers, suddenly in the midst of the conflict appeared a gigantic war-chief bedecked with paint and feathers. To the soldiers it seemed that he issued from the very mountain-side, and as he struck many of them down with mighty blows the rest fled, throwing away their weapons and crying out, "El Diablo! El Diablo!"

Bret Harte recounted a story which he averred was partially substantiated in the report of a sub-prefect of San Pablo, that in mission days one Padre Haro met the devil in person on the summit and received from his sable majesty the disquieting prophecy that the Spaniards would be dispossessed by the gringos. In this encounter the padre suffered some injury, and though his muleteer insisted that he had encountered a bear, the prefect held that the enemy of souls might have taken the appearance of a grizzly.

This Mount Diablo region is reached by highway not only from Martinez, but also directly from Oakland or Berkeley, either by the Fish Ranch Canyon Road, by way of Orinda—a delightful place of residence—or by the Tunnel Road (which now pierces the lofty backbone of the Berkeley Hills through the new low-level tunnel) to Walnut Creek and Danville. Another favorite route is from Oakland through Dublin Canyon, Moraga, San Ramon, and Danville. The Mount Diablo boulevard, with an average grade of less than six

per cent, leads to the top of the mountain in two branches—the northern road diverging not far east of Walnut Creek, past Walwood and up Pine Canyon; the southern starting from Diablo, above Danville. The two branches join three miles from the summit, and an excellent plan is to ascend one way and descend the other.

On the trip up from Danville and Diablo the Devil's Slide is passed (the evil one was always sliding), and then Devil's Canyon, deep and steep. The road passes for a mile through the Garden of the Jungle Gods, where strange fantastic rock-shapes line the way, among them, *La Rana* (The Frog); *La Ballena* (The Whale); *El Perro* (The Dog); and the Old Man of the Mountain.

From the highest crest a magnificent panorama is presented, extending over land and sea—few peaks in the world offer such an expansive view. The snowy Sierra Nevada may often be seen to the east.

The ascent of Mount Diablo afoot is not difficult, the start usually being made from Danville or Walnut Creek. A spring of clear water gushes out near the summit, where many parties camp overnight to await the sunrise over the Sierra. A great beacon-tower is set upon the mountain-top to guide aviators.

Mount Diablo is a state park, part of the system of reserves set aside for the enjoyment of the people.

The Mount Diablo region may be visited by turning southward from the bay shore through the Ygnacio Valley to Concord. At Walnut Creek, a residential town amid walnut groves five miles beyond, the route enters the lower end of the beautiful San Ramon Valley, a long and narrow dale, where the fertility of the soil has brought prosperity and contentment to the tillers of the little farms and orchards. You pass pretty towns amid sylvan settings, such as Alamo and Danville, and throughout the environing hills are scattered oak groves and sloping green glens. In 1856 Bret Harte, then a mere youth, served as a private tutor in a family near Alamo. San Ramon is a village at the head of the valley and from here one may continue southward to Livermore, reaching Oakland and San Francisco by way of Niles. As the descent is made from the pass into the Livermore Valley, an inspiring view is revealed out over its widespread fields and vineyards.



An electric rail-line, besides the highways, extends from Oakland through Moraga and Lafayette to Walnut Creek and Concord. Northeast of Moraga is St. Mary's College, a leading educational institution under the Christian Brothers, of the Catholic faith, with a group of buildings in the Spanish-California style fitting admirably into the foothill setting. The court known as the Brothers' patio, with the chapel tower rising above, is especially charming.

An attractive feature here at St. Mary's is an art exhibit, the Keith Memorial gallery, displaying works of the great California landscape painter, William Keith.

On the eastern border of the Mount Diablo country, highway and railroad lead across the plains about Antioch, in Diablo Valley, where the delta deposits, laid down by the great rivers as they approach the bay, are noted for their amazing fertility. Our route veers to the southward, traversing a pleasant country, passing through Brentwood and Byron, with famous hot springs near by. Southeast of here one may continue through the low mountains to Tracy, on the main route between San Francisco and Stockton; but the Borden Highway, diverging from the road between Brentwood and Byron, leads straight across the peatlands to Stockton, an easier and more direct way to travel.

In the wild hills six miles west of the Byron springs, the notorious Joaquin Murietta and his band once held sway amid pinnacles still known as *Las Piedras del Muerta* (The Rocks of Death), and Murietta's cave is among them. Tradition, as usual, says that the bandits buried a great treasure in this vicinity, but seekers for the gold thus far have come away empty-handed. Another gold hoard never unearthed, so far as known, is that of John Marsh, pioneer, who adventured to California in 1836. He acquired the part of the Los Medanos Rancho around Brentwood the next year. On the road southwest of Brentwood stands the towered stone mansion which he built, wherein he received many guests, including the first overland emigrant party from the East, led by Bartleson and Bidwell, which arrived in 1841. Dr. Marsh grew affluent in the gold days, but his career came to a tragic end when he was murdered by a Mexican on the road between his rancho and Martinez in 1856.

## CHAPTER XXIV

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### *The Tamalpais Country*

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WHEN Spain's dominion was being established over Alta California, a warlike Indian chief, being brought over to civilization, turned boatman and contrived to earn a peaceful livelihood by ferrying passengers between San Francisco and the northern shore of the Golden Gate. To him was given the name Marin, a title corrupted from *El Marinero* (The Sailor), and when he shifted his ferrying to the company of Charon on the Styx he left his name with the country. Where once old Marin's tiny craft crept along, great swift ferryboats long plied, carrying back and forth thousands of commuters who dwell in picturesque suburban homes in the region dominated by Mount Tamalpais; and now the mighty steel bridge spans the Golden Gate.

Sausalito, gateway to Marin, is near the northern end of the bridge. From the bridge is seen the grim federal prison of Alcatraz Island, with Angel Island to northward. Holding the tree-covered heights above the bay, the delightful little city has been frequently compared by travelers to Sorrento, Amalfi, and other Italian coast towns; but in reality it has a distinctive beauty all its own. The hill-side villas and bungalow homes of Sausalito stand in gardens of luxuriant verdure, where oaks and palms, acacias and pines, flourish side by side. The native willows which gave the place its name (Sausalito signifies "little willow thicket" in Spanish) are still represented in the groves.

Many luring walks lead along the winding avenues and lanes of Sausalito, and up the stairways which scale the heights, with vistas of coast hills and the blue waters of the harbor. Immediately below spreads the inlet known as Richardson's Bay, bearing the name of a pioneer resident of Marin—Captain William Antonio Richardson, who built an adobe house on his Sausalito Rancho in 1836.

Julian Hawthorne, writing of Sausalito, calls it "Stairway Town." "There are stairways and streets as you prefer," he says; "the former take you straight up, the latter wind and curve, steep at the turns, but with less austere stretches between, overshadowed by dark green foliage. As you go you look up at terraces packed with gorgeous flowers, masses of deep colors."

In a little house on the hill dwelt a poet, Daniel O'Connell, grandnephew of that Daniel O'Connell whom the Irish call the Liberator. On Bulkley Avenue you will pause and rest at a monument to the poet's memory—a crescent-shaped granite seat shaded by pepper trees; and inscribed on its back are lines written only a few days before his passing:

I have a castle of Silence, flanked by a lofty keep,  
And across the drawbridge lieth the lovely chamber of sleep.

There's a vacation air about Sausalito befitting the portal to a country famed as Vacationland. The bay here is crowded with yachts and other pleasure craft; leisure-loving anglers linger always along the wharves; and many of the hikers make Sausalito a point of departure for the hill-land trails.

Visitors discover every phase of California's loveliness in scenic Marin. Embraced within its borders are mountains, canyons, lakes, hill-guarded valleys, and stretches of primeval forest through which flow tumbling streams. Its rugged coastland fronts the Pacific, and here the bracing sea air catches up the fragrance of the woodlands. The sweep of Marin's coast line embraces bays and beaches, coves and lagoons. Bolinas Bay and Lagoon, Drake's Bay and landlocked Tomales Bay form the main indentations of the ocean shore, with Richardson's Bay and other sparkling inlets of the great Bay of San Francisco on the eastern side.

Abounding as it is in natural beauty, this land is doubly interest-

ing because of its colorful historic background. For centuries it was held by warrior tribes of Indians. From the Tamal tribe came the name Tamalpais (which may signify "Country of the Tamals" but more probably means Bay Mountain) and also the name of Tomales Bay.

Tiburon and Belvedere lie across Richardson's Bay from Sausalito. Belvedere, on a wooded peninsula joined to the mainland by causeways, has a Mediterranean aspect, with villa homes on the hillsides banked in flowers and lush vegetation.

The coast reaching from Sausalito around seaward, forming the northern pillar of the Golden Gate, is strikingly rugged. A highway extends from the wharf through the town and on across the military reservation, and as the road makes this winding ascent it presents a sweeping panorama of the bay. Fort Baker and its lofty batteries, more elevated than those of Gibraltar, stand guard over the Gate, which is here at its narrowest—scarcely a mile across. A little white lighthouse and a fog-signal station are at Lime Point below the fort, now dwarfed by the giant pylon of the Golden Gate bridge.

Continuing onward through the reservation, you can reach Fort Barry by road or trail; and four miles beyond lies Rodeo Lagoon, a long narrow inlet. To the south extends dark Point Bonita, outer headland of the Gate. You can drive or walk out to the point, at one place the road tunneling through the rock. On a shelf at the end of the point, more than a hundred feet above the ceaseless breakers, stands the tower of Point Bonita Light, in a setting of wild grandeur. Below, the sea-surges have cut arches in the jagged rocks.

Farther up the coast lies Tennessee Cove, with a delightful little beach protected by rock-reefs. It was on this craggy shore that the Panama liner *Tennessee* was cast away in 1853, and the wreck is time-honored in the name of the cove and the near-by point. One of the most picturesque indentations of the Marin coast is Big Lagoon, a couple of miles north of this cove. At its sandy strand, called Muir Beach, sheltered by headlands, many hikers enjoy surf-bathing or surf-wading before making their return journey to the city.

Fast electric trains and automobile highways make a wide area easily accessible from Sausalito. One of the most beautiful of the communities is Mill Valley, situated at the very base of Mount

Tamalpais, which at times seems almost to overhang, so steep is its front. Tamalpais is half a mile high, but it rises abruptly from sea-level so that it has the impressive grandeur of a much loftier mountain. Mill Valley is the usual point of departure for the ascent of the peak and for trail trips to Muir Woods and through the high-land region above.

In the little city itself, and the immediate vicinity, many luring walks lead you on. One of the finest takes you to Blythedale Canyon, filled with a rich profusion of trees and flowers. Charming estates lie all round about, where natural beauty has been joined with the landscape gardener's art. Another short walk leads to the massive ruins of the Old Mill, a sawmill built by John Read in 1834, which gave the name to the valley. It stands over the brook, just off Throckmorton Avenue. Up the stream you ascend ferny Cascade Canyon, beneath majestic redwoods.

San Rafael, reached by direct highway from the Golden Gate Bridge and from Sausalito, is the oldest as well as the largest community in this part of California.

The direct highway is the so-called Alto. cut-off, which diverges at Alto and supplements the older and more circuitous route through Larkspur, Kentfield, and Ross. From the eastern side of the bay the approach is by automobile ferry from Richmond to Point San Quentin, whence it is only three miles into San Rafael. During the picturesque crossing the boat passes close to isolated Red Rock, where once Indians mined paint-stuffs; and Tamalpais looms ahead as a single conical peak, with the grim gray walls of San Quentin State Prison in the foreground. This "walled city" of unfortunates rises on the bay shore, at the southeasterly end of the point.

Nearer the city, at Greenbrae, along winding creeks and inlets, are moored picturesque houseboats. North of San Rafael, near Ignacio, is seen Hamilton Field, a bombing base of the army air service.

San Rafael (here, nowadays, the name is generally pronounced San Raffell, with accent on the final syllable) was a mission town, but the last vestige of Mission San Rafael Arcangel, founded here by Padre Vincente Sarria on December 14, 1817, has disappeared. Upon its site rises a Catholic church, attractive in architecture,

which over its entrance has a presentment in colored glass of the original mission, and above in a niche of the main tower stands a statue of St. Raphael the Archangel, holding aloft a cross.

Mission San Rafael was originally established as an asistencia to Mission San Francisco de Asis, serving as a health resort for converts who had fallen ill. It grew to some importance in its brief span of life, becoming an independent mission, but the buildings were never very substantial and soon fell into irreparable ruin after the padres left.

Though the hospital mission was low-lying and unadorned, not even having a bell-tower, its site is delightful, looking toward Tamalpais, and with a beautiful rounded, wooded hill to its back.

San Rafael now is known for its attractive residences and for the military academy and other private schools situated round about the city. A suburban calm pervades the countryside. San Anselmo, two miles west of San Rafael at the foot of Red Hill, is a charming place in a sheltered valley, and on the way from Sausalito to San Anselmo are Corte Madera, Larkspur, Kentfield, and Ross, while to the north lie Fairfax, Manor, Woodacre, San Geronimo, and Lagunitas—all places where city people dwell in rural surroundings.

At Manor was the hospitable home of Lord Charles Fairfax of Virginia, a devil-may-care gentleman of California's golden era—"Good-time Charlie," of whom scores of amusing anecdotes are told.

Like stately manor houses, many of the present-day residences of Marin stand in broad estates. Whether the house here is large or small, its setting is a garden of seemly size—and all around lie playfields and parklands which assure that here shall be no cramping, no crowding ever.

It is an idyllic existence to be the proprietor of "a small house and a large garden" in Marin. Not all the houses are small, truly, but it is not needful to be rich to dwell in comfortable surroundings here. Some of the most modest homes are the most attractive. Roses bloom here from June to June, covering pergolas, walls, and gateways with masses of colorful and fragrant bloom.

Springs and underground waters keep the soil moist and fertile—the verdure of Marin is perennial. Bare hill ridges do indeed turn

golden brown in late summer, but the lawns and woodlands keep their refreshing mantle of green. Little wonder is it that evergreen Marin is looked upon as one of the most beautiful regions in all California.

Commanding a matchless panorama of the surrounding hills, forests, and sea, Mount Tamalpais rises in the midst of all—a lofty landmark. The trip to this dominant peak is one which no visitor to central California should miss. The first stage of the journey from San Francisco, as has been indicated, is over the span to Sausalito, whence Mill Valley is reached. Marin's mountain is scaled by automobile highway, and on this climb you will see the route of that historic "crookedest railroad in the world" which formerly made the ascent, with its famous "Double-Bow Knot," notable engineering feat in its day.

The panoramas unfolded as the mountain is climbed are ever-changing, embracing the mighty bay and its islands, and a hundred miles of hills. Here and there you cross shady canyons on the mountain-side, deep ravines filled with a dense growth of redwoods, madrones, oaks, and laurels.

Tamalpais summit is 2,608 feet above sea-level. Far below, outspread like a richly-colored map, lies the entire bay region, with its cities and towns—the homes of more than two million people. The skyscrapers of the metropolis can be clearly discerned. Far out over the Pacific extends the westward view. Mount St. Helena, more than fifty miles to the north, is plainly seen. Mount Shasta, nearly three miles high and three hundred miles away, sometimes may be made out, and on a clear day, from the trail circling the summit you can vision the snow-tipped Sierra Nevada to the east. In that direction also looms Mount Diablo; Mount Hamilton rises to the south, while the Santa Cruz Mountains are beyond, with dark Loma Prieta most prominent. As you saunter the broad trail around the peak, the points of interest are marked for you by indicators.

In a natural amphitheater on a western shoulder of Tamalpais, near Rock Spring, a pageant-drama is presented each year upon a Sunday in May—its theme often associated with California history or legendry.

Muir Woods and the Tamalpais country long have been the goal

of thousands of hikers. Coastland trails skirt the Pacific, revealing sudden glimpses of sea and cliffs; winding lanes among madrones and redwoods follow the courses of upland streams and circle lakes and lagoons that flash in the sun; steep-walled ravines offer thrilling ascents, and chaparral-clad hills rise from gentle slopes to formidable heights, challenging conquest by ambitious climbers. Most of the trails lead from Mill Valley, starting at the top of a long flight of rustic steps above the Old Mill.

There are several trails to the top of the mountain. From Mill Valley, perhaps the most popular route is that known as the Tamalpais (Temel-pa) Trail, which from Blythedale Canyon scales the east peak, whence the middle peak and west peak (the highest) are reached by walking the Eldridge Grade. Trails approaching the mountain-top are steep and covered with loose rock, so that you seem sometimes to slide back two steps for every step advanced.

This Tamalpais region embraces a reserve, in reality a great park, wherein one can roam at will, with only such limitations as are necessary to insure the purity of the water, protection against fires, and the preservation of plant and animal life. This woodland playground includes the peak of Tamalpais, and three beautiful lakes—Alpine Lake (by far the largest), Lake Lagunitas, and Phoenix Lake—all of them favorite objectives for walkers.

Alpine Lake is a reservoir almost two miles long, the spectacular concrete dam which impounds its water rising high in the narrows of Lagunitas Canyon. You can circle Alpine Lake by trails, though these are not always clearly marked. Lake Lagunitas is a sparkling sheet of water on the northern flank of Tamalpais, which rises sheer 1800 feet above.

From Fairfax a scenic highway leads westward to Bolinas, passing across the top of Alpine Dam *en route*, and from this the Ridgcrest Boulevard ascends to the summit of Tamalpais from the north. The view of Bolinas Bay from this boulevard is exceptional.

Most accessible of the groves of *Sequoia sempervirens* is that which lies sheltered in a shaggy canyon at the southwestern base of Mount Tamalpais. Here, in little more than an hour's journey from the noise and activity of San Francisco, one can find the solace and quietude of the primeval forest—Muir Woods. Usually the



woods are reached by way of Mill Valley, either by automobile highway or by trail, across a southerly spur of the mountain.

Muir Woods were presented to the American people by William Kent, conservationist, resident for many years at Kentfield on the northeastern slope of Tamalpais. President Theodore Roosevelt proclaimed them a National Monument in 1908. At the donor's desire these woods were named for John Muir, the beloved California naturalist whose work and writings contributed so much to the movement for preserving in national ownership for the perpetual enjoyment of the public, the finest of our scenic areas. He was a pioneer in the campaign for saving the Sequoias.

A hundred thousand visitors annually enter Muir Woods to wander and wonder amid the high-spiring trees, many of which tower more than 240 feet into the blue, the larger trunks ranging from 10 to 12 feet in diameter—not so gigantic as the redwoods farther north, yet truly majestic in girth and stature.

Delightful rambles may be taken up and down Sequoia Creek, which flows through the canyon. Paths are softly carpeted with redwood bark and fallen branchlets, the banks are masses of fern, and the air is filled with the aromatic fragrance of the forest. The sunlight filtering through the lofty branches of the redwoods falls also on Douglas fir, mountain oak, laurel, lacy ferns; and the little stream chatters in a merry undertone as it trickles down the canyon. A maze of trails leads in every direction through the wilderness.

Notable names are perpetuated in Muir Woods. The Gifford Pinchot Tree, considered the most perfect redwood in the grove, is 10 feet in diameter and towers 200 feet skyward. The Emerson Tree is another majestic redwood, honoring the Sage of Concord. Famous writers—Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Jack London, and Robert Louis Stevenson among them—have communed with the ever-living sequoias in this quiet grove, several of them staying at the old Ben Johnson log cabin in the very heart of the woods.

Bordering Muir Woods on the north is the main element of Tamalpais State Park, scenic area more than a square mile in extent. Redwoods, madrones, oaks, laurels and firs clothe the slopes and border the streams which plunge down the deep gorges. In spring,

a hundred varieties of wildflowers adorn the hillsides with brilliant colors.

An element in the state park is Steep Ravine, reached by several trails. The abruptness of the descent may be guessed from the fact that the trail through the ravine drops 1,200 feet in a mile and a half. Beneath giant redwoods and spruce trees, and amid thickets of fern and huckleberry, you can continue downward to the Bolinas road. Steep Ravine was given to the public by William Kent, shortly before his death in 1928.

Near the ravine stands the Lone Tree—a solitary redwood which is the outstanding landmark on the popular trail to Bolinas Bay. This was the route followed by the Dipsea Indians in the olden days, and now it is the course of an annual cross-country race, from Mill Valley to Willow Camp, at Stinson Beach. The trail, after it passes the ridge-top above the Lone Tree, reveals the sweep of Bolinas Bay and Lagoon, and the horizon line of the Pacific beyond. Downward the path leads, crosses Steep Ravine, and joins the road to the shore. Stinson Beach, three miles long, fronts Bolinas Bay; and behind a long sandbar reaching northward reposes placid Bolinas Lagoon.

An automobile road leads from Mill Valley over a lofty route to Stinson Beach, part of it following the course of the old Pipe Line Trail; and the beach can also be reached by road from Sausalito.

Bolinas is picturesquely situated on a peninsula overlooking the waters of landlocked lagoon and crescent-shaped bay. It is latterly a residential and resort town, but in olden times, under the Mexican régime, ranked as one of the chief ports of California. To reach Bolinas you can walk along the curving sandbar northward from Stinson Beach and at its outer point signal for the "skiff ferry" which will carry you across the channel to the Bolinas side; or you can reach Bolinas by the road from Mill Valley, *via* Stinson Beach, or by the road from Fairfax past Alpine Lake and over the Bolinas Ridge.

The precipitous cliffs of the Bolinas peninsula, rising sheer a hundred feet above the beach, are topped by a level plateau, the Mesa. You can walk along this tableland to Duxbury Point, and look down upon the jagged rocks of Duxbury Reef reaching out seaward—a

"boneyard of ships," where the partly submerged sea crags have accounted for many tragic shipwrecks. Bolinas Point is "the next corner" on this coast, and looking northward from there you gaze upon Drake's Bay.

A radio station beyond Bolinas Point is an upstanding landmark on the horizon for miles around. Just north of the town of Bolinas lies Paradise Valley, well fulfilling the promise of its name; and farther on, if you aspire to fare beyond Paradise, you can reach Pine Gulch and the headwaters of Olema Creek. The long rampart of hills fronting Bolinas Bay and extending northward all the way to Tomales Bay is the Bolinas Ridge.

North of Tamalpais, the Lagunitas region is dotted with beautiful groves of redwoods, popular with picnic parties, and in the "mixed timber" down the course of the pellucid Paper Mill Creek you will note many of these stalwart *Sequoia sempervirens*. Beyond Tocaloma you emerge from the woodland into the open rolling country. It was on the banks of this creek that an early settler named Samuel Taylor constructed the first paper-mill on the Pacific Coast, the purity of the stream's waters making it particularly adapted to paper-making. The creek empties into Tomales Bay beyond the town of Point Reyes.

The highway route along the eastern shore of Tomales Bay, leading on to the mouth of the Russian River, is to be described in a later chapter.

Tomales Bay is long and narrow, like a loch of the Scotch Highlands. A road leads over from Point Reyes station to Inverness, where there is a sheltered bathing-beach on the bay. From the ridge above Inverness Park you can walk to Mount Vision, with a view of Drake's Bay on the west, and Tomales Bay on the east; or from Olema or Point Reyes, wander for miles through pastoral Bear Valley and along Tomales Ridge. Leaving the old fish-hatchery in Bear Valley forest, a trail ascends the eastern slope of Mount Wittenberg to its summit, above Drake's Bay.

It was this part of the California coast which was explored by Captain Francis Drake in his gallant galleon, *Ye Golden Hinde*, in 1579. He is supposed to have cast anchor in the shelter of Point Reyes, and his men must have wandered inland. Even if they had

not come upon Muir Woods, one would have thought they would have ascended Paper Mill Creek to Lagunitas, and there have stood in wonderment at the giant trees, such as white men had never beheld. But no mention of the redwoods is made in the accounts of the voyage. "Jack ashore" is no great walker, and to the fact that Drake's men did not scale Tamalpais is due their failure to discover the Bay of San Francisco, after they had passed the entrance to the inner harbor in a mist. It remained for the Spanish explorers to discover the great bay and the giant trees, two centuries later.

In an earlier chapter some account has been given of Drake's visit to this land, which he called Nova Albion. He careened his little ship, bulging with captured Spanish treasure, took aboard wood and water, and such supplies as he could get for the long journey across the Pacific. The Indians were friendly and well treated, and wished to worship the English as gods, which the commander forbade.

"The next day after coming to anchor in the aforesaid harbour," recounts a quaint chronicle of the voyage, "the people of the country shewed themselves, sending off a man with great expedition to us in a canow. . . . The men for the most part goe naked, the women take a kinde of bulrush and kemming it after the manner of hemp make themselves a loose garment, which being knitte about their waist, hangs downe about their hipps, so affords them a covering. . . . The Generall observed amongst them all, that every one had his face painted, some white, some black and some with other colours. . . .

"Our Generall with his companie, went to prayer, at which exercise [the Indians] were attentive. . . . Before we went from thence, our Generall caused to be set up a monument of our being there, as also of her majesties and succesor's right and title to that kingdom, namely, a plate of brasse, fast nailed to a great and firme post, whereon is engraven her graces name, and the yeare of our arrivall there, and of free giving up of the province and kingdome, both by the king and people into her majesties hands; together with her highness picture and armes in a piece of sixpence current English monie, shewing itselfe by a hole made of purpose through the plate, underneath likewise was engraven the name of our Generall."

After a stay of thirty-six days Drake and his merrie men bade

farewell to the American continent and sailed away on their globe-girdling cruise.

Wonderful to relate, Drake's Plate of Brasse set up in 1579 was found near San Rafael in 1936, and later presented to the University of California by members of the California Historical Society. The "fair and good harborough" probably was what is now called Drake's Bay, but some historians claim that anchorage was Bodega Bay.

In November, 1595, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeño, brought his weatherbeaten galleon, the *San Augustin*, to anchor in Drake's Bay, where he lingered for a month. A storm battered the ship so unmercifully that it was wrecked, but the men had built a longboat out of a redwood, and thus safely made their way to Mexico after a perilous voyage.

It was early in 1603 that Viscaino sighted the point and named it Punta de los Reyes, in honor of the Biblical three holy kings (*reyes*) whom we call the three wisemen of the East.

Point Reyes and its lighthouse may be reached through a series of gates on private roads, usually opened to visitors. A bold, dark, rocky headland, it is one of the windiest points on the California coast, and sometimes it is banked with fog. The San Francisco newspapers are alleged to keep standing in scare-head type the line, "Ship Aground at Point Reyes," for it has been the scene of many tragic wrecks. Before there were newspapers here, a story goes, a ship hit the reefs, but the captain and most of the floundering crew were saved with a life-line which the vaqueros threw to them from the land—a line made up of their lassos spliced hastily together!

Point Reyes lighthouse, a white pyramidal tower, stands on the verge of a 300-foot cliff, at the westerly end of a lofty ridge. To northward, though, the land is low-lying, so that, like Point Sur, this headland from a distance often has the appearance of an island. A coast-guard station stands near the beach, three miles northward from the point. The intervening waste of bleak sands and lagoons figured as the "Sir Francis Drake estate," which an international swindler sold successively to hundreds of yokels in England and America; so investigate before you invest!

## CHAPTER XXV

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### *The Russian River Region*

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THAT a part of northern California was held for thirty years by Russian settlers is a fact little known; yet they have left their name with a river, and their outpost of Fort Ross may be seen today on the bold coast west of Santa Rosa. A variety of routes will take you thither. Newest of these, and one of the most scenic, is the coast highway.

After leaving Tomales Bay behind (if you are driving northward from the Tamalpais country) you come to the town of Tomales, somewhat inland, and continue north over rolling hills to Valley Ford and Bodega Road, whence a direct highway leads to the Russian River resort region. But the route which we are following turns west to the picturesque town of Bodega and to Bodega Bay, six miles beyond. The bay, within the shelter of Bodega Head, was named in honor of the gallant Spanish captain, Juan Francisco Bodega y Quadra, who was such a great friend of Vancouver, the British explorer. He anchored in the bay in October, 1775, on his return voyage from northern waters.

Russian and Yankee sealers and sea-otter hunters made Bodega Bay a center of activities around 1810, and in 1812 came the expedition led by Ivan Kuskoff, prepared to establish a colony for the Russian-American Company. The site fixed upon was at Fort Ross, to the northwest.

As you travel northward from Bodega Bay, the highway runs for ten miles along the sea—skirting Sonoma Coast State Park—on a natural shelf between the bluff cliffs and the hills reaching inland. Next you come to the Russian River, here crossed by a splendid bridge, not far from the river mouth. Until 1931 it was necessary to be carried across by an antiquated ferry. Beyond the bridge you may continue through the near-by village of Jenner and north along the coast, or turn eastward up the river past the old settlement of Duncan Mills to Monte Rio, about eight miles from the bridge.

As has been noted in passing, a direct highway runs northwest from Bodega Road to the river resorts. Its route is through the hamlets of Freestone, Occidental, and Camp Meeker. Joy Woods, with many towering sequoias, lie between Occidental and Bodega. Camp Meeker is a resort-place amid the redwoods on Dutch Bill Creek. Stolid as he may have been, Dutch Bill must have delighted in the forest giants and in the trout-haunted riffles of his stream. Monte Rio lies four miles to the north.

Another way to visit the Russian River resorts is to travel thither by a highway route diverging from the Redwood Highway at Cotati, passing through the prosperous city of Sebastopol amid its apple orchards, and on to Forestville, whence the road turns west to Guerneville. The tall redwoods rise from the riverside and crowd the slopes of the encompassing hills, in a region remarkable for its ever-verdant aspect.

This is the heart of Vacationland, along the romantic Russian River, with sand beaches and shady swimming-pools lining its course. Hotels, rustic cottages, tent camps, overlook this much-frequented stream. Rio Nido, Guerneville, Guernewood Park, and Monte Rio, all within a radius of four miles, are the largest communities. Here, facing the beaches along the stream's lower course, cluster many delightful retreats. All manner of craft, from canoes to high-powered motor-boats, cruise these lively waters. "Shooting the chutes" is a favorite and hilarious pastime along the river, and there are hundreds of these long slides leading down from the banks out into the stream. Swimmers swarm on the diving-platforms and rest-rafts.

Armstrong Grove, less than three miles north of Guerneville, is

a primeval redwood forest, set aside as a state park, free of access to all who come.

East of Monte Rio, as we have already noted, is the famous Bohemian Grove where the Bohemian Club of San Francisco holds its midsummer encampment and presents its brilliant Grove plays. Book, music, settings, and lighting effects are all creations of members of this gifted coterie. The natural amphitheater in which the plays are presented is a spot of surpassing beauty, well adapted to set off the sylvan pageantry.

Principal affluent of the Russian River in this region is Austin Creek, flowing down from the north; and a drive of about five miles up this considerable stream brings you to Cazadero, amid the tall redwoods. Resorts and camps cluster in the forest to the north, and westward a road crosses the mountains by a wilderness route, at last descending from the final ridge to Fort Ross, on the coast. This historic settlement is reached also by the coast highway, after a drive of thirteen miles north from the mouth of the Russian River. A wild-looking passage is that where the river merges with the sea, for the waves beat white against hundreds of reefs and rocks rising from the waters offshore.

Upon a cove sheltered from northwesterly weather, as seamen say, the Russians set up their stockade in 1812, calling it Fort Ross—to the Spaniards it was Fuerte de los Rusos. Redwood palings enclosed a rectangular area, about 300 by 280 feet, with octagonal blockhouses projecting at two opposite corners and a chapel at another. Within the stockade stood the commandant's house, barracks, warehouses, and jail, and outside were many workshops and a cluster of rude dwellings—at least sixty structures altogether. Russians and Aleut Indians were the colonists, sent down from Sitka by Baranoff, "the Little Tsar." They hunted for peltries, engaged in a few lines of manufacture, and raised grain, greens, vegetables, and some fruit for the Russian ships and the settlements in the frozen north. Several outlying farmsteads were maintained, besides a settlement on the Farallones—Russia's southernmost station. The Russian River was called by the settlers the Slavianska.

The Muscovite colony was not welcome to the Spaniards, nor to the Mexicans after them, and often it was obliged to bid them



defiance. It did not greatly prosper, and finally—due to a number of causes, of which one was the exhaustion of the supply of sea-otter skins—the Russians withdrew to Alaska in 1841, selling their property to General John Augustus Sutter. The old fort and its out-buildings gradually fell into ruin, hastened by the earthquake of 1906; but restoration work began soon thereafter, and now the fort has somewhat the aspect that it had of yore. The State of California owns this historic site, as part of its state park system.

Particularly interesting are the chapel of the Greek Orthodox Church, a crude two-steepled structure; the commandant's house, and the massive octagonal bastions, with their portholes for cannon. Some of the original redwood timbers are intact, after more than a century of exposure, eloquent testimony of the remarkable enduring qualities of this native wood.

The bold shore beyond Fort Ross trends northwesterly for miles, wooded to the crests of the hills. As you follow the coast highway you cross innumerable gulches on trestles and bridges, past old-time landings, many of them long abandoned. Stewarts Point is passed, and a long stretch of sand-dunes to Gualala, at the mouth of the river of that name—pronounced Wa-lá-la. Fifteen miles farther on is the little city of Point Arena, and just beyond juts out the first big promontory north of Point Reyes, where the white cylindrical lighthouse tower rises on a bare tongue of land, together with a fog-signal, not unnecessary here at times.

Along the coast, after crossing the Garcia River and passing through Manchester (taking note of the quaint old church) and Greenwood, you come to the Navarro River, up whose canyon lie redwood-groves, mentioned in the chapter on the Redwood Empire. Albion, a mill town, is a few miles beyond the river-crossing, and then comes another—Little River. This coast route presents seascapes rugged and grand. Smeaton Chase in his *California Coast Trails*, recording his walking-tour along the entire length of the California littoral, comments, "The piece of coast between Albion and Little River seemed to me almost the finest I had seen. Such headlands, black and wooded, such purple seas, such vivid blaze of spray, such fiords and islets!"

The route from Little River is through Mendocino, where Big

River is encountered, emptying into the cove on which stands the settlement, and on to Russian Gulch, a picturesque bit of rocky coast embraced in the state park system. By the name, it is manifest that the Slavs were here in force, as well as at Fort Ross. Point Cabrillo and its white lighthouse are a mile beyond the gulch, and the hamlet of Caspar lies around the point.

Noyo River is crossed at its mouth, with an inlet crowded with fishing-craft, and you come to Fort Bragg, the largest city on the coast between Sausalito and Eureka. Originally a little military post, established in 1857, it is now a substantial community, with large lumber-mills. The leisurely tourist may continue up the coast by way of Westport and Rockport, whence the road turns inland to join the Redwood Highway at Leggett Valley.

You may return to the Redwood Highway from the Mendocino coast country by still a different route from this or the Navarro River highway. A road diverges inland just south of Mendocino, leading through Comptche to Montgomery Grove, and continuing over the ridge to Ukiah.

It is a romantic region which you will view upon the tour to the Russian River and along the coast, south and north of old Fort Ross. How varied has been its history is emphasized when it is recalled that many flags have flown there—the banners of England, Spain, Mexico, Russia, California Republic, and (last and best of all) the United States of America.

## CHAPTER XXVI

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### *Two Valleys—Napa and Sonoma*

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EUROPEAN landscapes are not so often met with in this country, although Americans are notably fond of naming certain regions here, because of some fancied likeness, after famous places abroad. The delightful trip to the north of Napa leads into a countryside which is truly European in aspect. The opulent Napa Valley is bordered by rounded hills, sometimes cultivated to their very tops, sometimes crowned with dark, park-like forests. The tillers of the soil, many of them, are from Italy and France, and their little white cottages nestle in the hollows of the hills; stone wineries like ivy-clad medieval castles hold the heights and many of the old houses are of stone also. Scores of solid stone bridges span the shining streams which glide down into the lowlands. You might well think yourself in the terraced vinelands beside the Rhine or the Rhone.

From San Francisco the route is usually by way of Vallejo or Suisun-Fairfield, the valley—forty-five miles long and from two to twenty miles wide—lying to the north of the bay.

The name Napa, in the language of the large and warlike tribe of Indians which formerly occupied this region, is supposed to mean "fish," and to have been applied to the Napa River because of the abundance of finny creatures in the stream. Napa Valley was one of the first sections of California settled by Americans, some years before the overthrow of the Mexican rule.

On the way north from Vallejo by highway you come to the "Napa Y," where one branch diverges eastward toward Sacramento and the other continues straight ahead toward Napa, through rolling country dotted with oaks. As you near the city the Juarez adobe, built about 1840, will be noted on the right; and several other historic old houses are in the city.

Napa, in the narrowest part of the valley, is at the head of navigation on the inlet known as the Napa River, and a considerable water-borne trade with San Francisco is carried on, besides leather-tanning and other manufacturing.

Among the drives round about Napa are those to the north up Soda Creek to soda springs, of more than local fame; to the Atlas Peak region and to Monticello, about thirty miles to the northeast, offering a route to Clear Lake beyond; and, in the other direction, to lovely Lokoya and the Mount Veeder highlands, on the ridge between Napa and Sonoma valleys.

Continuing the journey up the Napa Valley you see a famous Veterans' Home to the west against wooded hillslopes at Yountville. George Yount came here in 1835 and he built the first dwelling in the valley, a log-house designed after those in his home state of North Carolina. It was of two stories, with the upper story projecting over the lower, and with portholes for defense.

At the state game-farm, three miles northeast of Yountville, pheasants are notably numerous; and near by is Stag's Leap, with stone structures of monastic solidity.

Oakville and Rutherford are passed on the way up the valley, a road diverging northeastward to Chiles Valley, where in the early 1840's another pioneer, Joe Chiles, stalwart Kentuckian, veteran of the Indian wars, set up his cabin and later his adobe house, and his grist-mill with its huge water-wheel, all still to be seen. The heavy millstones were carried hither from beyond the Mississippi River.

The journey beyond Rutherford, toward Mount St. Helena, looming ahead, is through groves of olives and figs and walnuts, orchards of apricot, cherry, prune, plum, pear, and peach trees. This countryside is one great landscape garden. At St. Helena you are in the valley of the vine, with acre on acre of wine grapes

stretching away in every direction. About St. Helena and Calistoga, hills and valley are covered with some of the most extensive vineyards in America, and the sparkling and still wines of the region long have been famous.

Near the highway between St. Helena and Calistoga stands the picturesque old mill built in 1846 by Dr. Edward Bale, an English settler. The great water-wheel, forty feet in diameter, replaced the original twenty-foot wheel. Few more interesting landmarks are to be seen in California than this quaint mill-house, which is of typical mining-camp architecture, with gable roof and false front. Inside, you may see the millstones, and descend into the basement, which formerly acted as a tail-race. Bale was possessor of the *Carne Humana Rancho*, its name a disquieting reference to the practice of cannibalism among the aborigines.

Calistoga stands at the head of the valley in the midst of landscapes of surpassing beauty, at the base of Mount St. Helena. Of much interest at Calistoga is an active "geyser" (it is so-called, though it is a spring artificially confined to make it shoot) which spouts hot water and steam high into the air at regular intervals; and there are several other such in the valley. Calistoga was founded by Samuel Brannan, a resourceful and forceful Mormon pioneer, who bought a tract including the hot springs in 1859, and had in mind Saratoga when he devised the name.

A show-place of note is the Petrified Forest, five miles southwest of Calistoga, where a hillslope is covered with massive trees turned to stone—of which more later. From Calistoga, too, you may drive into the vacationland which lies beyond the barrier of Mount St. Helena—Clear Lake, twenty-five miles long, with steep Mount Konocti rising from its margin, and with smaller lakes and mineral springs scattered all round about, each with its resort hotel and facilities for "taking the waters."

In another chapter the attractions of this Clear Lake country are reviewed, and the way thither leads over a shoulder of Mount St. Helena; but so intimately is the peak associated with the Napa Valley on which it looks down that it must be included here. "It is the Mont Blanc of the Coast Range," wrote Robert Louis Steven-

son, who loved this great mountain and who spent his idyllic honeymoon upon its slopes.

It was in 1880 that he and his bride, Fannie Van de Grift Osbourne, dwelt here for two summer months, coming down to Calistoga only occasionally. Stevenson recounts this passage in his life in *Silverado Squatters*, the notes for which were written here. The little mining-town of Silverado has disappeared—it was almost abandoned in Stevenson's time. But the old Toll-House, the inn at which his party put up and which figures so prominently in his narrative, still stands beside the highway eight miles beyond Calistoga, and a good trail and a new road lead up the mountain behind it, to the workings of the Silverado mine.

The bunk-house in which the Stevensons lived, in the shadow of a red lion-like rock, is gone, but a monument has been erected on its site, which is a shrine for admirers of the wandering Scot. The monument is in the form of a pillar stand which supports an open book, cut from rosy Scotch granite, all set on a rough variegated rock base. Here can be seen yet "the one tall pine beside the ledge," the shaft of the mine above his camp site, and the ore-chute. The tumble-down tunnel was used as a wine-cellar by Stevenson. From the natural platform where now the monument stands you still may "look forth into a great realm of air, and down upon tree-tops and hill-tops, and far and near on wild and varied country."

Mount St. Helena, highest peak for miles around, was given this name by both Spanish and Russian settlers in the forepart of last century. In June, 1841, Count Alexander Rotcheff, Governor-General of Siberia and of the Russian colonies in Alaska and California, led a party up from Fort Ross and with fitting ceremonies bestowed the name in honor of Helena, Empress of Russia. The Russians set a copper plate commemorating the event, on the north peak, and now a monument stands there in their honor. A road leads to it beyond the old Toll-House; and this summit is worth attaining. It is not only a summit, but a frontier, in the words of R. L. S.

"The mountain looks down on much intricate country," noted Stevenson. "It feeds in the springtime many splashing brooks. From its summit you must have an excellent lesson in geography. . . . Three counties, Napa, Lake, and Sonoma, march across its cliffy

shoulders. Its naked peak stands nearly 4,500 feet above the sea. Its sides are fringed with forest, and the soil, where it is bare, glows warm with cinnabar."

Admirable highways lead to two lesser vales to the east of the Napa Valley—the fruitful Vaca and Capay valleys—best seen in early spring, when orchards are abloom. Northward from Elmira you go, into a region at once prosperous and picturesque. The Vaca Valley is first traversed. Here you are in one of the early deciduous-fruit sections of California, and about Vacaville you see also extensive truck-gardens. The beautiful Blue Mountains, spurs of the Coast Range, rise to the west. Winters, on Putah Creek at the base of the foothills, reposes amid another rich fruit-growing area. Cache Creek flows down the Capay Valley. Guinda and Rumsey lie within a fertile district which sends out much agricultural produce, especially early fruits and vegetables. The outlook from the surrounding heights is impressive: the valley floor below is covered with orchards, gardens, and grain-fields, laid out like a map in different colors, while herds of cattle are pastured upon the green hillslopes. Cache Creek is the outlet of Clear Lake, emerging from a narrow gorge above Rumsey.

Over to the west of Napa Valley is a hill-circled vale of much the same aspect—Sonoma Valley, one of the most beautiful and bountiful regions of pastoral California. It is usually reached from the south by highway *via* the Black Point cut-off or the Carquinez bridge and Sears Point cut-off; and it is closely linked by roads with the Napa Valley.

About a mile or so north of Schellville, in the lower valley not far from the bay, stands the little house where dwelt "Fighting Joe" Hooker, a wooden structure brought around the Horn in sections. It was after the Mexican War that he settled here, a gentleman farmer, before he was called into the mighty conflict of the Civil War, in which he took such a dashing part as a Union general.

The northernmost and last-established of the long chain of Franciscan missions in California was San Francisco de Solano at Sonoma, in the midst of the valley. It was founded on July 4, 1823, fifty-four years after the first mission, San Diego de Alcalá. The formal dedication took place on April 4, 1824.

In front of the chapel now hangs a great mission bell, swung on a crossbeam. The mission, restored, is the property of the State of California, preserved with publicly-collected funds. Within is an interesting museum of local historic relics.

The settlement of Sonoma, constituted a pueblo after the secularization of the mission, became a frontier post of first importance, for it stood as a bulwark against Russian invasion from the north. The menacing cannon of the Muscovites at Fort Ross seemed reason enough for making Sonoma a place of strength, and accordingly in 1835 the presidial company was brought up from San Francisco and put into barracks here. General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo was in command.

Exciting times they had in Pueblo de Sonoma then. The Indians were generally peaceable, thanks to the friendship of the chief Solano, but in 1838 came a great pestilence that swept them away in whole tribes, seventy thousand perishing in northern California. In that same year Sonoma was raided by a band of fifty horse thieves who tried to stampede the herds. Vallejo and his troopers met them in open battle, killing thirty-four and capturing the rest. In 1841 the Russians withdrew from Fort Ross and returned to Alaska, but other and more formidable interlopers had appeared—the *Americanos*, many of whom settled in the Napa and Sacramento valleys. As their numbers grew they decided to follow the example of the Texans and throw off the rule of Mexico. On the morning of June 14, 1846 (that is the date generally accepted), a little army of thirty-three Americans took possession of Sonoma, tore down the Mexican banner, and proclaimed the California Republic. Above the plaza was raised the famous Bear Flag, which they themselves had improvised, taking this as their emblem "because the b'ar always stands his ground." The first flag was made by "a man named Todd" (a relative of Mary Todd, wife of Abraham Lincoln), with the defiant grizzly and the words, "Republic of California." Amid enthusiastic cheers the flag was fixed to the staff-head.

General Vallejo and several other officials were seized and sent as prisoners to Sutter's Fort at Sacramento. At first the revolutionists were led by William Ide and Ezekiel Merritt, but later they placed themselves under Frémont, "the Pathfinder." Outbreak of hostili-



ties between the United States and Mexico put a period to the "California independent" movement, but the Bear Flag remains California's banner and a monument in the corner of the plaza near the mission at Sonoma, with tablets on a great granite boulder, marks the spot where it first was hoisted. On one tablet is a bas-relief in bronze depicting this spirited flag-raising.

In July, Lieutenant Revere of the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* arrived, and raised the flag of the United States to replace the Bear Flag.

Fronting the Plaza are several old adobe buildings—including one of the spacious residences of General Vallejo and the home of his brother-in-law, Jacob Leese, prominent in early California history. The Leese domicile served for a time as headquarters for American troops, as did the Ray house, not far from the Plaza. Most interesting of all is the old tavern known as the "Blue Wing," almost opposite the mission. An adobe of two stories, with a picturesque gallery along its front, it was built in the early '40s, one of the first hotels north of Monterey.

The "home place" which General Vallejo occupied in his later years stands on the outskirts of Sonoma. It was built in 1850, upon an estate then consisting of several thousand acres. The old home is a white wooden structure. A collection of relics pertaining to the eventful life of the general is housed in an adjoining picturesque Swiss chalet, a wood-and-brick building, formerly used as stable and storehouse, now as a residence. The frame, made ready to fit together, each section properly numbered, was brought hither by sailing-ship around the Horn. In the garden flourish magnolias, orange trees, and lemon trees, with roses and geraniums in profusion; and at the base of the hill to the rear are remains of the now-dry reservoirs, overlooked by a little summer-house. Vallejo called this estate *Lachryma Montis* (Tears of the Mountain), in reference to the large springs above. The State of California now owns the Vallejo home place, thus preserved as a shrine for the public interested in historic traditions.

Sonoma today is a pleasant community, the trading center for the entire valley. The scenery here is not unlike that about Bingen and Johannesburg, and the vine-clad heights which flank this sunny

California vale long have produced wines which in sparkle and bouquet match the choicest vintages of the Rhineland. Productions now are diversified and the whole country maintains a park-like appearance.

Just north of Sonoma are clustered a number of mineral-springs resorts, and a famous inn which has the atmosphere and sports facilities of a select country club. All these resorts attract many visitors, in summer and winter alike. The delightful derivatives of the grape abound; and you may quaff sparkling mineral waters, too, from springs of high renown.

Jack London had his ranch home to the north on the flanks of Sonoma Mountain near Glen Ellen. He wrote of this country in his book, *The Valley of the Moon*—such is the supposed significance of the Indian name Sonoma. Others say that it was the Valley of the Seven Moons, because on a dipping hill-land trail into it the moon was seen to rise seven times.

Part of the London estate has been subdivided. The picturesque stone ruins of "Wolf House," the house that Jack built but never lived in, still remain. It was destroyed by fire, supposedly of incendiary origin, just as it was nearing completion but before the author had moved in. Near by on a hillslope lie his own ashes, beneath a rough volcanic boulder, unmarked. It had been thrown aside because apparently it would not fit into the house's foundation; but of this rejected stone Jack had said, "We'll find some use for it, later on." When he died here in 1916 its use was found, as a monument to the man.

That Jack London came here to write his later novels is a tribute to the region's charm, for he chose this home site after a life-long quest for an ideal setting.

## CHAPTER XXVII

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### *Clear Lake*

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HELD within a lofty mountain-girdled basin in the Coast Range, a hundred miles north of San Francisco, reposes Clear Lake. In itself the region constitutes a county, long known as "the hermit county," for it is one of the few in California which has no railroad lines crossing its borders. In all likelihood, no engine's shrill whistle ever will wake the echoes of its glens, but now it is no longer remote or isolated, for broad highways lead up from the Sacramento, Napa, Russian River, and Ukiah valleys.

Coming from the south, the gateway (as we have seen) is Calistoga, at the head of Napa Valley. The highway leads past old Silverado across the eastern shoulder of Mount St. Helena, and down to Middletown—no great traffic center, despite the name—in the fertile little Loconomi Valley. Round about cluster mineral-springs resorts, and throughout this region thermal waters gush from the earth—indeed, it has been declared with some show of authority that this area has more mineral springs than all of Europe. Rich in iron, soda, sulphur, and magnesia, effervescent or still, boiling-hot or icy cold—these varied springs are known for the curative properties of their waters, and at many of the spas stand comfortable hotels. They are visited not only by those seeking health, but also by the many who wish to participate in outdoor recreation while partaking of the restorative waters.

A couple of roads diverge northwesterly from Middletown through this mineral-springs zone, making accessible scores of resorts. The routes converge on Kelseyville.

About sixteen miles north of Middletown lies the settlement of Lower Lake, near the southeastern extremity of Clear Lake, and from here a broad highway extends parallel with the lake shore, behind Mount Konocti, and on to Kelseyville. Three miles from Clear Lake and due west of Mount Konocti, the *ville* reposes in the heart of Big Valley, a rich orchard region. Kelsey, Stone, and Leese were the earliest white settlers in the Clear Lake country, establishing a cattle-ranch in 1844, but the first two were killed by Indians in 1851.

North of Kelseyville, charmingly situated on the lake shore, lies the little city of Lakeport. This is one of the principal places on the lake, and it is to Lakeport that the road from Hopland, in the Russian River Valley, comes up from the west.

The valleylands near the lake are dotted with mighty oaks, massive and perfect in proportions. The fertile agricultural holdings round about the lake are abundantly productive, the succulent string-beans here grown enjoying more than local fame. Pear orchards and walnut groves are notable also for their great extent.

The full expanse of the upper lake is viewed from Lakeport—about nine miles across and unbroken by a single island. Clear Lake, largest body of fresh water entirely within the borders of California, lies at an elevation of 1,325 feet, and is twenty-five miles long. Mount Konocti, known to the rustics as “Uncle Sam,” rises sheer nearly 3,000 feet from the western shore at the Narrows, cutting the lake almost in two. South of here the lake waters are divided into two arms by a long tongue of land. In the cool depths lurk black bass, pike, perch, and the forked-tail tuce or catfish, as well as the interloping carp which—alas!—are charged with having muddied its pristine clarity.

Clear Lake exactly matches the length of Loch Lomond, to which it has often been compared, and just as Ben Lomond looms over the Scottish loch so Konocti dominates Clear Lake. A road leads almost to the summit of the mountain, which is not difficult of ascent, and from this lofty lookout a view of the entire lake is

gained, with the complete environment of these upland waters—mountains, fertile valleylands, and dark forests—outspread below. Memorably beautiful are sunrise and sunset over Clear Lake waters, illumined with the glow of changing colors.

Lupoyoma was the Indian name of the lake. The swarming aborigines were of the Pomo tribe, renowned as basket-makers. One of their legends accounted for the creation of Mount Konocti. When men were giants, they told, there was a good-for-little Indian who was wont to remain away from his lodge late o' nights. One time this Pomo buck stayed out until the peep of dawn, and when he wandered home his father, a stalwart patriarch, became so angry that he crashed him upon the head with a young tree. So hard did he bash the culprit that his entire body was driven into the lake waters except his head and shoulders, and these monumental remains are Mount Konocti. Anyway, the peak stands head and shoulders above all the rest of the region.

Northward from Konocti a long tongue of land reaches out into the lake at its narrowest place, and a number of little islands cluster along the shore. Near the base of the peninsula lie Buckingham Park and Soda Bay, where a bubbling soda spring—a submerged geyser—makes a fountain above the surface of the inlet. Hot springs gush up on the lake shore here also.

North of Lakeport you come to a cluster of camps, resorts, and summer residence places, looking across at Mount Konocti; and, leaving the water, about four miles beyond is the town of Upper Lake. The road between here and Ukiah, on the Redwood Highway, is a popular way to and from Clear Lake. On this route lie mineral springs and a group of beautiful highland tarns. Laurel Dell Lake and Blue Lake are held within steep-walled gorges, with mountains rising above. The reflections of the wooded heights are marvelous in their clearness, and the profoundly deep waters are of intense blue.

Now it is possible to circle Clear Lake by highway, the route along the eastern shore having been developed within recent years. After leaving the hamlet of Lower Lake, you may proceed due north through Clear Lake Highlands, whence a short turn to the left will bring you to Clear Lake Park, with new resorts clustering

along the shore. Near by on this peninsula, across the big lake from Konocti lies little Borax Lake, saturated with heavy deposits of borax and other minerals, formerly worked commercially. This lakelet, called Kaysa by the Indians, lies near the head of Cache Creek, which is the main outlet of Clear Lake. An immense deposit of sulphur is at the end of one of the arms of the big lake, not far from here.

The highway swings away from the lake for a few miles. An eastward-leading road diverges—the important Tahoe-Ukiah highway—crossing the mountains by way of Grizzly Creek Canyon and coming down to Williams, in the Sacramento Valley. If you do not turn aside, you come to the water again at Clear Lake Oaks, and from here the road clings to the eastern shore for about fifteen miles, all the way to the head of the lake. Most considerable of the resorts is Lucerne, looking southward across at Konocti. A popular bathing-beach here fringes the shore, which is lined with a succession of resorts along its northern reaches.

In the uplands to the east are famous mineral springs, on another road which crosses the range. North of Clear Lake lies a wilderness region, one of the most rugged in California, sought only by the hunter and the angler, and contained within the boundaries of a National Forest reserve.

With its superb mountain scenery, its pine forests, its oaks, its lochs of crystal clarity, and its countless mineral springs, the Clear Lake country takes rank as one of the loveliest regions in all California.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

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### *The Northern Redwood Empire*

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THE redwoods, *Sequoia sempervirens*, grow in their native state only in the Coast Range, and nowhere else in the world. They attain their perfection in that scenic region stretching northward from the Golden Gate to the Oregon border, famous as the Redwood Empire.

To this region a distinctive charm is given by the presence of the giant trees. Dense forests of redwoods blanket great areas near the coast and inland along sparkling rivers—forests primeval, covering mountain ridges and alluvial flats with millions of stately maroon-barked trees, majestic in size, graceful in poise and contour. Within this woodland abound tall ferns and myriads of wildflowers. "A giant's garden," this profusion of lush vegetal growth has been called, and truly it is beauty upon a titanic scale. Yet these lordly redwoods in their luxuriant setting are only part of the attractions of this empire whose provinces are so far-flung and so varied.

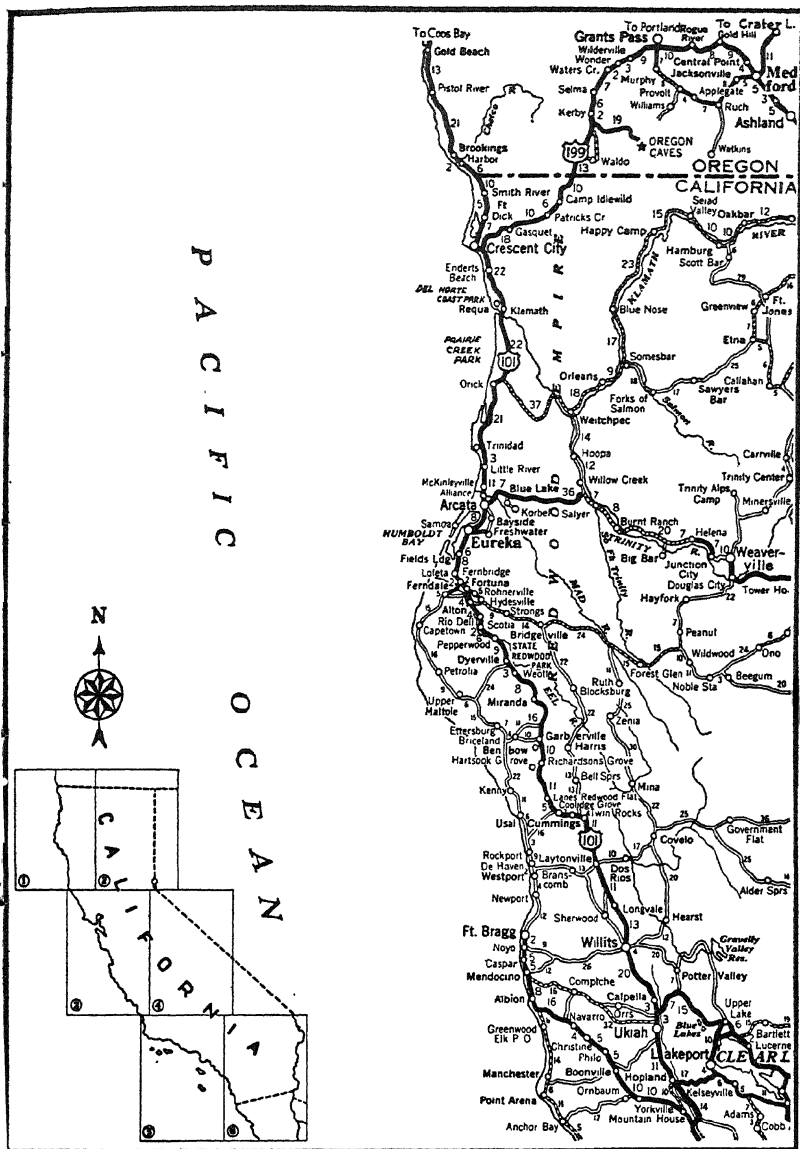
For most travelers, the journey to the redwoods region begins with the passage from San Francisco, across the bay to Sausalito. Whether the trip thence is taken by rail, motor-coach, or automobile, the route is much the same. The railroad—the Redwood Empire Route—extends northward to Eureka, paralleling the broad Redwood Highway except in the upper Eel River region.

It is a journey refreshing in its variety. Combining valleys and









MAP I. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—West Part  
Showing Main Travel Routes  
(Arabic numerals indicate mileage)



canyons, bay shore and forest, it leads from sea-level to a mountain elevation of 2,000 feet and thence again to sea-level. All the elements of a complete and charming geography are within this bright vacationland. The journey begins at Sausalito, where wooded heights overlook the bay. Through San Rafael and other residence towns of Marin, the Redwood Highway and the main rail-line lead—past flower-bowered homes and across oak-studded hills. All this verdant region is dominated by the peak of Tamalpais, and with that mountain ever in the picture each vista is sure to be charming.

You come soon to Petaluma. For miles around, the rolling slopes are dotted white with Leghorn chickens, for this is the greatest of all poultry centers, and Petaluma is renowned as the "World's Egg Basket."

It is the Petaluma region which is described in Gertrude Atherton's novel, *Ancestors*, much of the action being set therein, though under a disguise in name.

One of the most remarkable landmarks in California stands about three miles east of Petaluma, on the way to Sonoma—Casa Grande, the immense adobe mansion of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. Begun about 1834 and taking almost ten years to complete, the two-storied hacienda, with walls three feet thick, is built around a spacious courtyard. Particularly noteworthy are the great verandas which extend the entire length of the structure. Though in nearly a ruinous state, the *Casa Grande* is open to the public, and some effort at preservation has been made.

Fifteen miles north of Petaluma on the main-traveled route, beyond Penngrove and Cotati, lies the beautiful and substantial city of Santa Rosa, in the midst of a broad fertile valley, which presents charming pictures of pastoral life on every side.

Floriculture has reached an extraordinary development in the "City of Roses." Luther Burbank, the "Plant Wizard," chose this as the place best adapted to his experiments, because of the equable climate and the wonderful fecundity of the soil. For half a century, at the Luther Burbank experimental gardens, he carried on his work in the hybridization, propagation, and development of new flowers, fruits, and vegetables. Burbank lies buried here beneath a cedar of Lebanon which he planted with his own hands.

In the city is another sight which has more than local renown—the Baptist church which is constructed entirely of lumber from one redwood tree!

About six miles west of Santa Rosa lies Sebastopol, main community of the rich Gold Ridge district, famed for its early Gravenstein apples and other fruit. An amusing tale is recounted as to the naming of this place. During the Crimean War, it is said, when the titanic struggle was on at the siege of Sebastopol, two "characters" at this new-fledged community (that was in the mid-'50s) engaged in a rough-and-tumble street brawl, ending with one of the combatants barricading himself in a store, and the hurraing crowd of bystanders forthwith christened their town Sebastopol.

In the "grand tour" of the redwood belt, interesting variety can be added by a visit to the remarkable "forest" of prostrate trunks of petrified redwood trees between Santa Rosa and Calistoga, already briefly mentioned. Here one may scan a page most interesting in "the record of the rocks." These trees of stone, in all details of form and structure, even to the microscopic minutiae of the cells composing them, are redwoods. The petrified trees lie in two tiers within an area about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. When discovered, in 1871, they were covered with volcanic ash and sandstone, the surface of the ground being strewn with particles of silica.

Some of the fallen monarchs are of huge size. The "Queen of the Forest" is a petrified redwood 80 feet long and 12 feet in its average diameter. Broken in several places, the pieces retain their relative positions, except where a sprouting oak has forced its way through. Another of the petrified trees (known as the "Monarch") is intact—125 feet long, with an average diameter of 8 feet. Its vast trunk has been followed back by a tunnel piercing the hillside, revealing the tree embedded still in its stony matrix. It is significant that the exhumed trees are all lying with their tops pointing away from Mount St. Helena, a peak dominating all of this part of California and known to be an extinct volcano.

The resort region on the lower Russian River is on the other side of Santa Rosa, to the northwest, and this already has been visited; so let us continue northward, joining company with the upper Russian River at the substantial city of Healdsburg, a place with con-

siderable commercial interests. Situated on a wide curve of the river, Healdsburg was once the site of a rancheria of the Sotoyome Indians, whose legendry still lends charm to the countryside. The Russian River, as it here circles the base of densely-wooded Fitch Mountain in a lucky horseshoe curve, flows through a picturesque land. Your way extends up the fruitful valley of the Russian River for the next fifty miles. Lofty Mount St. Helena rises above the eastern hills, with Napa Valley and Clear Lake beyond. Traversing the garden-like acres of the valley, the route passes through Geyserville. Then you come to the Italian-Swiss colony at Asti, founded in 1887, with its widespread vineyards and its curious little Catholic church. The vintages are famous. Cloverdale is next, where the green and gold of orange trees appear—many miles north of San Francisco. Hop-fields and vineyards, berry-patches and orchards, attest the rich diversity of the soil.

Distant seventeen miles southeast from Cloverdale by road are the famous Geysers—in Pluton Canyon—a group of steaming, hissing caldrons from which bubble forth mineral waters. William Elliott, who discovered the Geysers in 1847, while trailing a wounded grizzly bear, recounted how he thought that he had found the gates to the infernal regions. He may have found, rather, a gateway to health and industry. The springs long have been frequented by health-seekers; and here, too, progress has been made in the utilization of natural steam in generating electric power—development expected to prove of economic value.

On the northward journey along the main routes of travel the upper reaches of the Russian River are constantly in view as the valley narrows between the hills.

The new highway leads directly along the river, eliminating the long-used winding "grade" on the route to the west. The river road passes Squaw Rock, rising about 500 feet above the stream, presenting a striking profile of human semblance and endowed with Indian legendry of doubtful authenticity.

A highway diverges northwestward midway between Cloverdale and Hopland, extending through Anderson Valley and the redwoods along the little Navarro River, where some of the finest groves are in state ownership. This highway reaches the sea at the

river mouth, and you may continue northward along the coast to Fort Bragg and beyond.

Hopland is about an even eighty miles from San Francisco; and only fourteen miles farther on is the city of Ukiah, in a long, fertile valley, noted for its production of hops, pears, grapes, and prunes. High on the terraced hillslopes about eight miles to the east of the city you see the Carl Purdy gardens. He found this to be the ideal place for the growth of native plants and bulbs. About four miles east from Ukiah are mineral springs, with "champagne baths" celebrated for waters which are naturally carbonated and are reputed to possess radioactivity.

Over to the northwest of Ukiah, beyond a steep ridge, stands the Montgomery Grove, a sylvan solitude of idyllic beauty near the headwaters of the Big River—not one of imposing size, despite its name. No doubt the Yokaya Indians, who held this land before the white man came, ranged over toward the coast and wandered in awe amid the giant forms of these sequoias, near the hot springs which still attract visitors.

The towering trees of Montgomery Grove stand upon an elevation above the main stream and extend back into the mountains, concealed from the passing traveler on the highway. The level forest floor beneath the redwoods is a verdant mass of woodwardia ferns, giving to this secluded grove an aspect most unusual.

Continuing northward from Ukiah, the main routes of travel, beyond Calpella, cross the divide which separates the watersheds of the Russian and Eel Rivers. Sweeping panoramas open over the valleys to southward, and all around rise lofty peaks, range beyond range. The mountains are covered with forests of redwood and fir, spruce and madrone, in profusion, interspersed with oak-dotted meadows. Wildflowers in spring, and red toyon and madrone berries in winter, grow beside the way, adding color to grace the ever-changing scene.

Rising beside the highway on the grade is a rock where Black Bart robbed the mail-stage in the early days. Bart was one of the light-hearted "road agents" who delighted in frontier balladry, and he wrote some himself, signing his little pieces "Black Bart, Po—8." But he had a rough-and-ready way of gathering his royalties.

Descending from the mountain divide, you soon reach the upland city of Willits, a considerable community with lumbering and stock-raising interests.

West of Willits, on the coast, is the city of Fort Bragg, its tributary area enriched by dairying and lumbering resources. The redwood-forested watershed of the Noyo River is one of the unspoiled wildernesses still remaining in the West. Visitors it has in goodly numbers during the summer, but thousands could lose themselves in the ferny depths of the canyons and on the upland trails.

From Willits a rail line and a mountain road (not so good in winter) cross the range to Fort Bragg—a route traversing highlands of scenic grandeur, the latter part of the journey following the course of the cascading Noyo.

On the northward journey beyond Willits the Redwood Highway and the railroad follow divergent routes, until South Fork is reached.

The road, between Longvale and Dyerville, cuts athwart the densest belt of *Sequoia sempervirens*, for many miles passing amid the forest giants of Humboldt State Redwood Park. Crossing the mountains, it passes Cummings and descends the steep-walled canyon of Rattlesnake Creek to its juncture with the South Fork of the Eel River, thence following that stream to its confluence with the main Eel. Cummings is the starting-point for the Bell Springs Grade, notorious in the stage-coaching days when it was the only route, and still difficult of ascent. It scales the steeps to an elevation of more than 4,000 feet, the road following along the ridge and coming down to Dyerville at terrific gradients. This is the historic Overland Road, the original mail route from San Francisco, following the course of an ancient Indian trail—a road little used now except by the ranchers of this mountain region. Recompensing for the climb are the views out over the densely-forested valleys and ridges below.

The Redwood Highway, which for many miles is carried along a shelf cut from the steep mountain-sides where not even a trail had been before, has an easy grade and avoids that lofty ridge route.

On this highway tour you travel for many miles through the midst of the giant trees, and a unique opportunity is presented to



study them in all their wilderness beauty. The *Sequoia sempervirens*, characterized by Luther Burbank as "the most perfect vegetable growth," foremost among the living wonders of the world, are remarkable for their massiveness and their great size; many exceed 350 feet in altitude and 15 feet in diameter.

Throughout this woodland realm rests an atmosphere of ancient calm, an all-pervading sense of mystery and enchantment, hinting almost at unreality. So dense is the growth of redwood branches in the remoter depths of the forest that sunshine never penetrates the shaded aisles below; but more often the light filters through the crowns of the trees, sending down slanting shafts of radiance to glorify the scene. The often-made comparison to vast cathedral aisles is indeed apt. On all sides the trees rise in columns of utter straightness, their dark rich bark almost purplish in hue. A rose-colored glow lingers often in the forest solitudes.

"These great trees belong to the silence and the millenniums," wrote Edwin Markham. "Many of them have seen more than a hundred of our human generations rise, give out their little clamors, and perish. They seem indeed to be forms of immortality, standing here among the transitory shapes of time."

Underfoot is spread a yielding carpet of bark and branchlets, moss and mold, so that the step of the worshiper is stilled. Wild-flowers bloom in profusion during spring and early summer—lily-like trilliums, oxalis, and glorious rhododendrons and azaleas—flourishing in this fragrant natural garden of the underwood. In the forest depths spreads a lush, jungle-like growth of bracken and sword-ferns, often rising about the prostrate forms of fallen giants, some of these centuries older than any living redwoods.

Out of "the living past," indeed, have come the surviving giants. As Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn has emphasized, "the redwoods are the last representatives of a tree family whose existence must be measured in millions of years; they are 'the auld lang syne of trees.'" Once trees of the genus *Sequoia*, or closely related conifers, were widespread over the northern hemisphere. Even in the north polar region they grew, as fossil remains attest, and the indisputable fossil records show that they flourished in Greenland, Canada, Alaska, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Scandinavia, Britain, and as far south as Italy.

Then, as now, they were monarchs. "We have no scientific reason to believe," declares Madison Grant, "that there ever existed on earth any trees that surpassed in girth, in height, or in grandeur the sequoias of California."

Many of these ancient forests were destroyed by the bitter scourge of the Age of Ice. Some fell before the aggressive rivalry of other growths, some before great fires set by lightning or by primitive man. Other forests of these sequoia-like trees perished in periods of drought and during changing conditions of moisture. Now the sequoias grow only here on the western margin of America.

The scientific name of the redwood tree, *Sequoia sempervirens*, signifies ever-living sequoia. This term sequoia is an adaptation of Sequoyah, the name of a Cherokee Indian, who invented an alphabet for the use of his tribe. That the redwoods shall be indeed ever-living, and that representative stands of these noble trees shall be rescued from threatened destruction at the hand of man, the Save-the-Redwoods League, organized in 1917, is active in enlisting public support for their preservation. Already many thousands of acres of redwood forest have been preserved as part of California's great system of state parks, for the enjoyment of the people in perpetuity.

The first of the redwoods in dense stands are seen about Cummings and the resort-places of Lane's Redwood Flat and Hartsook, but the southernmost public reservation of considerable size is Richardson Grove, a favorite camping-ground, with rustic cabins in the heart of the forest, and a bathing-beach along the South Fork inviting to holiday-makers. Richardson Grove was named for Friend William Richardson, Governor of California when it was acquired in 1922.

At Richardson Grove, the stump and the butt log cross-section of a fallen redwood are being preserved as an educational exhibit. The tree measured 12 feet in diameter at breast height, and was 320 feet tall. Its life history, extending back over 1200 years, may be understood by studying its growth rings and its root system.

North of Richardson Grove is Benbow, a resort center with an attractive inn and many summer homes. The river here flows around

two great bends, and by holding the river to its winter level by a "summer dam," a placid lake has been created.

Garberville lies picturesquely a few miles beyond in an open valley. From here a mountain road crosses the range westward to Briceland, whence routes diverge, one leading to Etnersburg, along Wilder Ridge down the picturesque Mattole Valley to Petrolia (there are indications of petroleum in this region), and onward past Cape Mendocino to Ferndale and Eureka; and the other road crossing the headwaters of the Mattole and the coast ranges to Shelter Cove, a crescent-shaped bay protected on the northwest by Point Delgada, affording safe anchorage.

Following the Redwood Highway northward from Garberville, the community of Redway is passed; and across the river you see the Whitemore Grove, the dark mass of densely thronged redwoods forming a background against which the silver thread of the river is woven, spanned by a footbridge. At Phillipsville (named Kettintelbe by the Indians) is the Franklin K. Lane Memorial Grove, commemorating a noble Californian, Secretary of the Interior in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet, and first president of the Save-the-Redwoods League. A monument in the grove, with an inscription in bronze, records his services to state and nation. Rising to the southwest of Kettintelbe, and dominating the landscape for miles around, are the rugged Bear Buttes, trails leading to their summits.

Lane Grove, embracing some of the largest and most symmetrical of the sequoias, forms the south entrance to the main unit of the Humboldt State Redwood Park. The drive through the midst of the forest, with unbroken ranks of redwoods on either side, for fifteen miles preserved in state ownership, is one to impress even the most casual traveler. These are mighty, upstanding trees, among the most majestic of the *Sequoia sempervirens*, and glimpses of the river through their ranks add to the charm of the journey along "the Highway of the Giants."

One of the most notable of all the groves is Bolling Memorial Grove, at the junction of Elk Creek with the South Fork of the Eel River. This, one of the redwood areas earliest set aside in public ownership in northern California, and typical of the living memorials of the forest, was dedicated in 1921 to honor Colonel Raynal

Bolling, the first American officer of high rank who fell in action in World War I. He was killed near Amiens, France, on March 26, 1918. The story of how he refused to surrender and fought against overwhelming odds in the shelter of a shell-hole until his pistol was empty, forms one of the stirring chapters of heroism in the war. The majestic beauty of Bolling Grove will call to the minds of passing thousands the bravery of his death, the noble dignity of his life.

The position of Bolling Grove on a bend of the river gives it sweeping panoramic views of the surrounding forests. Across the river lies the Charles N. Felton Memorial Grove, preserved in honor of an early United States Senator from California. Other memorial groves are traversed as you continue northward, a trail leading to the Children's Forest, beautiful woodland dedicated to the memory of beloved children who have died. Another extensive grove, on Canoe Creek, is that preserved by the Garden Club of America.

The highway follows the winding course of the South Fork and is bordered all along by the huge living columns of the redwoods, their evergreen boughs almost touching high above. Upon the northward journey soon Kent Grove is entered, named in honor of William Kent, who gave this grove as well as Muir Woods to the people. Bordering thereon is Mather Grove. Stephen Mather, for many years Director of National Parks, was the donor of this sylvan area. Near the highway within this grove is a mammoth redwood, remarkable even among the magnificent specimens of *Sequoia sempervirens* in this Eel River forest. A short distance to the north, in the Gould Grove, an especially luxuriant undergrowth of fern and oxalis carpets the ground.

In the California Federation of Women's Clubs Grove on South Dyerville Flat is a striking monument, the Federation Hearthstone, a high four-faced fireplace constructed of native stone and redwood logs.

Reached by a side road about 250 yards east of the highway, the world's tallest known standing tree towers amid companions almost as high, on North Dyerville Flat. It is 364 feet tall and is dedicated as The Founders' Tree in honor of the founders of the Save-

the-Redwoods League—John Campbell Merriam, Madison Grant, and Henry Fairfield Osborn.

The woodland, justly acclaimed "the world's finest forest," continues unbroken on both sides of the route. Over to the west, across the river, rise the mighty redwoods of Bull Creek Flat, and the highway traverses Dyerville Flats, the trees towering above the fertile bottom lands where the two principal branches of the Eel River flow together.

At the confluence of the main Eel River and its South Fork stands this giant forest which is the most famous in all the Redwood Empire. This area, more than four miles square, holding Dyerville Flats and the watershed of Bull Creek, now within the State Park, contains on the average the tallest and the largest redwoods, in the densest stand. The preservation of these superb trees is largely due to the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and of the people of the state of California.

The South Dyerville Flat lies along the South Fork of the Eel River, just before it joins the main stream. Springing from the level alluvial soil of these flats, the massed redwoods rise skyward in ranks never to be broken. North Dyerville Flat occupies a peninsular position, girdled by the rivers. The Redwood Highway skirts it on the west, the railroad on the east, both being carried over on bridges. The forest-front, viewed from these bridges or from across the river, is dramatically impressive, seeming a high promontory, made up not of hills, but of trees—the loftiest of all trees.

The settlement of Dyerville, where the river is crossed, is administrative headquarters of the Humboldt State Redwood Park. A famous element in this park, Bull Creek Grove, lies over to the west, reached by a road which diverges from the Redwood Highway beyond the Dyerville bridge.

Bull Creek flows into the South Fork just before that stream merges with the main Eel. On either side of the flat rise steep wooded ridges, giving to this area a delightful seclusion. The redwoods of Bull Creek Flat are characterized by splendid symmetry. Never have these forests been described more strikingly than by Duncan McDuffie: "To enter the grove of redwoods on Bull Creek Flat is to step within the portals of a cathedral, dim, lofty, pillared,

peaceful. But this temple which the Great Architect has been building for a score of centuries is incomparably nobler, more beautiful and more serene than any erected by the hands of man. Its nave is loftier than that of Amiens and longer than that of St. Peter's. Its wine-red shafts, rising clean and straight over two hundred feet, are more numerous than the pillars of Cordova; its floor is carpeted with a green-and-brown mosaic more intricate than that of St. Mark's; its aisles are lit with a translucence more beautiful than that which filters through the stained glass of Chartres; its spires pierce higher than those of Cologne; its years are greater than those of the first lowly building devoted to Christian service. To destroy this noblest of places of worship would be more irreparable than was the destruction of the cathedral of Rheims." Happily, this noble forest now is preserved from destruction.

Description has just been given of the Redwood Highway route to the junction of the South Fork and the main Eel River. Before continuing from here northward, let us trace the course of the alternative route—the rail line, which continues down the main canyon of the Eel River, a rugged gorge through which the stream courses, broken often with whitewater rapids. Dos Rios (two rivers), where branches of the Eel flow together, is the point of departure for Covelo in Round Valley, and for the vast forested recreation-ground beyond. Round Valley is a lovely pastoral meadowland, ages ago covered by a hill-circled lake. Here is an Indian reservation, established in 1851, when tribesmen were "rounded up" from throughout a large district and settled in this delightful vale. In the high mountains to the northeast, trails wander through the Yolla Bolly primitive area.

A few miles beyond Dos Rios, the isolated pinnacle of Spy Rock rises above the track. This commanding eminence, upon which the Indians kept their lookout and built their smoke-signal fires in days of yore, towers over a wild romantic region, the river running here broken with rock-reefs as it circles about the base of the crag. The railroad passes Island Mountain and Kekawaka, in the midst of fine highland scenery; then come Alderpoint and Fort Seward, with dense forests to the east. Soon the train enters the redwood belt, which is crossed for about forty miles. On this part of the route

redwood groves are seen from the railroad, which beyond South Fork station joins company again with the main highway; and the railroad and highway are parallel from here north.

Continuing toward Eureka, you pass through the lower Eel River region. Beyond Dyerville, although you have left the State Park behind, for more than ten miles you drive through vast redwood forests equally beautiful, including the Avenue of the Giants north of High Rock, and, farther on, the Pepperwood and the Jordan Creek groves.

The rail route leads along the side of high bluffs, overlooking dense redwood forests across the river, traversed by the highway. These Scotia Bluffs rank among the most attractive scenic features of the trip. The river is usually broad and placid hereabouts, holding enchanting reflections of cliffs fringed with greenery.

At the town of Scotia are great lumber mills and yards. The Van Duzen River is crossed at Alton, where it flows into the Eel; and for some miles beyond here the route leads through low-lying pastures bordering the sea, grasslands like clovery lawns dotted with dazzling white dairy farms, making landscapes most pleasing. Rohnerville and Fortuna are in this region; and at Fernbridge you see the long arched bridge extending across the Eel River toward the substantial little city of Ferndale, center of the dairying industry. The river is left at Loleta; soon you are riding along the waters of Humboldt Bay, and Eureka is reached, 280 miles north of San Francisco.

Westernmost city in the United States and the largest community of northwestern California, Eureka is thoroughly modern. A pleasant place to visit, this, with excellent hotels to receive all guests. An inn here, built by the community, is a model of convenience and artistry; in the Elizabethan style, it looks out upon charming gardens.

After a stroll through the business section and to the active waterfront, you are likely to come upon the historic Carson residence, an example of baroque architecture reminiscent of "the mauve decade." Then by all means you should pay a visit to the Stump House, not a hotel, but a unique building composed of a log and stump of a giant redwood, wherein are displayed many articles fashioned from redwood burl. On display also is a collection of

natural curiosities, beautiful or grotesque formations found in the redwood forest.

Few cities have a public park comparable with Sequoia Park, within the municipal limits of Eureka, for it contains stalwart representatives of the *Sequoia sempervirens*. Thus the solitude of the woodland can be found among the towering trees only a short distance from the business center.

In the southern part of the city, on the plateau of Humboldt Heights, a bronze tablet marks the site of Fort Humboldt, occupied by troops from 1853 to 1865. The old building formerly used by the Commissary Department at the fort is the only structure now standing which was part of the establishment. At Fort Humboldt in the winter of 1853-54 was stationed one destined to great achievement—Captain U. S. Grant of the Fourth United States Infantry. His stay at this isolated post was dreary and depressing and led him to resign from the army. There are tales, perhaps exaggerated, of his heavy drinking at Ryan's saloon in Eureka, and of his disagreements with his superior officer, Colonel Buchanan. He left the army at thirty-two, poor and obscure, despondent but not discouraged. A few years later he was general of all the armies; a few years later, President of the United States!

For one who sojourns in Eureka there are scores of interesting trips round about: across the bay to Samoa; to Arcata and the coast lagoons; Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation; Cape Mendocino, "farthest west" in California.

An interesting ferry trip will take you to the lumber-milling town of Samoa, on a narrow peninsula across the bay from Eureka. You will have thus an opportunity to view the bay, fourteen miles long and four miles across at its widest, which is the largest landlocked inlet north of San Francisco and south of the mouth of the Columbia River. The first record of entry into Humboldt Bay is that of a Russian vessel under an American captain, Jonathan Winship, in 1806. Dr. Josiah Gregg and his exploring party, coming from the Trinity River, rediscovered the bay from the landward side in 1849, and next year the ship *Laura Virginia* entered the bay, her commander, Douglass Ottinger, calling it after Baron Alexander von Humboldt, the great Austrian explorer and scientist.



From Fortuna, a few miles south of Eureka, a lateral highway ascends the Van Duzen River through Hydesville and Carlotta (famous for its cherries) to Bridgeville; and thence into the Trinity region, past Forest Glen and Beegum to Red Bluff, on the Sacramento River. It is a scenic highland drive all the way.

Another popular trip is south to the city of Ferndale, a road leading on to Cape Mendocino and beyond to the lovely Mattole Valley. At Cape Mendocino, "where the West ends," on a shelf in the cliff 400 feet above the breakers, is perched the lighthouse, one of the loftiest of all such beacons, and several miles out at sea a warning lightship marks the position of a treacherous reef. It is probable that Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542 did not see Cape Mendocino, though his ships may have reached this far north but out of sight of land. His pilot, Ferrelo, who succeeded to the command and came the following year, may have seen the great headland, but this is not certain. The first authentic mention of the cape is in the report of the voyage of Francisco Gali in 1584.

North of Eureka extends a region of unusual charm, the Redwood Highway continuing to Grants Pass, in Oregon, where it joins the Pacific Highway.

Taking up the tour again from Eureka, you cross the lowlands eight miles to Arcata, at the northern end of Humboldt Bay. Arcata is a substantial city, one of the oldest communities in this part of California; in the early days it was known as Union Town, and was the starting-point of pack-trains for the mines on the Klamath and Trinity. Here young Bret Harte lived from 1858 to 1860. He is reputed to have enjoyed an adventurous career in these northwoods—as a "shotgun messenger" atop a stage-coach, and as printer's devil and 'prentice writer upon a weekly newspaper, *Northern Californian*. Miners, hunters, traders, gamblers—here were all the frontier types which Bret Harte loved to study, and he made good use of his materials when he returned to San Francisco.

From Arcata a spectacular mountain route—the Trinity Highway—crosses the range eastward to Redding, in the Sacramento Valley. Through the town of Blue Lake the way leads, across upper Redwood Creek and then over the Trinity at Willow Creek, whence the Hoopa Indian Reservation may be entered from the south.

The Trinity Highway ascends the river of that name to Weaver-ville and climbs over a secondary range to Redding.

Arcata now is a leading dairy center and round about in the Mad River grasslands sleek herds graze "in sweet content." The name of the stream did not have its origin in the madly rushing waters of its upper course, but in a "difficulty" which Dr. Josiah Gregg had with impatient members of his exploring party in 1849, when they refused to wait for him while with scientific deliberation he set up his instruments to determine the true latitude of the mouth of the river. He "got mad" when he nearly lost his instruments. Hence, Mad River!

Crossing the river, the highway continues northward, the first sight of the sea coming at Clam Beach, over sand-dunes tumbled in disarray. At Clam Beach twice a month (at full moon and new moon) the digging is at its height, the large razor clams being considered by clam-fanciers exceptionally delicious here.

Trinidad Head can be seen in the distance to northward, with a multitude of dark jagged reefs scattered about in the sea. The long line of breakers curves around to the headland, whereon a little white lighthouse stands out high above the surf. From Clam Beach to Crescent City, a distance of about seventy miles, the route is along or near the ocean—often skirting the precipitous mountainsides far above the shimmering expanse of the Pacific. Some of the finest coast scenery in America, this.

The road soon crosses Little River. Moonstone Beach, a gently sloping expanse of sand and shiny pebbles, is north of the mouth of the river and may be reached by a side road, in sharp descent.

Just beyond is one of the most striking features of the coast. A hole in the earth about fifty feet back from the rocky sea cliff connects with an underground cavern which allows the intruding waves to find their way to the opening. Compressed within narrow limits, they give vent to their bottled-up energy by spouting a geyser-like column of spray and foam into the air, often to a height of thirty or forty feet. This curious phenomenon is known as The Blow-hole, and in formation is like the famous Spouting Horn of Koloa, in the Hawaiian Islands. It is reached by a steep trail leaving the highway at the top of the hill beyond Moonstone Beach.

The highway leads on to Trinidad, an old seacoast town in the shelter of Trinidad Head, a great black rock-mass almost 400 feet high, shouldering out to sea. On the Head rises a granite cross erected as a memorial to the early Spanish discoverers, notably Bruno de Heceta, who entered the bay on Trinity Sunday, June 9, 1775, giving the name Trinidad (Trinity) to this region. The stone cross occupies the site of a wooden cross set up by the first-comers. In a sheltered cove at the foot of Trinidad Head is an old whaling-station which is of keen interest to those who love the hearty traditions of the sea. Whaling was carried on actively from here until a few years ago.

Trinidad is now only a hamlet, but in the gold-rush days of 1851 and 1852 it was a roaring camp of more than 3,000 people and was the county seat of now-defunct Klamath County. The main street of the town runs along the edge of the steep cliffs, where the waves break ceaselessly below.

Looking back from Trinidad, Cape Mendocino can be seen far to the south, and all alongshore jagged reefs streak the waters with whitening foam. The finest view is gained from the road which leads out to the summit of the Head.

Continuing northward, the highway leads past Patrick's Point. A side road turns to the left, continuing out onto the promontory, a stretch of beautiful country preserved as part of the state park system—not only as a seacoast park but as a wildflower reserve. Patrick's Point and neighboring Rocky Point are the last of the stony headlands until Point St. George is reached, sixty miles to the north.

All along the route the wildflowers are in glorious profusion in spring, and even as late as August the deep pink fireweed is abloom, making this stretch of the Redwood Highway vivid with color. Azaleas are at their finest hereabouts. Ferny groves of redwoods are passed, and soon you gain inspiring views of landlocked waters which lie between the highway and the ocean. From south to north, these are Big Lagoon, Stone Lagoon, and Freshwater Lagoon—ancient bays, now separated from the sea by long narrow sandbars. Lovely and lonely, they have been compared by travelers to the lochs of Scotland in aspect. Big Lagoon, by far the largest of the

three, is crossed by a causeway built on redwood piles. Triangular in shape, the lagoon is four miles long from base to apex.

A side road leads down to the ocean beach near the lagoon. The sand here descends so abruptly into the sea that rollers of immense size, proceeding often from an apparently calm sea, break on the beach suddenly with tremendous power and deafening roar—a spectacular display of the energy of nature.

The inland shores of Stone Lagoon, almost two miles long and half a mile across, are skirted by the road. A densely-forested hill separates it from the ocean, except at the north, where a sandbar intervenes. Upon the east a steep ridge rises from the water's edge, and these surrounding heights are mirrored in the usually placid waters. Freshwater Lagoon, more than a mile long and a quarter-mile wide, is the smallest and perhaps the most beautiful. All of the lagoons are frequented by ducks, brown pelicans, and other waterfowl.

Beyond the last lagoon, at an angle of the coast, projects a rock platform high above the waves where motorists park their cars and gaze long at the magnificent panoramas of sea and shore to north and south. This view alone is worth the trip.

Leaving the lagoon country reluctantly behind, for the next few miles you traverse a scenic land to the settlement of Orick, near the mouth of Redwood Creek. This is a large stream, almost a river, and along its upper course stand sequoias, some majestic in stature, some old and weirdly-shaped trees, all amid a rich growth of moss and fern. North of Eureka, the redwood-groves present an aspect noticeably different from those to the south, because of the lush luxuriance of their under-growth. Whereas in the Bull Creek area the chief characteristic of the forest is the density and grandeur of the massed redwoods, in this northern region the riotous profusion of the forest growth, giving almost the semblance of a tropic wilderness, strikes the beholder with amazement.

Beyond the country of the lagoons and the Redwood Creek woodlands, the highway comes upon the magnificent Prairie Creek area, now preserved within a state park, entered at Elk Prairie, five miles north of Orick. A herd of wild Roosevelt elk roams the Prairie Creek forest between Orick and the ocean. An attractive feature of

this region is the "scenic rambling route," consisting of parts of the old narrow and winding county road, which may be followed instead of the highway by those not in a desperate hurry to speed past the scenery as fast as may be. Several fine trails lead westward through this region to the ocean.

An element in this state park is the Russ Grove, a reserve commemorating Joseph Russ and other early settlers, known also as the Pioneer Memorial Grove. Flourishing in this forest are some of the largest trees of the redwood belt. Prairie Creek, a stream of considerable size, winds its way through the wildwood, its banks overhung with masses of fern—sword ferns, deer ferns, lady ferns, woodwardia ferns—some man-high and branching widely, some infinitely delicate of tracery. Above the fernbrakes rise the redwoods, with their lesser companions of the forest—firs, hemlocks, spruces, maples, and countless other trees. Along the trailsides, mingling with the ferns, grow tangles of huckleberry and salmon-berry bushes, trailing blackberry, salal, and the many wildflowers which in late spring and early summer add their note of gorgeous color to the forest scene.

The preservation of the redwoods in the Prairie Creek region was greatly aided by generous gifts from Edward S. Harkness.

Not long after emerging from the Russ Grove and the Prairie Creek redwoods, the highway leads out onto open land fronting the sea. In springtime the seaward slopes are purpled with lupines and wild iris in profusion.

Facing the ocean south of the mouth of Ossegon Creek are Gold Bluffs, where precious metal was found in considerable quantities in 1851, resulting in a "stampede." For years efforts have been made to extract gold in paying quantities from the black sands of beaches all along this coast, as at Big Lagoon and Crescent City, but thus far without success.

Now you are traversing the famous Klamath River region, and soon cross this broad river—the third largest in California—over the Douglas Memorial Bridge, an imposing structure notable for its five great spans. At the north end of the bridge is the new town of Klamath. Requa, on the north bank nearer the river's mouth, is a picturesque old village, center of the salmon-fishing industry of this

stretch of the coast. It holds a considerable Indian settlement, the aboriginal name sometimes being rendered Rekwoi. The Klamath here is a wide, smooth stream flowing between high forested banks, but on its upper course it is a river of torrential grandeur.

You can go by motor-boat up the redwood-bordered Klamath, to Blue Creek, Ah Pah Creek, and beyond. After leaving the settlements a few miles behind, you are in the undisturbed wilderness, making your way upstream through a long foaming sault of the river; and on the return trip you will have the exciting experience of "shooting the rapids." Fishing for salmon and steelhead in season offers sport royal, and the fame of the Klamath ranks high among anglers.

No road penetrates this wilderness; but those who delight in mountain driving will enjoy the trip of about 230 miles eastward from Orick to Yreka, whereon the road is good but "mostly up." Car and brakes should be in prime condition for this motor mountaineering. On the first stage of the journey dense redwood forests are traversed, with ferns and rhododendrons banked often higher than the automobile. The road leaves the redwood belt, and crosses Bald Hills to Martin's Ferry and Weitchpec, center of the interesting Indian basket-weaving industry.

Here, upon festal occasions, can yet be witnessed the picturesque White Deer-Skin dance and other ceremonial dances of the braves; and almost any Sunday you may see the Indian youths playing the rough "stick game." Weitchpec, where the Trinity River joins the Klamath, is the gateway to the Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation, lying to the south. Up the Klamath, the road parallels the river to Orleans, an historic gold camp of the old days, and, like Trinidad, once county seat of now-extinct Klamath County. At Orleans and Somes Bar packers and guides may be hired for expeditions into the wilds, especially for hunting deer and bear. These highlands are inhabited still by primitive hunters, trappers, and Indians, who dwell in rude "dugouts" constructed of earth and logs. One of the few wildernesses remaining still unchanged in western America is this rugged region along the Klamath.

Continuing northward from the Klamath along the Redwood Highway, you pass through the Del Norte Coast State Redwood

Park, containing the Graves Grove, named for Henry Solon Graves of the Yale School of Forestry. Then you traverse the neighboring Grant groves—those preserved through the generosity of Madison Grant and Joseph Donohoe Grant. Here is the most favorable area to see the rhododendrons, notable for their profusion in May and June. The unique charm of these spectacular forests as contrasted with other groves lies in the rugged contour of the coast, for here the redwood belt runs down to meet the sea, and some hardy veterans of the ancient sequoian race cling even to the cliff's edge, twisted by winds like the gnarled trees of the Monterey shore.

From Knapp's Point, to which a park road runs, almost a thousand feet above the surf, you may gain a striking view of the rugged coast, with Crescent City and its harbor lying about ten miles to northward.

Crescent City, the principal place in the Del Norte region, has commercial aspirations, and some improvement of the harbor has been made. The city faces a semi-circular beach extending for five miles southward, a famous racing beach for motorists.

In the old cemetery at Crescent City lie buried some of the victims of the tragic wreck of the sidewheel steamer *Brother Jonathan*. It piled up on July 30, 1865, upon the St. George Reef, an extension seaward of Point St. George, just northwest of the city.

A highway runs north from Crescent City along Lake Earl through Fort Dick and the town of Smith River, amid an important dairying area. Eight miles beyond Smith River, following along the shore, this road crosses the Oregon boundary, passes Brookings, and comes to the mouth of the Rogue River at Gold Beach.

This scenic Oregon Coast Highway, which continues along the Pacific all the way to Astoria, and beyond, is an increasingly popular route to Portland and the Northwest, especially during the summer. In former years this was a somewhat difficult route, but now it is a splendidly improved highway.

The Redwood Highway turns inland from Crescent City, its present route being almost a straightaway before crossing the new Hiouchi Bridge over Smith River. Hiouchi is an Indian word for "blue waters." The former main highway route may still be followed, leading through a heavily wooded area and presenting an

even better view of the primeval country. One of California's finest redwood forests, comparable to the Bull Creek-Dyerville area in the purity of its stand and the great size of its trees, and even more remarkable in luxuriance of undergrowth, is a tract of several thousand acres on the Smith River and at the mouth of its tributary, Mill Creek, a few miles northeast of Crescent City. The Stout Memorial Grove, which stands at the confluence of these streams, and the great National Tribute Grove are remarkable.

Romantic associations linger in this wilderness, memories of the pathfinders who cut their difficult way through it a century ago. Foremost was Jedediah Smith, who explored the Klamath and Smith River region in May and June, 1828; and after him the latter stream was named. Smith it was who opened the land route to the Pacific across the Sierra Nevada. On his northward march his party of trappers traversed this corner of California, then followed the Oregon coast till they came to the lower reaches of the Umpqua River. While Smith was away scouting, the Umpqua Indians attacked his camp and massacred his men. Of all his party, only himself and two others escaped to Fort Vancouver. On this trip through the Redwood Empire, Smith and his hardy followers suffered almost incredible hardships, yet on his return to the East he reported California "the finest country in the world."

The Hiouchi Bridge is the first crossing of the Smith River, and six more bridges across the stream are traversed on the way up the scenic gorge as the highway continues inland toward Grants Pass, through an old gold-mining and lumbering region. You pass historic Gasquet station, headquarters for the stage-coaches and pack-trains in early days, and Patrick Creek; ascending by ingenious switchbacks, where four stretches of the highway may be seen one below the other, to Hazel View at the summit, presenting sweeping panoramas over the Siskiyou. Soon after passing this summit, which is almost 2,500 feet above sea-level, the state line is crossed and you are in Oregon. Over to the east, and reached by a short side trip, are the renowned Oregon Caves, limestone caverns with formations grotesque and beautiful. Joaquin Miller called them "The Marble Halls of Oregon."

Descending to Kerby, on the Illinois River, the route again climbs



over a divide, coming down at last into the valley of the Rogue River. The city of Grants Pass, on this historic stream, is the end of the journey—about 175 miles over the highway from Eureka. Convenient connection can be made with trains for Portland or San Francisco over the Shasta Route, or you can motor over the Pacific Highway, unless you are tempted to retrace your course, in order to travel once more along the Highway of the Giants.

The climax of the trip, to many, is the National Tribute Grove of ever-living Redwoods, near Crescent City. This great grove is preserved in honor of the men and women in the armed services of the United States in World War II. Here are some of the most heavily timbered acres in the world, with mighty trees standing in tribute to our country's defenders.

## CHAPTER XXIX

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### *The Midlands—Sacramento Valley*

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THROUGH the great central valley of California flow two principal rivers—the Sacramento from the north and the San Joaquin from the south—and of these the northern river is by far the more voluminous. This noble stream, from its source on the slopes of Mount Shasta, flows 350 miles to its confluence with the San Joaquin just before emptying into Suisun Bay, an arm of the Bay of San Francisco.

The river is navigable to Red Bluff, 260 miles—at least, on most maps a neat little anchor is imprinted there to indicate “head of navigation.” In pioneer times, ocean-going vessels of deep draught were able to ascend to Sacramento, but silt from the erosion due first to mining and later to agriculture have made the river channel more shallow, and now flat-bottomed river boats are the main carriers along its course. As a commercial waterway it ranks fourth among all the rivers in our country.

The northern part of California’s central valley, through which this majestic stream flows, is the Sacramento Valley, a level plain 160 miles long and varying in width up to 60 miles at its lower end. One of the most fertile regions of the world, this valley, with its surrounding foothill lands, embraces 10,000,000 acres adapted to agriculture.

Travelers enter the Sacramento Valley by a variety of routes, to

most of which notice is devoted elsewhere. From the east the descent from the Sierra down either the American River Canyon or the Feather River Canyon is most striking, especially in midwinter, when the transition from snow-clad ridges to flowering gardens is dramatic in its suddenness. The approach from the north is around the bulk of mighty Shasta, and down the canyon of the upper Sacramento, which is there a torrential stream.

The southerly entrances to the valley are not so spectacular, but pleasing in their revelation of riches. One, from Stockton, takes you across the levels of the Lodi region, where flame-Tokay grapes ripen lusciously in the vineyards. Another—the main rail route and a favorite highway route, too—leads around and across the reaches of San Francisco Bay and through the lower end of the valley to the capital city. On this journey, after passing the Straits of Carquinez, you traverse first the Suisun marshes, not so water-logged nor so vast as once they were, but still frequented by canvasback and mallard, and by hunters of all such, who congregate in their clubs and their blinds during the rainy season.

This was the land of the Suisun Indians, and one of their chiefs, Solano, left his name with a county, as did old Marin across the bay. The famous Suisun chieftain lies buried beneath a spreading buckeye near Cordelia. A striking bronze statue of Solano is at Fairfield. Sem Yoto was his Indian name, but when his tribe was defeated in battle by the Spaniards and he became Christianized, he was called Francisco Solano, and from that day was known as a friend of the white man. In Solano's homeland, north of Cordelia about four miles, Green Valley Fall plunges down amid masses of verdure in a secluded spot of idyllic calm. A side road takes you into lovely Green Valley, but a steep trail must be climbed for a mile or so from the road's end, if you are to see the fall. Picturesque cliffs look down on Yulyul Canyon, east of the fall, where Solano lived in an adobe house, and died in 1850.

Continuing the journey beyond Cordelia toward Sacramento, you are in fertile farming country as you come to the little neighbor cities of Suisun and Fairfield, where the breezes from the bay forever freshen the valley airs. A great aviation base is nearby.

The highway route hence is through the Vaca Valley, crowded

with orchards, to Vacaville, thence traversing a land abounding in flocks and herds, to Dixon, while the railroad reaches that affluent community, beautified by parks, through Elmira.

Ten miles beyond lies Davis, site of the University Farm, an important part of the college of agriculture of the University of California. Here the practical field work of the hopeful young farmers is manifest; and one may readily see that through the experiment station are carried forward projects of tremendous import to California's basic industry—agriculture. Blooded stock and prize poultry and a model dairy delight the eyes of the country gentleman and gentlewoman when they call for a tour of the Farm, which itself was such a premier prize-winner that the state in 1905 fixed upon the site as its demonstration garden-plot.

About fourteen miles east of Davis, beyond the moist expanse of Yolo Basin, crossed on a high causeway, is the city of Sacramento, its Capitol dome glittering from afar.

Yet another delightful way to make acquaintance with the valley on the approach to the capital is to follow the course of the mighty river, either by boat or by the river highway, which leads north from the Antioch Bridge. The scenery viewed is much the same whether you travel by water or by land.

As to the river boats from San Francisco to Sacramento, most of the regular passenger-carriers (some of them are sumptuous craft indeed) make the run by night, but in the long twilight of summer evenings and during hours of moonlight there is much to be seen, even on these overnight voyages. It is always possible, however, to go by day, on a leisurely cruise through the netherlands of California.

Across the delta region near the river mouth, a jig-saw puzzle of islands dissected by the river and "slews," stretch lush farmlands of infinite fertility, all protected by levees, for often they are below the water-level. Many a landscape presents a quaint Dutch aspect. Out from the maze of islands issues a swarm of boats of light draught, the "Mosquito Fleet," part of the moving pageant of the river. Impressive it is to watch the steady onflow of this great watercourse, with its endless procession of river craft: the splashing stern-wheelers, the tugs and motor-boats and launches, the heavy

scows and barges laden with grain-sacks, and the "homesome" houseboats.

Rio Vista, a flourishing little city in the midst of this region, is the center of a big reclamation project. Though its growth is comparatively recent, the settlement has been here since before the American occupation, when it was known as Brazos del Rio (Arms of the River). You will marvel at the fecundity of the diked lands, farmed mostly in large holdings, with widespread asparagus plantations and potato patches of vast extent, and alfalfa-fields where graze sleek herds of Holsteins and Guernseys.

A succession of prosperous towns is passed on the way upriver—Isleton, surrounded by dairy farms; Ryde on Grand Island, largest of all the river islands, embraced between the main channel and Steamboat Slough; Walnut Grove, on the east bank of the Sacramento, with a rickety little Chinatown, here since early times; Courtland, Hood, and Freeport—and beyond you arrive at the capital city, in the heart of California.

Sacramento itself is surrounded by levees, high and strong, to guard against the uprisings of the waters, for in the past the city has suffered tragically from rainy-season floods; and its situation on the Sacramento River at an altitude of only about twenty feet, below where the American River joins the larger stream, is not commanding.

Capital of California continuously since 1854, Sacramento is the largest inland city of the state and its growth in recent years has been rapid, the population exceeding 100,000. A commercial and manufacturing city, and a transportation center, it is the shipping-point for a great fertile region producing deciduous fruits and diversified crops.

The imposing gold-domed Capitol, which Edwin Markham was so bold as to call "perhaps the most beautiful building in the Union," is worthy of the state of which it is the seat of government. In the florid Roman-Corinthian style, it stands within a spacious park near the business center of the city, upon a terraced embankment higher than the level of the surrounding area—at the outset a precaution against floods. Begun in 1859, the Capitol was dedicated with the laying of its corner stone, May 15, 1861. It was completed thirteen

years later, but since then many improvements have been made and two large new structures have been added, to the west, to care for departments of the state's business—and there are, besides, state buildings in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The main entrance of the Capitol faces the west, and two smaller entrances open on the east. From the main portal you walk down a corridor of white Utah sandstone, set off with California marble base and California onyx panels. A representation of the great seal of the state, depicted in colored mosaics in the floor, ornaments the entrance to each tiled corridor. In the center of the rotunda stands a heroic statue, "Columbus before Isabella," presented to the state half a century ago by Darius Ogden Mills, pioneer banker. The group, universally admired for its animation, is the work of Larkin Mead, American sculptor, who executed it in Florence, Italy. Typical of the take-a-chance spirit beloved by early Californians is the pledge of the queen as she offers her jewels. "I will assume the undertaking," she said, "for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." Adorning the walls of the rotunda are paintings by Arthur Mathews, presenting epochs in California's history.

The state legislature meets biennially, or else in special session. At either wing of the Capitol, on the second floor, are the legislative halls, the Senate Chamber to the north being finished in red, the Assembly Chamber to the south in green. In both, inscriptions in Latin are prominently displayed, bearing admonitions to the lawgivers to enact just laws, though few indeed are deep in Latinity. A notable collection of California Indian relics which for some years was displayed in the Capitol now is to be seen in a special building on the grounds of Sutter's Fort.

Aspiring sight-seers find that the Capitol dome is ascended by means of a winding iron stairway. Stops may be made by those short of breath at the first and second landings, where protected platforms allow one to walk around outside the rotunda; but for the most far-reaching views of city and valley, the cupola of the dome should be attained. The Sierra Nevada is in plain sight to the east,

and the courses of the Sacramento and American rivers may be traced for miles.

A perennial delight is a saunter in Capitol Park, adorned with grassy terraces and with trees and shrubs from all regions of the world. To the east of the Capitol lies a half-acre set apart as a memorial grove, with trees transplanted from the principal battlefields of the Civil War and other places noted in American history. Of special interest, the California garden in the southeast corner, featuring the native flora, includes rare trees such as the Torrey pine, and examples of varied growth, from the cactus of the desert to ferns of the northwoods, all finding here a congenial home. The line of giant palms surrounding the park was planted in 1888 and 1889.

Directly west of the Capitol, facing each other across a spacious plaza, rise structures virtually identical, the Library and Courts Building and the State Office Building, forming with the Capitol a harmonious group. Presenting an attractive adaptation of classic Greek architecture, the imposing colonnades on their façades are surmounted by triangular pediments carved in allegorical figures symbolic of momentous periods in the annals of the commonwealth. The California State Library, housed in the vast structure to the south, mainly on the second floor, is one of the largest in the country. It was begun in 1850, with 100 books given by Frémont. Of particular interest to students of the Golden State's story is the magnificent collection of Californiana in a great hall on the third floor, with thousands of priceless books and documents, and pioneer newspapers, many of which can be found nowhere else.

Noteworthy, too, are other public buildings in Sacramento, such as the Municipal Auditorium and the State Printing Office. The County Courthouse occupies a site about six blocks from the river, where stood the edifice which served as State Capitol from 1855 to 1869. The courthouse preceding it on the site, a structure destroyed by fire in 1854, had been the meeting-place of the legislature of that year as well as of 1852, for Sacramento was capital for a brief time then, only to be deposed from this position, though soon thereafter it had its primacy restored for good.

The Crocker Art Gallery, in the older part of the city, at Sec-

ond and O streets, contains one of the finest art collections in America, almost a thousand paintings, chiefly by European artists—Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, Paul Potter, Claude Lorraine, Jakob Ruysdael, Albrecht Dürer, Bernardino Luini, and Sir Peter Lely—as well as canvases by Piloty, Kaulbach, Thomas Hill, William Keith, and other modern artists of note. Works attributed to Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Tintoretto, Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto are among the treasures of the collection. Many folios of drawings by old and modern masters are here. A new annex to the gallery aids in the display of these masterpieces.

The art collection was presented to the public in 1884 by members of the pioneer Crocker family, who gathered it in Europe around the time of the Franco-German War, when so many distressed noble families felt obliged to part with their heirlooms.

Those familiar with the early history of California will be gratified to find here authentic portraits of personages who loomed large in pioneer times—Charles Crocker, Collis Huntington, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Theodore Judah, and other builders of the first transcontinental railroad—and such leaders as John Augustus Sutter, Thomas Starr King, Peter Lassen, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, and Romualdo Pacheco. Edwin Crocker, Chief Justice of California and an eminent lawyer, who dwelt in the mansion which is one of the two adjoining and connected structures now forming part of the museum, was adviser to the railroad directorate, and it is said that the plans for the railroad which spanned the continent were actually made under his roof.

One of the foremost historic landmarks of California is old Sutter's Fort, now within a public park between K and L, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth streets, in the midst of a select residential district. The edifice and enclosure, atop a slight eminence overlooking a lagunita, have been restored, but most of the principal building is the original structure. An interesting assemblage of pioneer relics is here. The history of early-day travel is strikingly illustrated by the solid disk-wheeled *carreta*, or ox-cart, of the dons, the lumbering prairie schooner, and the trimmer stagecoach which succeeded them. One of the stages here was driven by none other than the



dashing Hank Monk. Among the old fire-engines, one is an early steam fire-engine, used by the Marysville fire-laddies in 1856. You'll see, too, a hay-press made in Mohawk Valley, California, in 1857. A more potent press, California's first iron printing-press, is here—the press which was brought around the Horn in 1846 by Sam Brannan, later to turn out proclamations by the score, and the first number of *The Californian*, at Monterey, August 15, 1846. One of the original cannon of the fort; the key to its portal; a massive anchor dredged from the Sacramento River off the city-front, relic of the days when sailing-ships crowded the *Embarcadero*; documents, lithographic views of early Sacramento, San Francisco, and the mining-camps; saddles and spurs of the Pony Express riders; relics of James Marshall and of the Donner Party; picks and pans; cradles in which pioneer mothers rocked their youngsters, and cradles in which pioneer miners rocked their gold—what a gathering of heirlooms is here, to aid you to re-create the past!

The first permanent settlement in the Sacramento Valley, the fort was founded in 1839 by John Augustus Sutter, a native of Kandern, Baden, who received a lordly grant in this region from the Mexican government, calling it Nueva Helvecia, or New Helvetia, for he was of Swiss parentage. Sutter maintained a permanent garrison here at the fort, which had twelve guns mounted on its walls, was capable of holding a thousand men, and in its palmy days was a busy trading-post. Here the early trappers and explorers halted *en route*; here the covered-wagon trains gathered after the passage of the Sierra. This was one of the places seized by the Bear Flag revolutionists in June, 1846. Appropriately, the fort was the center of the Centennial celebration in Sacramento in 1939, marked by historical pageantry.

It was in the mill-race at Sutter's Mill at Coloma, about fifty miles up the American River, that James Marshall discovered gold early in 1848, and the fort was for a time the focal point of the "gold excitement" which followed. Gold-hungry hordes paused here to outfit themselves for the last stage of their rush to the "diggin's." The fort for a brief time remained as a trading-post for the hustling city which sprang up near by—called after the great river, whose name, honoring the Holy Sacrament, had been be-

stowed by devout Spanish folk. A name even more sacred—Jesus Maria—had been given it first by the explorer Gabriel Moraga, who in 1808 called the tributary river which now is known as the Feather by the name Sacramento.

Sutter, who had been the most powerful landowner and trader in the West, fared badly after the gold-find. His white retainers deserted for the mines, his Indian laborers became drunken delinquents; swarming interlopers made free with his property, scorning to pay. Broken in fortune, Sutter wandered to the gold-fields, to seek in vain for treasure; and later he fought for years for confirmation of the titles to his Mexican grants, dying at last in poverty in far-off Washington, whither he had carried his petitions.

Sacramento was fixed upon as the western terminus of the Pony Express, and on Second Street, between J and K streets, the structure which was known in those times, 1862, as the Pony Express Building is still standing. On J street, about sixty feet west of Third, is the site, duly marked, of the D. O. Mills bank, established in 1849, first bank west of the Rocky Mountains.

The growth of California made better transportation facilities imperative, and a young engineer, Theodore Judah, projected the transcontinental railroad. His plan was scoffed at, except by a small group of Sacramento merchants, who in the face of derision and difficulty carried the project through to completion. At the Southern Pacific station in Sacramento, standing as a monument to the vision and determination of Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker—the men who translated Judah's dream into reality—is a queer little locomotive which was brought around the Horn on a sailing-vessel and put into service drawing a passenger train in 1864. A short distance away, at the foot of K street, a bronze tablet marks the spot where ground was broken for this Overland Route.

That luxuriant beauty of which Capitol Park is typical abounds throughout the city. Though laid out at regular right angles, the streets are gloriously adorned, some with elms overarching, some with tall palms, others with prolific orange trees. Outstanding among the city's floral treasures are camellias; and other waxy blooms such as magnolias and oleanders, delightfully blended with the foliage, give a hint of the semitropic clime.

Many square-block plazas are scattered through the city, generously donated in early days by the Sutter family. The original Old Plaza, massed with verdure, is a breathing-space amid the business section. In outlying districts are much larger parks and recreation-grounds, some with velvet-smooth lawns and glittering lakelets, and others in their natural state, oak-studded.

On the eastern border of the city, along Stockton Boulevard, lies the Agricultural Park where the state fair is held every September. Besides the race-track, stables and buildings for the housing of stock, here rise permanent exhibition buildings of imposing size. The fair, held in Sacramento since 1861, is attended by several hundred thousand people each year.

Parked driveways lead throughout the city, and motorists are likely to make jaunts southward on the Riverside Drive, the Freeport Boulevard, Franklin Boulevard, and Stockton Boulevard; north-east on the Auburn Boulevard; or east to Folsom, in the foothills, and onward and upward along that historic route to Placerville; and Lake Tahoe lies not so far "over the rise" from that picturesque ville, old Hangtown. A shorter drive, fifteen miles eastward, will take you across the American River, and to Fair Oaks, where high bluffs rise above the stream. A realm of orchards is this, producing some of the earliest citrus fruits in California; and it is notable, too, as a place where rare birds are raised.

To the west of Sacramento, as we have seen, lies Davis, with the University Farm; and about ten miles north thereof is Woodland, substantial little city amid the bountiful acres of Yolo, watered by Cache Creek. The name of the Yolo, or Yoloy, tribe of Patwin Indians signified, it is surmised, Place of Rushes; and the creek received its name from French-Canadian trappers who were wont to cache their peltries in hiding-places along its course.

Highway and rail routes diverge from Woodland, serving the two sides of the great valley.

The route between Woodland and Red Bluff, on the upper river, boasts no outstanding scenic features, but it traverses a smiling land of farms and orchards. Side roads lead to the Coast Range on one side and to the Sacramento on the other, the river being closely followed by secondary highways.

This journey from Woodland along the western side of the Sacramento Valley reveals some of the richest agricultural land in California—northwest to the town of Yolo, on Cache Creek, in the heart of a fertile fruit-growing district, and through Zamora past vast eucalyptus-groves to Arbuckle, where almonds and fruits are produced in abundance; and on to Williams, a considerable farming center, whence cross-valley highways diverge east and west, linking the tributary region with the arterial route. This is a center, in fact, on the main cross-state route, the Tahoe-Clear Lake-Ukiah highway.

Colusa, near Williams on the west bank of the Sacramento River where an Indian tribe called the Kolu, or Colusi, once dwelt, dominates a rich farming and dairying region, with a goodly water-borne commerce. Just west of Maxwell lies an immense lemon grove; and at Sites, farther west, has been quarried the gray Colusa sandstone, much used in California for building.

The main valley route continues north through Maxwell into a region where Dr. Hugh Glenn, early wheat baron, in the '70s owned a ranch of more than 50,000 acres. He had come to California twenty years before. The wheat-growing era has almost passed away, and now far more diversified agriculture is the rule.

Lines of travel extend almost due north to Willows, a little city of considerable importance, for it lies in the midst of rich irrigated lands, producing varied crops. Formerly this part of the valley was almost treeless, and a clump of native willows a mile east of the present town was such a prominent landmark that it gave the name to the neighborhood. Beyond here you fare onward to Orland. The surrounding country is embraced in one of the foremost irrigation projects in the West, the National Government having established here a complete system to demonstrate what can be done by irrigation under favorable conditions of soil and climate. The gravelly lands on both sides of Stony Creek are included in the project, a storage dam barring the creek's waters upstream at East Park.

Beyond Orland you come to Corning, center of a fertile orchard section, which is one of the chief olive-growing areas in California. Oranges, too, are abundant in this region. From here a road leads southwest to Paskenta, a resort in rugged uplands.

Across the Sacramento to the east of Corning once flourished Benton City, laid out by Peter Lassen and named by him after his friend, Senator Thomas Benton, of Missouri, whose talented daughter Jessie married John Charles Frémont. At Benton City, now vanished, was inaugurated the first Masonic lodge in California, under a charter granted by the Grand Lodge of Missouri, on May 10, 1848, to Lassen and colleagues. Three years later the lodge was removed to Shasta.

On your northward journey you pass through Richfield, headquarters of another agricultural colony, continuing to Red Bluff, and so up the Sacramento and "on to Oregon."

The *eastern* side of the Sacramento Valley likewise is traversed by a number of rail and highway routes. That from Woodland crosses the mighty river at Knight's Landing, one of the oldest settlements along its course, founded as it was in 1843. The older section of the village, with its antiquated structures, is most picturesque, a typical "river town." Not far beyond here, on the way to Marysville, the Sutter By-pass is crossed, part of the system developed at tremendous expense (it was worth it) to save the valley from destructive floods.

From Sacramento, the city of Marysville is reached also by routes through Nicolaus, another old town, on the lower Feather River, and Tudor. In all this region the growing of clingstone peaches is a major feature of fruit culture, the Phillip cling peach having been originated here; and hereabouts, too, spread vineyards, this being the first home of the Thompson seedless grape, now grown more extensively in other parts of California.

Beyond Tudor, on the Feather River, a monument marks the site of Hock Farm, the home estate of General Sutter. He received this Mexican grant in 1839, with his other holdings, and he repaired here after the loss of Sutter's Fort and most of his fortune. He left in 1868, to dwell in Pennsylvania.

The route from Tudor continues to Yuba City, a beautiful place of homes and gardens, and from there you cross the Feather River into Marysville.

Still another approach to Marysville from the capital city is nearer the Sierra, leading first northeast across the American River,

traversing old Rancho del Paso to Roseville, as attractive a community as its name suggests. Through orchards and grain-fields the way leads to Lincoln, which, besides having agricultural assets, has long prospered because of its extensive potteries. A few miles beyond, the Bear River (old *Rio Oso*) is crossed to Wheatland. Some of the largest hop-fields in the world extend along the bottom lands beside Bear River, several thousand workers being gathered here in the picking season.

Marysville, situated at the confluence of the Yuba and Feather rivers, is one of California's historic places. In the golden days it was a distributing point for the mines, and at that time steamers could ascend to Marysville with ease, though now the passage is difficult, because of the shoaling of the rivers by deposits of silt.

This settlement was first called New Mecklenburg, by Theodore Cordua, a native of Mecklenburg, who maintained an adobe trading-post on land leased in 1842 from Sutter. He sold half of his interest to his overseer, Charles Covillaud, who was active in laying out the town in 1850, and it was named in honor of his wife, Mary Murphy, one of the survivors of the Donner Party.

In the fall of 1851 Joaquin Murieta, notorious bandit chief, terrorized the region about Marysville by his depredations. Law and order were represented by men such as Stephen Field, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, who became the first alcalde of the settlement, and William Walker, attorney. His was an astounding career. This "gray-eyed man of destiny" led a filibustering expedition into Sonora, Mexico, in 1853, invaded Nicaragua and became President of that country in 1856-57, and was executed by a firing-squad in 1860 while trying to raise the banner of revolt in Honduras.

Marysville is beautified by parks, and expansive Ellis Lake glitters near by. The embankments surrounding the city, protecting it from freshets of the rivers, are conceded to be among the highest and strongest levees in America. Commenced in 1875, the cost of building them was more than a cool million, and there has never been a break or failure of *these* banks. The crown of the levees is from eight to seventy-five feet wide, and as you walk along, looking

down on house-tops, the bulwarks are reminiscent of city walls of medieval times.

Along the Yuba River above Marysville big gold-dredgers have been in operation, night and day. Higher upstream lies Smartsville, an old mining-town, the road (elsewhere described) leading onward to Grass Valley, Nevada City, and Downieville, making accessible the storied highlands of the Yuba Diggings.

From Yuba City and Marysville another road takes you west to Sutter City, at the base of the Sutter Buttes, sometimes known also as the Marysville Buttes, which may be ascended from here—the only elevations of note which break the dead level of the great central valley of California. A group of four isolated peaks, of remote volcanic origin, they are much eroded by the elements. These half-mountains were seen first by the Spaniards, and in 1828 by Jedediah Smith. They were given the name “buttes” by the French-Canadian voyageur, Michel La Framboise, who traversed this country in 1829 as agent of the Hudson’s Bay Company. A comprehensive view of the valley is gained from the summit of this little mountain range, two thousand feet above sea-level.

There is choice of routes from Marysville to Oroville, about twenty-five miles due north, near the mouth of the scenic Feather River Canyon. The oranges of this rich region round about Oroville are in the markets among the earliest, despite its northerly latitude, and here, too, you’ll see widespread groves of Mission olives.

The main ways up the valley beyond Marysville traverse a level expanse of fertile lands, broken only by the isolated Sutter Buttes, to the west. Passing through Gridley and other prosperous farming communities (and leaving Oroville over to the east) you reach Chico, a city of substantial prosperity. Lumber products, from matches to scantlings, are manufactured here. Chico (pronounce it *Che’ko*) was founded in 1850 by John Bidwell, who had purchased a few years before the vast acreage called El Rancho Chico (The Little Ranch). The Bidwell mansion, a towered structure built of stone in the early ’60s, is still standing.

Roses are Chico’s pride; and reaching to the center of the city is Bidwell Park, a vast municipal recreation-ground. The giant Hooker Oak, in an oak forest within this park, was adjudged the

largest oak in the world by that eminent botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, who visited here in 1877. The height is 110 feet; the circumference of the trunk, 28 feet. Its spread is 150 feet. Two miles southeast of Chico is a United States Government experimental garden, devoted to plant introduction, in which General Bidwell was interested so intensely and so long.

An expanse of beautiful woodland along Big Chico Creek and Lindo Channel, donated by the Bidwell family, is part of the state park system.

A number of pleasant trips may be made round about Chico into the foothills. One is through the old mining district on Butte Creek; and an excellent road runs north from Chico to mineral springs, ten miles distant, sheltered in Mud Creek Canyon. These highlands embrace much of interest. Good trails lead to Fern Canyon, Buzzard's Roost, the Arrow Point, Flag Point (the highest in these hills), North Hill and the "Hole-in-the-Rock," on the hill-top above the springs, used by the Indians as a lookout post. From the heights sweeping views extend over the Sacramento Valley.

On your way up the Sacramento Valley you pass Vina, on the Stanford Ranch, established by Leland Stanford, in a region formerly devoted largely to grapes, but now more diversified in production. The Sierra sky-line to the east is marked by Camel Mound, a strangely-shaped mountain "backed like a camel."

North of Vina is Los Molinos, in a colony rendered rich by dairying and by raising alfalfa and fruit. Los Molinos derives its name from the Spanish, meaning The Mills or Millstones, and Mill Creek was first called Rio de los Molinos (River of Millstones).

Tehama is an important junction point across the river from Los Molinos. The meaning of the name Tehama is obscure. It has been explained as signifying both "high water" in reference to the Sacramento and as "low land," which, after all, may be merely a case in relativity.

Soon you reach Red Bluff, a place of considerable commercial importance, head of navigation on the Sacramento River. Situated on elevated lands overlooking the great stream, the city is one of the centers of the lumber industry of northern California, and the tributary farming country is abundantly fertile. The city streets are



lined with poplar and elm, white maple and locust, acacia and pepper trees.

The name of the city goes back to that of an old rancho immediately south of here, Barranca Colorada, which may be so translated. When the settlement was young, though, about 1850, it was threatened with the appellation of Leodocia. William Ide, a leader in the Bear Flag revolt, was possessed of the rancho for a time, and later, in 1849, he operated a river ferry a couple of miles north of where the city now stands, and there you still may see his adobe house, marked as a historic site.

Out of Red Bluff roads extend in several directions, one to the southwest penetrating into the Yolla Bolly mountains, which attain a height of 9,000 feet. Another road, extending northwest from Red Bluff, penetrates a wild region rejoicing in the name of the Bully Choop mountains. Towering peaks along the range are Mount Bolly, Bully Choop, and Chancelulla Mountain, all to the north of the route. This highway, up Dry Creek, passes through Beegum, whence a road diverges northeast to Redding by way of the old queerly-named mining settlements of Ono and Igo. Beyond Beegum the main highway continues northeast to the place where another road links this with the Trinity Highway at Weaverville; but from the junction-point the main route bends southerly through Cold Spring and Forest Glen, finally setting westward and descending the Van Duzen River, joining the Eel River at Alton, and reaching tide-water at Eureka.

Lassen Volcanic National Park, in the highlands to the east of Red Bluff, is approached by the road leading up to Mineral, southern gateway to the wonderland; and if you continue on the same route eastward you pass by Lake Almanor beyond Chester and reach Susanville and the Honey Lake Valley.

From Red Bluff the main route of travel extends northward to Cottonwood and Anderson, within a fruitful little valley. Four miles east of Cottonwood, where the creek of that name joins the Sacramento, stands the Reading Adobe, a landmark of note. Pierson Barton Reading, who came to California in 1843, built this home four years later, with thick walls and high windows as protection against

Indian arrows. Guests such as Sutter, Lassen, Frémont and Bidwell gathered at the hospitable hearth while history was in the making. Reading died here in 1868 and lies buried near by, at the base of a granite slab bearing a bronze tablet.

Lassen Peak looms over to the east, commanding the range, and nearer rises Shingletown Butte, an extinct volcanic cone. A few miles beyond Anderson lies Redding, on a strategic site at the head of the Sacramento Valley, with Mount Shasta in view to the north. Redding is the natural shipping-point for an immense fruit-growing, farming, and mining district. Palms and orange trees in the public squares attest the clemency of the climate.

Roads extend from Redding into the mountains upon either side of the valley. The old stage road westward from Redding, which crosses the Shasta-Trinity Divide to Weaverville, offers magnificent scenery. The route, now known as the Trinity Highway, runs first to the almost deserted town of Old Shasta, once the seat of government of a county as big as some of the states.

Old Shasta, lying six miles west of Redding, was begun in the middle of 1849, becoming the distributing center for the Trinity mining-district. The houses which remain are strongly built, with heavy shutters and doors, originally as protections against fire and the raids of Indians and bandits. Shasta's proud citizenry claimed the longest row of brick buildings in California, during the palmy years from 1852 to 1857. The Masonic Hall has been in use since 1853, the charter for its lodge having been brought to California by Peter Lassen in 1848, and (as we have noted) to Shasta in 1851 after the decline of Benton City.

Only the skeleton of the old Shasta court-house remains, and it is roofless, but the cells in its jail are still to be seen, with tumble-down walls and rust-corroded doors and shutters. On an eminence stands one of the most interesting of the old dwellings, the one-time residence of Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, alcalde of the town, who built it in 1851.

After leaving Shasta, the route leads past Tower House, with ruins of a famous stage-station dating from the early '50s. It was at the junction-point of the old road to Oregon. North of here are the

camp of French Gulch (still active), Deadwood and Lewiston, in an old gold-mining country, worked in the days of '49. Around Lewiston there is some general farming, but the sustaining industry in this region for three-quarters of a century has been mining. Hydraulic placer, drift placer, dredge and quartz mining are all carried on in the district, and the processes used in extracting the gold somehow possess potent fascination.

Continuing along the main highway you reach Weaverville, principal town of the Trinity region, a quaint old place at the foot of Weaver Bolly, rising to northward. There was a Weaver here early, but he is unknown to fame, except that he left his name with the ville and the butte. The first cabin was built in 1850, and within two years the town had grown to considerable size. Many of the pioneer structures remain, with iron doors and shutters. Once Weaverville had a considerable population of Chinese, and the few who still linger care for the Chinese Masonic Hall and the Joss House, an interesting little structure.

Beyond Weaverville, the highway passes La Grange mine, formerly the largest of all hydraulic workings. Once again the hydraulic monitors are rending the mountain-sides, to add to the sum total of millions in gold here recovered. The castle of Baron La Grange stands on a peak, overlooking the workings.

Down the Trinity leads the highway, through a country of virgin forests and clear mountain streams, to Blue Lake, and on to Arcata, on Humboldt Bay north of Eureka. This river was named in 1845, it may be noted, by Major Reading, under the impression that it flows into Trinidad Bay; but actually it empties into Klamath River, which reaches the sea north of that bay. Reading mined gold on the Trinity in 1848, and his success led to the rapid development of the Trinity diggings. It is difficult to leave off visiting this fascinating region, even today, when most of the gold has vanished, but we must continue on our main-line journey.

Yet before taking up the northward route again, it should be noted that on the other side of Redding, eastward, roads lead to Alturas in the Modoc region, and into the strange uplands dominated by Lassen Peak, described in a chapter following.

Beyond Redding the Pacific Highway and the railroad continue northward into the Mount Shasta country.

Such, along with some divergent ways, are the routes traversing the Sacramento Valley—west side, east side, and all through the fertile acres which bring prosperity to the state. There is “corn-field scenery” on the progress up the valley, some of it uninteresting, perhaps, except to those who know rich land when they see it. But the diversity of the crops adds interest to the farmlands, and almost always within view are the mountains. In the upper valley they draw nearer on either side, and there orchards and gardens are set in an environment of rolling foothills.

An inland empire refreshing to visit is this opulent valley of Rio Sacramento.

And with the development of the giant Central Valley project, which will bring water to 2,000,000 additional irrigable acres in the Central Valley, this northern arm of that already affluent region will flourish with new vigor.

North of Redding on the Sacramento River is the great Shasta Dam, and behind that expansive Shasta Lake, with a shore line of 365 miles. The dam is best reached by a side road leading six miles northwest from U. S. highway route 99, diverging eight miles north of Redding. Nearer Redding on the Sacramento River is the smaller Keswick Dam. The U. S. highway extends northeastward to the big double-decked Pit Bridge, which carries the railroad across as well as the highway. This new lake in scenic setting has become a popular recreational area.

## CHAPTER XXX

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### *Mount Shasta and Roundabout*

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ONE of the great railroad links between California and the Pacific Northwest has long been famous as the Shasta Route, and it is well named, for throughout much of northern California the towering white form of Mount Shasta dominates the landscape. The Pacific Highway follows almost the same route as the Siskiyou line of the railroad, northward through the upper canyon of the Sacramento River and across the mountains into Oregon.

Formerly on this route was the now-submerged town of Kennett, center of copper-mining activity begun here in 1896. Fumes from the copper smelters at Kennett and Keswick killed the vegetation for miles around, and though later the noxious gases were controlled by the ingenious "bag process," the hills still have a somewhat blighted desert aspect in places.

The great Central Valley water and power conservation project is well under way, and the concrete dam which has been constructed in the Sacramento Canyon below the site of Kennett has created a vast lake into which pour the waters of the Sacramento, Pit and McCloud rivers—Shasta Lake, which at times extends 35 miles up the canyon of the Sacramento. This Shasta Dam is 602 feet high from the lowest foundation, and about 3500 feet long on the crest, along which runs a highway. The overflow spillway in the center is the world's

highest man-made waterfall—480 feet. A big powerhouse is below the dam.

As has been mentioned, the Pacific Highway from Redding extends northward to the Pit River crossing, on a great double-decked bridge. The railroad we have noted, also crosses here.

Bully Hill, its big smelter producing copper and lead recovered from ores mined round about, is about seven miles to the northeast, above the Squaw Creek arm of the lake.

The McCloud River, rising at the base of Mount Shasta and coursing down a valley of great scenic beauty, is much sought by summer campers; and scattered along its banks are country homes of affluent Californians. Not far from the site of the now-submerged town of Baird, above the McCloud river arm of the lake, is Potter Creek Cave, which has yielded fossil remains of twenty-five distinct species of ancient animals, including the mastodon, elephant, giant sloth, camel, the big extinct lion, and the cave bear.

Another cave renowned among the Wintun Indians holds a magic pool called *Samwel*, whose waters bring good luck. A legend tells of three maidens who, unable to gain luck at this pool, learned from a wrinkled witch-woman about other water with still stronger magic, a second pool lying in a remote chamber; and after a long search they came upon a pit with sloping sides. As they approached, one slipped suddenly on the mist-wet rock. The other two sought to grasp her, but she fell shrieking into the abyss. They heard her strike and strike again, then all was quiet. A rescue party failed to reach the bottom of the well and attempts to find the lost maiden were abandoned.

Years later, Dr. John C. Merriam and an exploring party discovered the entrance to Samwel Cave about eighteen miles from the mouth of the McCloud River as it then was—an extensive series of galleries opening on the face of a limestone bluff. Nor was there difficulty in finding a pool located in the third chamber. "Whether or no its waters gave us good fortune," the explorer says, "it is true that we succeeded in the true objective of our search. On the floor of the cavern were ancient deposits containing numerous bones and teeth representing elephant, horse, and other animals of California (in-

cluding a strange goat-like animal known as the *preptoceras*) from a period probably antedating the present by many tens of thousands of years."

The Cave of the Maiden was found after a long search, with the skeleton of the Indian girl where she had fallen, thus confirming the olden legend.

On the journey toward Mount Shasta, the routes of the Pacific Highway and the railroad continue near the village of Antler, where the old California-Oregon wagon road crossed the Sacramento river; and thence through Delta and Lamoine to Sims, near the mouth of Hazel Creek. Many rustic retreats flank the Sacramento hereabouts. The way runs through Castella and Castle Crag, resort-places lying at the base of the Castle Crag—serrated peaks of basic granite, outstanding among California's scenic beauties. A trail leads up the almost sheer wall of the mountains from a point near the confluence of Soda Creek with the river, and the ascent, though fatiguing if taken afoot, is rewarded by the grandeur of the outlook. Mount Shasta dominates the foreground to the north, while other giant peaks within the range of vision are Mount Lassen, Mount Eddy, Black Butte, and Eagle Peak. The canyon below is dark with forests of pine and fir.

The topmost pinnacles of Castle Crag, ramparts flanking the canyon, are almost perpendicular. At the most prominent of the spires, now called Battle Rock, was fought an engagement between outlaw Indians (mostly Modocs) and the whites, in June, 1855. Joaquín Miller in an heroic poem tells of this fierce conflict, in which he was wounded by an arrow; he long hovered between life and death. Aroused by the depredations of Indian renegades, the settlers had formed an avenging band under one Squire Reuben Gibson, known in the poem as "Old Gib." The whites counted only twenty-nine (they had about the same number of Shasta Indian allies), yet they assailed the hostile redskins in their wellnigh impregnable stronghold among the crags of Castillo del Diablo, as then it was called. The battle raged furiously for a time, but at last the hostiles withdrew, to trouble the settlers hereabouts no more.

Now an extensive area at the base of the Crag is included in a state park. A trail which skirts them reaches Castle Lake, reposing

more than a mile above sea-level in the midst of this wild scenic region, beloved by anglers.

From Castle Crag station the main route continues to Dunsmuir, the most important place in the canyon, indeed a charming little city of several thousand people. The giant form of Shasta looms grandly at the head of the gorge beyond Dunsmuir, and your first full sight of it is like to be breath-taking in dramatic suddenness. Going north, the route constantly ascends, athwart a spur of the Klamath Mountains, pine-clad heights rising on either hand. Beside the railroad track and the highway run the headwaters of the Sacramento River, broken by rapids and cascades. These waters are usually of crystal clearness, and along their margin in great masses grows the large-leaved water saxifrage.

Beyond Dunsmuir the way passes through Upper Soda Springs and Shasta Retreat to Shasta Springs. A celebrated carbonated water, high in content of iron and magnesia, is bottled and sent from here. Visitors ascend through the pine woods and beside streams and cataracts to a resort situated on the plateau above. Only a few hundred yards south of Shasta Springs station, beautiful Mossbrae Falls pour down, their waters welling out of a mountain-side amid fern and moss—spring-like falls different from any others in California.

From Shasta Springs an automobile road leads over to the McCloud River, a journey of surpassing beauty, with Shasta in sight much of the way. McCloud—on the river of the same name—is a typical lumber-camp.

The route northward beyond Shasta Springs continues to Mount Shasta City, in Strawberry Valley at the foot of the titan peak. A center of the lumbering industry, Mount Shasta City, which can scarcely muster a round thousand for its civic rolls, was for years known as Sisson, after a pioneer innkeeper who here set up a resort. A fish-hatchery here raises millions of fish each year, principally trout, and with them stocks the streams of California. It is easy to credit the claim that this hatchery, which is open to the public, is one of the largest in the world.

Mount Shasta, generally ascended from Mount Shasta City, is an ancient volcano (sometimes classed by scientists as *not* extinct), with a double crater, the smaller, Shastina, lying to the west of the



main peak. A road runs to the timber-line, whence the ascent (not unduly difficult) is finished by trail. It is the usual custom to camp for the night at the Sierra Club alpine lodge near timber line, thus making possible the climb to the summit and return in one day. Guides for the trip can be secured at the resorts.

From the summit of Shasta (14,162 feet above sea-level), one of the most magnificent views to be enjoyed anywhere, in extent and variety of scenery, is revealed. Shasta rises two miles above the general level of the country which it dominates, and it is twice as high as any mountain within fifty miles. At the top of the mountain appear abundant evidences of its volcanic origin; steam still emerges from the higher crevices, and molten sulphur bubbles out near the summit. On the eastern and northeastern slopes lie glaciers—Hotlum, Bolam, Whitney, and Konwakiton—but these are smaller than the glaciers of Mount Rainier. Snow lingers always around the summit of the mountain, though at some seasons it almost disappears. Remarkable, too, are the lava caves, caused by the cooling of the external crust of the lava, while the molten core flowed out. Some of these caves, or lava tubes, are extensive: one, Pluto's Cave, on the north flank of the mountain near Sheep Rock, is almost a mile long.

Mount Shasta was discovered in 1826 by Peter Skene Ogden, leader of an expedition of the Hudson's Bay Company. The name was then fixed to the mountain, this being its Indian appellation, though some have fancied that it is from the Russian *tschasta*, or "chaste," in reference to its pure snow-clad summit. The earliest recorded ascent was made in 1854 by Captain Pearce; Joaquin Miller not long after climbed the mountain. John Muir scaled the peak in 1875.

During the summer you can circle Mount Shasta by automobile, a scenic drive of about sixty miles from Mount Shasta City or from Weed.

Big Spring, about a mile and a half north of Mount Shasta City, is reputed the source of the Sacramento River. The Sugarloaf, a remarkable conical peak of lava without a crater, rises to the east of the route. High to the east soon looms the mighty cone of Black Butte, also known as Wintoon Butte, one of the most outstanding features of the Shasta region. It is a mass of ash and lava rock—

andesite. Faring onward beyond the butte you come to Weed, a town of considerable importance as a lumber center. Yellow pine and sugar pine are the woods turned into lumber here. A road leads from Weed to Klamath Falls, Oregon, traversing Butte Valley and passing through a Dunkard colony long established in this region. The Cascade line of the Shasta Route, the railroad, takes virtually the same course, except that it diverges a few miles to the south, from Black Butte. Many travelers who plan to visit Crater Lake National Park thus turn aside at Black Butte or Weed.

From Weed the main route descends steadily into the Shasta Valley, running through Edgewood, a dairying center, and Gazelle, whence thousands of cattle are sent. Along the hill on the west leads the Old Yreka Ditch constructed in 1856 to carry water to the placer mines; now it is used for irrigation. The railroad continues north from Grenada, together with an important road, while the Pacific Highway swings around northwestward through Yreka, of which more will be said soon. Montague, on the railroad beyond Grenada lies in a rich farming region; and east of here reposes a small but fertile valley, hidden by the barren hillocks. It is the Little Shasta Valley, peopled by thriving ranchers. At the valley's eastern end rises Table Rock, once the scene of Indian ceremonies, and near by gush forth sparkling mineral springs.

Yreka, as has been noted, is directly on the Pacific Highway; and those who travel by train make thither a seven-mile side trip from Montague. Yreka's name is thought to be a corruption of an Indian appellation of Shasta, I-e'-ka, meaning "white." A thriving little city, this, founded during the mining excitement in 1851, when gold was turned up here and in the hills surrounding. Many became rich through mining, but the yellow metal was quickly extracted, and almost the only things that remain to commemorate the "days of old and the days of gold" at Yreka are a few decrepit brick structures and an irregularity given to the land for acres outside the city limits, where mounds of upturned earth, now smoothed down by wind and weather, show where the hard-fisted miners' claims were staked. A few mines are still worked near Yreka, and many more in the remoter ranges. Excitement was plenty in the '50s, when the Yreka Flats fighting took place, over miners' water rights.

The Yreka district was also in the Modoc War zone, and relics of those early conflicts are still kept by old-timers: It was in this region, too, that young Joaquin Miller spent several years of rough frontier life as a miner, rancher, and lawyer.

Scott Valley, an early-settled farming region, lies to the southwest of Yreka, the road thither first reaching Fort Jones, on the valley's rim. A stockade, occupied by troops during the Indian troubles of the '50s, stood about half a mile south of the present town. You may continue southward to the old valley settlement of Etna, girdled on all sides by shaggy pine-covered mountains, and on through Callahan into the Trinity region, by way of Trinity Center—gateway to the Salmon-Trinity Alps primitive area—to Weaverville or French Gulch and Redding.

The great wild Klamath River region west of Yreka can be reached from Fort Jones or by a route which branches from the Pacific Highway nine miles north of Yreka, the two roads coming together near Hamburg, an old mining-town of considerable importance. Happy Camp, thirty miles down the Klamath, is a famous place in mining lore, and it still cherishes many picturesque old buildings, as does Somes Bar, forty miles farther downstream. Held within the great semicircle of Klamath River between Hamburg and Somes Bar is the Marble Mountains wilderness, capped by a striking castellated mountain of limestone—most of it marble—fittingly termed Marble Mountain. Southwest of Somes Bar lies the remote Salmon River mining-region, with the quaint old camps of Forks of Salmon and Sawyer's Bar, most active in the '50s. The Klamath Highway continues down from Somes Bar (or Somesbar, as many modern maps show it) through Orleans and Weitchpec into the Redwood Empire, reaching Arcata and Eureka.

In the other direction from Yreka and Montague several routes lead to the upper course of the Klamath River. From Montague the railroad and its attendant highway run to Ager, whence a road diverges to a popular hot springs resort about twenty miles to the northeast, part of the way along the banks of the Klamath. Copco Lake, a power project reservoir, lies in the river canyon within this region.

The Pacific Highway continues north from Yreka, across the

Klamath River and on to Hornbrook, the largest settlement in the Siskiyou Mountains, traversed on the journey into Oregon. Klamathon is a couple of miles east of Hornbrook, on the big river, and to the south rises a mass of dark lava—Black Mountain.

Particularly memorable is the crossing of the range. Siskiyou, though generally regarded as an Indian name meaning council-place (or, as some old records say, "a bob-tailed horse," from a favorite steed lost in this wilderness by the Hudson's Bay Company factor, McLeod, in 1828) *may* be derived from a phrase of the voyageurs—*six caillaux*, signifying six-stone ford; and both French and Indians once were rife in these romantic highlands.

Along Cottonwood Creek the road leads for some miles, then over a ridge, through the town of Hilt and into Oregon, reaching Ashland, whence the way is open and inviting, on to Portland.

## CHAPTER XXXI

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### *The Midlands—San Joaquin Valley*

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THE permanent basis of California's solid prosperity is the great central valley—and the southern half of this basin, known as the San Joaquin Valley, 250 miles long, bounded on either side by high mountains, holds more than 7,000,000 acres of level land, most of it irrigable. With manifold advantages of soil and climate, this is one of the world's favored regions.

On an exploring expedition in 1813, Lieutenant Gabriel Moraga bestowed the name San Joaquin, the Spanish rendering of Saint Joachim, upon a rivulet tributary to the great river to which now it is applied. San Wau-keen', the name is pronounced.

Highways and railroads lead through these fertile acres in three great routes—through the center of the valley, along its east and along its west side. Routes converge at Fresno, and then "fan out" again, on the way to Los Angeles.

Many travelers make acquaintance with the San Joaquin at Stockton, about seventy-five miles from Oakland, whence it is usually reached over the Altamont Pass and by way of Tracy, a place of some industrial importance as well as a rail center. That route already has been described.

Stockton, the Gateway City, stands near the San Joaquin River, at the head of tidewater navigation. In 1773 its site was visited by Padre Crespi, one of the first Franciscan missionaries; and it is

likely that some of Anza's men wandered there three years afterward. A rancho was marked out much later, in 1844, surrounding this area.

The city was established in 1847 by Captain Charles Weber, and after the gold strike it became an important depot of supplies for the mines. The founder first named the place Tuleburg, but soon shifted to the present name in honor of his friend, Commodore Robert Field Stockton, whose squadron operated along the Pacific Coast during the Mexican War. When incorporated in 1850 it counted only a couple of hundred settled inhabitants; three years afterward it had 5,000; now it is tenfold greater than that.

Stockton later became placid as its bayous, but during gold days it exulted in a riotous youth. Joaquin Murieta spurred into town at times, and the story goes that when a placard was displayed in Stockton offering \$5,000 for his capture, he rode up and wrote upon it, "I will give \$10,000—Joaquin!" William Walker, the filibuster, assembled at Stockton a company of adventurers for one of his expeditions.

The Stockton Channel extends into the heart of the city, the boat pier fronting on El Dorado Street; and a number of other channels and canals lead into the city, notably Mormon Channel, branching to the south. Recently extensive port developments have been completed, and many large ships in the coastal and overseas trade berth here. Stockton, ninety miles from San Francisco by water, is now a deep-water seaport. Likewise it is eminently a manufacturing city, making everything from pencil slats to clam-shell dredges, with agricultural machinery outstanding among its varied products. The caterpillar or track-laying tractor had its origin here, and from that came the military tank which on the battlefields of the world has proved so formidable an engine of war.

A flotilla of barges and launches, the "Mosquito Fleet," goes out from here, carrying to market the produce of the rich netherlands farms, once waterlogged marshlands. A trip into this low-lying region of diked streams proves enlightening. The delta is divided into a multitude of islands, most of them enclosed by willow-lined levees. The San Joaquin branches into three slow-moving arms;

the Calaveras River comes into the main stream just below Stockton, and the two branches of the Mokelumne flow in farther down.

This is land of immense fertility, rich as Holland *polders*, much of it devoted to horticulture and dairying. The asparagus plantations are widespread; corn, barley, alfalfa, all are produced in "a great plenty," as the pioneers said. Many delta farms, below the river-level, are irrigated by siphons or through headgates in the levees. Some of the holdings are insulated potato-patches. "The most fertile soil the sun has ever shone upon," was the forthright praise of Luther Burbank.

Stockton is the seat of the College of the Pacific, with attractive buildings on a spacious campus. This college, first established near San Jose, is one of the oldest in the West.

A magnificent Municipal Auditorium and City Hall stand in the new civic center, on El Dorado Street. In Victory Park is a handsome structure housing an art-gallery and museum. The gallery contains paintings collected by a noted connoisseur, Louis Terah Haggin, of an old Californian family, to whom it is a memorial. In the museum wing is a pioneer historical collection. Reminders of the life of early Stockton and its tributary mining-camps are here. Old weapons, fire-engines, treasured porcelain and silverware brought by pioneer families around the Horn or across the Plains, old-fashioned wedding finery, and countless other mementoes of the first-comers are displayed, along with relics of those they dispossessed—the Indians.

Not only is Stockton a portal to the mighty San Joaquin Valley; it is, too, a gateway to the Mother Lode, the Calaveras Big Trees, the Hetch Hetchy region, and the Yosemite. Into the old mining country several routes lead eastward—one by way of Valley Springs, for instance, to San Andreas; another through Milton and Copperopolis to "Jimtown" and Sonora.

Among the interesting trips from Stockton is that which crosses the Mother Lode and continues on to Yosemite—the Big Oak Flat route. The way leads first southeast to Farmington near the Sierra foothills, in a region rejoicing in vineyards of Tokay grapes and orchards where cherries and plums attain luscious perfection. From here the route continues to the little city of Oakdale, deriving its

name from the live-oaks of the surrounding area. Set on a plateau above the Stanislaus River, Oakdale looks out upon valley-lands developed by a great irrigation system. Dairying is the background of prosperity here, supplemented by diversified horticulture; and the almond orchards abloom are springtide delights.

The historic town of Knight's Ferry, only a dozen miles to the east, was named for Captain William Knight, a redoubtable hunter and trapper, who followed Frémont past this site in 1844. Holding a memory of the place, he located here in 1849 and established a ferry across the Stanislaus, just as he had earlier across the Sacramento at Knight's Landing. Bret Harte and Mark Twain visited the settlement in the days when it was thronged with miners and gamblers, the gentry of the pasteboards furnishing amusement for the crowd on their way from Stockton to the Southern Mines. In 1854, the same year in which a bridge was built here, U. S. Grant was entertained at Knight's Ferry by his brothers-in-law, the Dent "boys," who owned the ferry after the death of the founder. Old fig trees under which the wandering Ulysses loved to doze are still pointed out; they bear yearly their three crops of Mission figs, just as they did long ago. In the decade 1862-72, Knight's Ferry was a county seat, though the only reminder of this former preëminence is the site of the Courthouse, long ago destroyed by fire. It is a quaint old town, with a quaint old covered bridge across the Stanislaus.

Eastward of Knight's Ferry you are in the Mother Lode region, passing through Chinese Camp, Big Oak Flat, and Groveland, with Yosemite lying beyond. Many, too, visit Hetch Hetchy by way of the highway leading out from Groveland.

The trip from Stockton to Fresno begins the journey up the San Joaquin Valley, the most popular inland way to Los Angeles leading thence southward through Bakersfield. Just outside of Stockton on the main central route lies French Camp, first settlement in this region. It was in 1828 that trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company came hither, and this remained their rendezvous for some years, an establishment which was the "farthest south" of the bases of those bold voyageurs. The San Joaquin then was an almost treeless plain, where vast herds of antelope ranged, with elk and other game by



the thousands, and wild horses, whose ancestors had escaped from the Spanish settlements.

This route extends south by way of Lathrop and Manteca (the name signifies "butter" in Spanish, the allusion being to an early dairy) to Ripon, the center of a vast agricultural region. The views of the Stanislaus River about Ripon are notable for pastoral beauty. Here you become aware of the abiding charm of being "down on the Stanislaw," as Bret Harte has it.

Continuing, the way passes through Salida to Modesto, a flourishing city amid a fruitful region, with thousands of acres under irrigation. Above the city in the foothills is the high Don Pedro Dam, retaining a lake fourteen miles long, its waters stored for irrigating the Modesto and Turlock districts.

The Tuolumne River, which flows near Modesto, is the largest stream in the valley, next to the San Joaquin, of which it is a tributary. At first the settlement here was named Ralston, after a pioneer banker, but he suggested that some other appellation be found, so Modesto it was called in tribute to his modesty. As a city, Modesto is unique in this region in having its central section laid out on the Spanish plan—streets crossing at right angles, but running diagonally to the cardinal points.

Beyond this garden city of Modesto you may continue south to Ceres, the center of a populous district in the irrigated lands, and on to Turlock, surrounded by thousands of small diversified farms, all part of a vast irrigation system, one of the early enterprises of this kind, begun in 1887. Cantaloupes—they're Turlock's claim to fame; other melons, too, ripen in riotous abundance upon this rich sandy loam.

You traverse a veritable network of main canals and lateral canals; and, after passing through the colony town of Delhi, cross the Merced River, called first Rio de Nuestra Señora de la Merced (River of Our Lady of Mercy). The waters of the river head above Yosemite Valley, its upper canyon.

About a mile beyond the Merced crossing lies Livingston, amid an affluent farming region, and soon the town of Atwater is reached. Home of the succulent Merced sweet potatoes, Atwater is surrounded also by thousands of acres of peach orchards and vineyards.

The prosperous city of Merced, a few miles beyond, is noteworthy as the principal gateway to Yosemite Valley. Much of the Merced region was long given over to large ranches, ranging up to 100,000 acres in extent, but these have been largely broken up, inviting an inflow of settlers.

Beyond Merced you pass through Chowchilla and Berenda to Madera. Chowchilla has the name of an Indian tribe, of the Moquelumnan family; and Berenda was named, it is supposed, for the graceful antelopes which once roamed foothills and valley—*berrenda* is the Spanish name for the female antelope. The goodly city of Madera is a place of commercial importance, notably in the sugar-pine lumber industry, which is indeed apt, for the name Madera in Spanish signifies "timber," the settlement having been surrounded originally by groves of trees.

From Madera a highway reaches Raymond, whence roads ascend to Ahwahnee, mountain resort, and to Coarse Gold, old mining-town, and on to Wawona and the Yosemite Valley. For years at Raymond has been delved granite, said to excel all other American granite except that of Vermont. Many of the public buildings and other large structures of California are of Raymond granite.

Onward from Madera the valley route continues, through restful landscapes, crossing the San Joaquin River and approaching Fresno, metropolis of the midlands. In 1872, when the first railroad was constructed through this part of the valley, a site was chosen for a city here, and a couple of years later it was made county seat of the Fresno area. Twenty-five miles northeast, on the San Joaquin, was Millerton, which had been established as a county seat in 1856, but it was abandoned and the population moved *en masse* to the new settlement on the railroad, many taking their houses with them. Behind the great Friant Dam, of the Central Valley project, now lies Millerton Lake, 5000 acres in extent.

Fresno in Spanish signifies "white ash"—the name was given to the district because of the mountain ash growing in the uplands.

A well-built city, Fresno has many points of interest to visitors. Public buildings are imposing, in keeping with the importance of the place as a regional capital. A monument long was pointed out in the western part of Fresno, as marking the exact geographical

center of California, but this proved a monumental imposition, for the facts give the lie to the marker. But the city is indeed centrally located.

The drying and canning of fruit now is a vast industry in and around Fresno. Its foremost fame is from raisins—"those nuggets of the plum-cake and mince-pie," as Edwin Markham calls them. They have been produced here commercially since the early '70s, and now this is the world-center of their production. In many years a Raisin Day is celebrated by the valley folk at Fresno. Soon again you may put Raisin Day in your almanac of current events!

In the northwestern corner of the city lies Roeding Park, with deer enclosure, aviary, and duck ponds, amid a wealth of trees and flowers. A member of this pioneer Roeding family which gave the park to the municipality developed the Smyrna fig industry here—California is the only land in America where "the fig of commerce" is grown successfully. George Roeding not only introduced the Smyrna fig in this district, but was a leader in contriving the immigration of the little fig-wasp which is vital to its pollination and culture. He traveled to far Syria to seek and bring back that catalyzing insect, sponsoring thus a garden romance with fortunate results.

The Sultana from which the seedless raisin is made was brought hither from Smyrna, like the fig. The Thompson seedless grape, though, also used for this delectable product, is a distinctive California development.

Linked with Fresno by a boulevard lined with eucalyptus, oleaners, and palms, is Kearney Park, about ten miles to the west. A model farm, it is the property of the University of California, deeded to that institution by its former owner, Martin Theodore Kearney. Many of his home acres are magnificently landscaped.

Attractive trips lead round about Fresno through the vineyard region, and one of the most popular of the longer journeys takes you up to Huntington Lake, in the Sierras, described in later pages.

The "West Side" of the San Joaquin is a region which latterly has come into its own; and we must by no means neglect it, as most travelers once did. A route runs from Stockton to Fresno, through this prosperous and fertile farming and dairying region.

From Stockton the way extends to Tracy, the big railroad transfer-point, and proceeds southeast to Patterson, a modern town with wide shaded streets radiating from a central park. Rancho del Puerto was the Spanish grant in this region, long intact, but now subdivided into a checker-board of farms and orchards.

Beyond Patterson lies Crow's Landing, old pastoral community amid acreage of alfalfa and dairy farms. The place was named for the pioneer Crow family, substantial landowners. The way southward leads to Newman, a little city whose prosperity is largely due to the development of dairying in the fields surrounding, dotted now with pure-bred Holstein cattle.

Along here southward, skirting the inner flank of the Coast Range, ran El Camino Viejo, the old refugee road (it was little better than a trail) of the troublous times when this land was under Mexican rule.

Newman, laid out in 1887, is the successor of Hills Ferry on the San Joaquin River a few miles to the northeast, now virtually deserted, for its people moved to the newer town in a body. The ferry was started in 1849, and the settlement there had a doubtful reputation then as the resort of tough customers.

From Newman you may keep on through alfalfa and grain lands to Gustine, rejoicing likewise in dairy farms, and on to Los Banos, another thriving valley town. This name, Los Baños, signifies in Spanish, The Baths, in reference to the stream in whose wide pool the early inhabitants were wont to bathe—an historic "ol' swimmin'-hole" fittingly commemorated. It is west of here that the highway crosses the range by the Pacheco Pass to Gilroy and Hollister, and the Monterey Bay region.

After leaving Los Banos the valley road runs through Dos Palos. Here again is an interesting name, signifying "two trees," for it indicates how few were the arboreal adornments on the West Side in pioneer times. This was then wellnigh a desert; there was scarce a sapling on which to hang a delinquent, and two trees constituted a grove. A glance at the landscape will reveal how settlers have added to the original pair.

The route continues to Firebaugh, site of a pioneer ferry, where the San Joaquin changes its course from westerly to northerly; and

on to Mendota, another farming community, then crosses the Fresno Slough to Kerman, prosperous agricultural town, continuing east to Fresno.

Taking up the journey through the "Garden of the Sun" toward Los Angeles, the central artery of travel is the one most generally followed, but as already indicated, there are also an east route and a west route, both soon described. After the departure from Fresno the middle way extends through the well-kept vineyards of Malaga. It was in 1852 that Colonel Arpad Haraszthy imported the muscat of Alexandria from Malaga, in Spain.

From fruitful Fowler, beyond our Malaga, the route runs to Selma, surrounded by fertile orchards, vineyards, and alfalfa fields; thence to Kingsburg, another agricultural town looking up to foothills where flourish many large orchards—oranges thrive in this thermal belt.

The mid-course through the valley, after passing Kingsburg keeps a few miles to the west of Visalia and proceeds to Tulare, a delightful little city in the orchard region; thence through fertile fields and groves to Pixley. Much grain is still produced in this district, as once there was throughout the entire San Joaquin Valley. Frank Norris visited here, Tulare figuring as "Bonnevillie" in his *Octopus*.

After passing Earlimart and the important market town of Delano, next reached, the route extends to Famoso, in pleasant proximity to a fifty-acre rose farm, well worth seeing—and scenting—in bloom; and, round about, you will delight also in the prune and pear orchards.

Faring on, soon you reach Bakersfield, a substantial, well-built city in the heart of an expansive farming, fruit-growing, and cattle-raising territory, but which owed its rise mainly to the discovery and development of the petroleum resources of the surrounding region. To the pioneer Beale family is due, among many benefactions, the gift of a memorial bell-tower downtown and also a beautiful park, with an open-air theater of Grecian architecture.

The southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, we know, was entered by early Spanish explorers. Commandante Pedro Fages was hereabouts in 1772, and four years later Padre Francisco Garces wandered hither on his return from San Gabriel to the Mohave vil-

lages. He traveled mostly alone, this redoubtable one, bearing a banner with its lesson plain to see, which astounded the Indians: displaying on one side the glories of heaven and on the other the horrors of hell. Gabriel Moraga came here in 1813 with a force of Spanish soldiers, but it was not until American occupation that a settlement was made.

Colonel Thomas Baker arrived in this then desolate region in 1864 and built a residence in the center of the area now occupied by the city of Bakersfield. Baker lived in proximity to quite a valuable field—an *oil-field*, as it turned out, but he didn't know it. Petroleum was struck in 1899 in the Kern River area to the north of here. All around Bakersfield are ranged the lofty derricks of active and inactive oil-wells; and in the brown hills to the west lie other important fields.

The oil-wells and the processes of refining the crude petroleum hold intense interest for most travelers, as indeed they should, since the large oil-fields of the world are not numerous. California has attained and held high rank among the states in petroleum production. While traversing the San Joaquin Valley you will notice the vast system of pipe lines, carrying the crude petroleum from these fields to the various distributing points—much of it to Richmond, on San Francisco Bay, and much to Esteros Bay, north of San Luis Obispo.

Northwest of Bakersfield and west of Wasco lies the Lost Hills field, with Devil's Den beyond, on a lateral road to Paso Robles and the coast; Belridge field is south of Lost Hills; and still farther in the same direction, in the low foothills along the inner base of the Santa Maria Mountains, almost due west of Bakersfield, extends the McKittrick field, a region of strange aspect, its ground broken in many places and blackened with oil seepages and asphalt deposits.

A lateral road crosses the mountains from McKittrick to Santa Margarita, accessible to the coast; and another highway trends southeasterly along the range through Fellows to Taft and Maricopa, famed oil towns. They are reached, too, from Bakersfield by a highway passing between the Elk Hills field and Buena Vista Lake. Across the Coast Range from Maricopa leads a magnificent highway route to Santa Maria, traversing the pastoral Cuyama Valley.

In the region northwest of Buena Vista Lake is a State Zoological

Park, with an elk herd sheltered here from harm. Southeast of the lake is San Emigdio, a foothill orchard community. In San Emigdio Canyon remain the almost leveled ruins of a mission station, begun more than a century ago by padres from Santa Barbara.

Northeast of Bakersfield, up Kern River, leads a historic road to the old gold-fields, whither the rush of prospectors began with the "strike" in 1855. A few almost deserted camps such as Kernville and Havilah are hidden away in these highlands.

The western side of the San Joaquin Valley between Fresno and Bakersfield is traversed by highway and several lines of railroad, southeast through a prosperous territory, passing by Caruthers and Laton, situated on a once-great Mexican grant, the Laguna de Tache. To the south lies Hanford, an affluent city amid a rich region, abounding in fruit, grain, cotton, dairy products. Near by you will see the Lucerne vineyard, one of the largest of all muscat-grape plantations. An attractive place is Hanford, with an imposing civic center.

More than half a century ago the city was the scene of a combat between ranchers and the sheriff's forces, the tragic climax of the Mussel Slough feud, which forms the background of *The Octopus*, by Frank Norris, though the history was not precisely as he recorded it in fiction. In the early '70s settlers moved into the wastelands of the Mussel Slough basin, and in a few years, by toiling and moiling without rest, they transformed it into productive acreage. A rail line now was driven through the Mussel Slough farmlands, and the ranchers questioned fiercely the rights of the railroad, especially as to land-titles in dispute. A Settlers' League sprang to activity, agrarian discontent seethed, bloodshed appeared certain. On May 11, 1880, a mass meeting of settlers at Hanford was called, and in a flare-up of fighting five ranchers and two deputy sheriffs lost their lives; all but one were killed instantly.

Now everything is peaceful in this vale, and other resources than agriculture have been tapped. From Hanford a rail line and highway extend through Armona and Lemoore, in a fertile orchard and farm region, to Coalinga, a thriving little city supported by the oil industry, the Coalinga field having been important ever since pe-

troleum was found here in 1896. The claim is made that at one time the Coalinga field was producing one-fifth of the world's petroleum.

Southeast of here are the Kettleman Hills, an oil-field of astounding richness, where crude oil often comes from the ground as gasoline, and natural-gas wells of great depth are tapped for the needs of industry.

About sixteen miles north of Coalinga, and forty miles northwest of marshy Tulare Lake, the mountains are penetrated by a wild canyon known as the Arroyo de Cantua, or Arroyo Cantoova, as it is often called. This served as chief headquarters, for some years, of the notorious bandit chief, Joaquin Murieta, and he was run to earth here on July 25, 1853. At the time of his death he was planning to sweep California from Shasta south with a battalion of outlaw riders. He had only a small band with him in this hide-out when he was trapped. The leader of his slayers, Captain Harry Love of the California Rangers, took possession of his head and carried it to the capital, Benicia, later receiving more than \$5,000 for bringing about the desperado's death.

Neighbor of Hanford on the south is Corcoran, amid lands growing cotton, sugar beets and diversified crops. The town is situated a short distance east of the site of tricky Tulare Lake. This lake was a large shallow body of water, at least thirty miles across, which now has virtually disappeared, a system of dikes and ditches aiding in utilizing the water for irrigation. It was discovered in 1773 by Fages, when on an expedition searching for deserters. He named it Los Tules because it was surrounded by marshes rank with rushes—tules. A *tulare* is "a place of rushes."

The chief lines of travel from Corcoran extend to Angiola, situated in the midst of a well-settled region, where harvests are assured by the development of irrigation. Farther on, at Wasco, lies a farm owned by Herbert Hoover. Beyond here you soon come to Bakersfield, one way leading round by the flourishing community of Shafter.

Besides the central and western routes, there is a third main route by which the traveler can journey from Fresno to Bakersfield. This trip, through the *eastern* reaches of the San Joaquin Valley, with the often snow-clad Sierras always in view, may be made by high-



way or by railroad. From Fresno you go southeast through the vineyards to Sanger, a mill-town where logs brought down from the mountains by flumes are converted into lumber. A road leads Sierraward through Squaw Valley and Pinehurst to the General Grant Grove; but the valley tour takes you from Sanger south to Reedley, a prosperous farming community on the Kings River, close to the foothills; and crossing this river you arrive at Dinuba, in an area abounding in both deciduous and citrus fruits.

South of Dinuba, amid fertile plains, lies the city of Visalia, one of the oldest communities in the San Joaquin Valley, for it was founded in 1852—named after Nat Vise, a famous bear-hunter of those days. The Spanish had been there as early as 1806, and planned to found an inland mission either within the limits of the present city or near by, but the Mexican Revolution put an end to the project.

It was in the Visalia region that Sontag and Evans, notorious bandits, perpetrated some of their railroad holdups in the '90s.

Toward the mountains from Visalia is Exeter, an important fruit-shipping point, for citrus and deciduous fruits are grown abundantly in the surrounding territory, and it "features" the red Emperor grape. Besides the attractive city park, it has popular picnic grounds along the Kaweah River to the north. The town of Lemon Cove reposes in a sheltered "cove" in the hills near the Kaweah, whence the road reaches Sequoia National Park, by way of Three Rivers.

Onward from Exeter the principal East Side arteries of travel take you to Lindsay, where the acreage in oranges is vast and the groves extend far out on the plains, proving that the thermal belt does not lie entirely (as some think) in the foothills. The citrus fruits ripen here a little earlier than in California's southland—they are often picked in November. You may press on to Porterville, another thriving city largely supported by the orange-orchards and diversified farms. A point of interest is Luther Burbank Park, a foothill tract with a little lake for boating. Porterville is linked with the highlands to the east by routes to Springville, near the forks of the Tule River, one of the starting-points for Sequoia National Park, the Kings and Kern canyons, and Mount Whitney.

Leaving Porterville behind, the East Side route trends southwest through Terra Bella (not so terrible, by any means, as its name sounds, but beautiful as its name promises) and on to Ducor, a thriving orchard town, with hot springs in the foothills near by. After passing fruitful Richgrove, you join the central route about sixteen miles farther on, at Famoso.

Traveling from Bakersfield southward you may complete the so-called "valley route" that joins San Francisco to Los Angeles; but most of the region passed through in this final stage of the journey is not valley land at all, but mountains and wastelands, the great Mohave Desert lying beyond the Tehachapi Mountains.

Main highways from Bakersfield to Los Angeles are two: one of these takes the way of Tejon Pass, while the other follows the general course of the railroad across Tehachapi Pass.

The scenic Ridge Route over the Tehachapi Mountains is justly renowned among motorists. It goes south through Greenfield and soon enters upon the 17-mile Tangent, the longest stretch of perfectly straight road in California. Now it is lined with palms, *palos verdes*, and other trees. At the end of this spectacular straightaway you begin the ascent of the Grapevine Grade, in a series of sweeping curves, which, however, do not account for the name, as the early Spanish wayfarers called a ravine here Cañada de las Uvas (Narrow Valley of the Grapes), because of the wild grapes which so abounded. From the grade the view northward is always impressive, but in springtime it is most beautiful, for then you look out over fields of lupines mingled with golden poppies. Around Arvin, to the east of this road, wildflowers are abloom by the million in March and April.

Gradually the highway climbs up past old Fort Tejon, amid magnificent mountain scenery. The fort, in a hill-guarded vale, was established in 1854 and abandoned as a military post ten years later. The main walls of the adobe fort remain, and the officers' quarters adjoining. In 1858 the fort became a stage station on the famous Butterfield route, and the stage-horses must have cavorted at the sight of strange interlopers—camels, imported at the behest of Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, who planned to use the ships of the desert on the Mohave and throughout all the arid

Southwest. But the coming of the iron horse, the Civil War, and a multitude of difficulties barred the experiment from success, and at last the camels were turned loose in the wastelands, where sometimes they were seen by startled prospectors. Even today legends persist of ghostly camels stalking across the desert sands—but they are only legends.

About eight miles south of old Fort Tejon on the Grapevine Grade is Lebec, named to commemorate Peter Lebec, French trapper who was killed near the site of Fort Tejon in 1837 by a grizzly which he had shot and wounded. His companions buried him there under a tree on which they incised a record of the sad adventure, and it still stands near the old parade-ground. At Lebec you pass Castaic Lake, often dry and white with alkali. Legend has it that pioneers here destroyed a large band of Indians, driving them into the lake, in revenge for murders of whites by the redskins. Just beyond Lebec you cross the highest point of Tejon Pass. Such it is called now, though the pass originally bearing this name—it signifies “badger” in Spanish—is about fifteen miles to the east. Pedro Fages crossed the westerly pass, through which the Ridge Route now penetrates, in 1772, whereas Padre Garcés in 1776 used the old Tejon. It is not certain whether Jedediah Smith crossed by one of these in 1827, or by one of the Tehachapi passes.

Descending from the summit beyond Lebec into Antelope Valley, and climbing up on the other side, the Ridge Route follows the crest of the Castaic Ridge for almost thirty miles, opening views of immense perspective. Until this Ridge Route was completed in 1919 there was scarcely even a trail through this mountain wilderness. Between Lebec and Castaic now, however, you have choice of *two* roads—either the original Ridge Route or the newer, shorter and straighter Ridge Route Alternate, to the west.

Descending from Castaic, again by a choice of routes—one by way of Saugus and Newhall, and through Newhall Tunnel—you traverse San Fernando Valley to Los Angeles.

Sometimes those who travel by automobile, and always those who travel by train, cross the mountains by a route over to the east of the Ridge Route, leading across Tehachapi Pass.

## THE MIDLANDS—SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY 401

From Bakersfield, highway and railroad proceed southeast to Caliente—where, yes, it is oftentimes *my caliente*. A road branches from Caliente, leading through rugged highlands to Havilah, a ghost town of the mining era. Its Biblical name signifies “where there is gold.” Farther on, the road reaches Kernville—old Whiskey Flat—an unregenerate town in its boisterous prime, but that was before the exhaustion of the mines around 1879.

On the way to Los Angeles the ascent of the Tehachapi Mountains is begun at Caliente; and the climb is made up through the Old Town to the new Tehachapi, just west of the famous pass, which is usually regarded as the dividing line between northern and southern California.

Tehachapi reposes in a rich summit valley, almost 4,000 feet above sea-level, the mountains rising as high again. Immense limestone deposits are here, and a great cement plant supplied all the cement for the Los Angeles aqueduct from Owens River.

The descending route continues across the line of the aqueduct to Mohave, situated in the western reaches of the Mohave Desert. It is an important railroad and highway junction-point, as we have seen, with lines of travel reaching northeast into Owens Valley and eastward toward Needles upon the Colorado. From Mohave on, the southbound traveler passes through miles of unreclaimed desert. In some places, though, by development of irrigation flow-wells, the land has been proven excellently adapted to agriculture.

Onward the route extends, past Rosamond and Lancaster to Palmdale in Antelope Valley, and thence through Acton and Lang to Saugus—an important junction-point for routes to Ventura by way of Santa Paula and the Santa Clara Valley. After leaving Saugus the railroad and main highway run to Newhall, and thence approach Los Angeles across the San Fernando Valley.

All in all, a magnificent trip is this through the midlands of California—the San Joaquin Valley, an area greater than many states. For the leisurely traveler, it is varied by excursions aside, such as those leading up into the Sierra Nevada. No matter how warm the weather may be in midsummer, it is always possible in a few hours to find coolness among the pines and sequoias above.

## CHAPTER XXXII

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### *The Giant Forest*

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IN THE angle between the canyons of the Kings and Kern lies a woodland empire beside which the Harz and the Black Forest of Germany would appear almost diminutive. Within the borders of Sequoia National Park, and the General Grant Grove near by, there stand thousands of Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), many of them more than ten feet in diameter; nor do the sequoias cease as if by magic at the park boundaries, for they are scattered in mighty groves throughout this entire region, from Indian Basin and Redwood Mountain south to the Tule River. Elsewhere in the Sierra the Big Trees grow in isolated groves on ridges and plateaus, but in the Sequoia National Park they form extensive woods; and John Muir, who was happy to spend much time among them, named the largest of these the Giant Forest.

The usual entrance to the Sequoia park is from Visalia or Exeter, in San Joaquin Valley, up to Lemon Cove in the foothills, continuing thence northeast along the Generals' Highway, the drive to the Giant Forest being easily made from the valley in little more than a couple of hours.<sup>1</sup> This splendid mountain highway is open to the Big Trees all year.

Ten miles beyond Lemon Cove is Three Rivers, which has its name from the juncture of three forks of the Kaweah, up the main

<sup>1</sup> Entrance may also be made from Fresno to General Grant Grove, thence by way of Lost Grove on the western boundary of Sequoia Park.

and middle one of which the route ascends, and enters the park—arriving soon at Ash Mountain station, administrative headquarters. A few miles upstream you come to Potwisha camp, where the Marble Fork, emerging from its deep canyon, joins the Middle Fork; and not far beyond is Hospital Rock, with its camp and ranger station, at the foot of the climb to the Giant Forest. This remarkable rock was the stronghold of an aboriginal race, who painted upon it divers pictographs, never yet deciphered. The rock gained its name from an incident in pioneer days, when a bear-hunter who had been caught in his own trap was borne hither for treatment.

Leading now northward, the route ascends by "switchbacks," with majestic Moro Rock towering to the east, and at last swings over to the base of this great, gray granite dome which has dominated the route for miles.

Continuing, it is not long before you enter woodlands where mighty cinnamon-colored trunks rise on all sides amid lesser growth, and as the sequoias cluster thicker you arrive at Round Meadow, where a rustic hotel, post office and stores, studios and a ranger station are grouped among the Big Trees.

What exultation must have swept over Hale Tharp, the discoverer, when he came upon these trees in 1858! What inspiration must have come to John Muir, who in giving the Giant Forest its name praised it as supreme in the sequoia belt. Here you see Big Trees in their mightiest array. You will gaze in amaze at their upstanding columnar trunks, clothed with bark fluted perpendicularly; sometimes this bark is more than two feet thick. In color it varies from a very light brown to cinnamon. The older trees usually display little foliage for the first hundred feet, save feathery sprays.

The *Sequoia gigantea* are monarchs among trees, by some strange exemption come down from the pre-glacial age. Most ancient of all living things, these trees (the most venerable among them) are older than the Pyramids of Egypt. They are not to be thought of pathetically as the survivors of a dying species, for here are many thousands of them in their vigorous prime, hundreds and thousands of them in all the grace and strength of youth—and when a mighty sequoia by mischance is uprooted its firm-grained wood lies unde-

caying for centuries. The age of "down trees" is determined by counting the annular rings from the center of the trunk, each ring indicating a year's growth. When John Muir carefully examined a tree burned part way through, it was found by these concentric rings to be over 4,000 years of age.

Of the monstrous size of these trees many legends once went forth, but the amazing truth is now well established. Here stands the largest tree in the world—not the tallest, but the *largest*—the General Sherman Tree, and most visitors straightway make pilgrimage thither, either by road or trail about a mile and a half north-east from the lodge. With a diameter of 37.4 feet, and a height of 272 feet, this mightiest of all trees overpowers you with its majesty. Timber-cruisers with calculating eyes and slide-rules have estimated that its massive trunk and branches contain about one million feet of lumber, board measure, equal to the amount of lumber that is cut from forty acres of average Minnesota timberland! But this giant will never fall to ax or saw.

How casually the sequoia zone was explored is shown by the fact that it was more than twenty years after the discovery of the Giant Forest that a trapper, James Wolverton, discovered this tree and named it in honor of General Sherman, under whom he had served as a cavalryman in the Civil War. That momentous find was on August 7, 1879.

Many other sequoias in this forest are wellnigh as large as the Sherman Tree, and several of them approach 300 feet in height. Among the most notable are the Abe Lincoln—270 feet high and 31 feet through—and the William McKinley, even taller, though somewhat less in diameter. These monarchs guard the Alta Trail, which leads northeasterly through the forest. The President, and a thick cluster of giants known as the Congress group, are convened beyond, not far south of this trail.

Hundreds of the most majestic trees are unnamed and unmarked, but some of those of singular form have descriptive appellations. Such are the Keyhole Tree, pierced with remarkable "keyholes"; the Stricken Tree, blasted by lightning; the hollow Window Tree, with its freakish fenestration; the Room Tree, which, besides its cavernous room, possesses a stairway; the Broken Arrow, shaped

by fire to the semblance of a giant arrowhead. The Black Causeway leads through a charred cavern in the heart of a sequoia; and a trail passes between two giants known as the Pillars of Hercules. As usual in these groves, there are several Chimney Trees, with burnt-out hearts, and of these the best-known is that close to the trail from the Sherman Tree to Alta Peak.

Visitors who linger several days in the Giant Forest find much to see. Evening entertainment centers about the ever-popular camp fire at the lodge. Nature-guide service aids one in gaining acquaintance with the abundant wild life of the area. It is not unusual to see herds of as many as thirty mule-deer browsing in the meadows; and burly black bears often are seen at Bear Hill near the lodge at eventide. The many trails, extending in all directions from the lodge, are clearly marked so as to guide you surely and safely. Whether you seek the quiet inspiration of the big-tree groves, the treble music of lilting brooks or the seclusion of profound canyons, well-defined paths will lead you thither. The highways, too, penetrate far into the sylvan wilderness.

Big trees are not the only remarkable features of the Giant Forest region. Two miles south of the lodge, and reached by road, rises Moro Rock, which commands the Generals' Highway route for so many miles. Its front a precipitous drop of 2,000 feet, this is one of the mightiest monoliths of the Sierra, a single solid mass of sculptured rock. From its summit, gained by a well-built stone stairway up its curving crest-ridge, climbers are inspired by a superb panoramic view of the Sierra, with Alta Peak outstanding to the northeast, and the Great Western Divide, paradoxically, to the *east*. Turning to the west, your gaze sweeps the vast valley of the San Joaquin, with the Coast Range beyond; and should you raise your eyes you are likely to see a golden eagle soaring in air above the Moro.

Shadowing the Valley View Trail, about half a mile west of the lookout, impends Hanging Rock, a giant glacial boulder poised as if ready to plunge to the half-mile-deep ravine beneath. Moro Vista offers a full-length picture of Moro Rock. On the other side of the monolith, Echo Point not only affords a striking profile view of the Moro, but also delights such as love to shout amid the solitudes



with a resonant echo, reverberating from the cliffs across the canyon.

To the west of the lodge, by road or the Sunset Trail, one may reach Marble Fork Bridge, favorite camping-place; and beyond is the site of Colony Mill, with vistas of surpassing grandeur. The saw-mill once here was an enterprise of a hopeful communistic colony which flourished and faded in a brief period more than forty years ago. A mile-long trail leads down to Admiration Point, commanding the Marble Falls, where the tumultuous waters tumble in seven waterfalls.

About four miles to the west of Colony Mill is the Crystal Cave, with a series of subterranean passages remarkable for their size and the glittering variety of their limestone formations. This cavern, though, is now open to the public. Near the cave gushes a soda spring, and two plunging waterfalls add to the interest of the region.

A beautiful chain of mountain meadows borders the Giant Forest on the east; and if you fare farther by trail you will come to the lush Alta Meadows, favorite camping-ground, with Alta Peak above. The trip of twenty miles from the Giant Forest to the peak's summit and back may be completed in one day, and the actual ascent of the mountain takes only a couple of hours and is by no means difficult—it may be made on horseback. Another trip of outstanding interest, slightly more arduous, is to Mount Silliman, northwest of Alta Peak, which it matches in height. After driving five miles to Lodgepole Camp you may continue thence by trail *via* Willow Meadows and up Silliman Creek to the summit. An overnight trip from Giant Forest may be made by trail eastward to the upper Kaweah Canyon, generally known as the Middle Fork, with cliffs and domes towering high above valley floors. At Bearpaw Meadow there is a permanent camp, and thence trails lead to the Middle Fork, the sequoia grove at Redwood Meadows, the superb Hamilton Lakes, and up the peaks of the Great Western Divide.

The mighty Kern Canyon to the east has been within the boundaries of Sequoia National Park since 1926, and Kings Canyon to the north has also been in a National Park since 1940—described in the pages on the High Sierra. At Giant Forest, parties may be com-

pletely outfitted to make pack-train trips thither, obtaining saddle and pack animals, guides, packers, cooks, commissaries—quite a possibility for a safari even in this our America!

A high mountain road leads between the Giant Forest in Sequoia National Park and General Grant Grove in Kings Canyon National Park, a route about thirty-one miles in length. From the San Joaquin Valley, the Grant Grove is approached generally by way of Sanger or Reedley, and lies on the road which now extends up Kings Canyon. There are two principal entrances to the Grant Grove section—on the west by Happy Gap and Lake Sequoia, and on the south by way of Big Stump and Sand Creek Road. Visitors are well advised to enter by one route and leave by the other.

In a "saddle" to the southeast stands the so-called California Grove, more commonly known as Redwood Mountain, with eight thousand healthy specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea*. It is now in Kings Canyon National Park.

The greatest of all big-tree forests primeval probably was that in Converse Basin and the surrounding region, just south of Kings River; but ruthless lumbering operations early destroyed most of it, and the General Grant grove represents almost the only salvage. Long one of the smallest of the national parks, only four square miles in extent, this grove holds some of the largest of trees.

From Camp Grant in this area, a road leads three-quarters of a mile northwest to the grove of big trees. Mightiest and oldest of all is the General Grant Tree, with a height of 267 feet and a diameter of 35 feet, exclusive of the bulky "knees." Fanciful folk fixed upon this ancient sequoia as "the nation's Christmas Tree," and ceremonies are held here at high noon on Christmas Day, in many years.

The tree known as George Washington ranks next to the General Grant and stands 255 feet in height. At base its diameter is 29 feet. Besides these notables, a couple of hundred other sequoias in this group surpass ten feet in diameter.

Yet the sequoias are not the only cloud-touching trees in the grove. Here stand sugar pines, attaining to remarkable proportions; massive white firs, shooting their shafts 200 feet upward, crowded

amid yellow pine, cedar, birch, and oak. At Camp Grant, in a magnificent grove of these trees, the summer life is brightened with nightly camp-fire gatherings. Trails and roads lead to points of interest in the grove and the surrounding mountains. Huckleberry Road winds northeast to Panoramic Point, a summit whence you may scan the High Sierra and the wilderness intervening. Beyond this point a hundred yards stands Rocking Rock, perched precariously on its knife-edge. You may teeter it, but you are scarce likely to topple over its half-hundred tons of granite.

A westward-leading trail from Camp Grant takes you to Sunset Rock, with its sweeping view across a tumbled mass of ridges and canyons and out over the San Joaquin Valley. Just beneath glitters Sequoia Lake, a recreation center in summertime; and another little lake lies northeast nine miles by road, at Hume, a sawmill town. Southwest of Camp Grant, a two-mile trail leads you through Dark Canyon to spectacular cascades on Sequoia Creek.

The Grant Grove, we have sadly recorded, is but a remnant of the vast sequoia forest which once reached northward through the Converse Basin toward the Kings. Only a few scattered groves now are left in these highlands to recall that vanished magnificence.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

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### *The High Sierra*

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THE Sierra Nevada, highest mountain range in the United States,<sup>1</sup> forms the eastern bulwark of California for four hundred miles—a magnificent highland region which long has been sought for summer outings. Lake Tahoe and Yosemite have been famed for near a century, and of late years travelers have come also to a realization of the wonders that lie farther south, where the mountains attain their greatest altitude. This stretch of peaks and passes, of forests and sunny upland meadows, has been called the High Sierra of California. Reaching far into its mighty mass are steep-walled gorges, cut by swiftwater rivers, greatest of which are the Kings and the Kern.

The Kings and the Kern! To lovers of the wilderness, there will always be a thrill in these names. True, these are not musical in sound as so many California names, but they are romantic, none the less. One is of sacred origin; the bestowment of the other was very possibly attended by profanity. Lieutenant Edward Kern, topographer of one of Frémont's pathfinding expeditions, fell into a mountain torrent, and when he was pulled out, half-drowned, he left his name with the river. By early Spanish explorers the Kings was called Rio de los Santos Reyes (The River of the Holy Kings), in reference to the three Wise Men of the Scriptures. But the hustling pioneers "allowed" that this name was too long and slow for

<sup>1</sup> Not including Alaska.

a rapid river, and (translating after their manner) they gave the present fragmentary title.

Throughout the mountain-land are scattered delightful camping-grounds, besides resort lodges and cabins for the accommodation of summer visitors. The wilderness-seeker who travels alone over the trails carries with him his own camping outfit. Trails in the High Sierra are open from late in June until early in October. Already we have noted that the mountain summer is invariably mild, with virtually no rain, and to camp beside the trail is a pleasure, not a hardship, to one possessed of the true pioneering spirit. Horses and pack-animals, with guides, can be secured at many places. The clear streams and lakes are thronged with hard-fighting trout, and outside the borders of the national parks and the game refuges the hunter may (in season) bring down deer, which abound in the fastnesses.

This great highland pleasure-ground has many gateways, and only the chief of these may be mentioned here. The canyons of the Kings and Kern rivers are reached from various points in the San Joaquin Valley and the Owens Valley, which lie on either side of this sector of the Sierra Nevada.

The Kings River Canyon is generally approached from Sanger or Reedley in the San Joaquin Valley, the first stage of the journey over an excellent highway taking one to the public camp near General Grant Grove. The journey from there (as from Hume or Big Meadows) to Kings Canyon is easily made. The new road reaches northeastward through silent primeval forests, along the shoulders of ridges where tremendous reaches of lofty snow-clad peaks and deep canyons flash into view, in a spectacular Sierra region of memorable grandeur.

This scenic road to the Kings Canyon passes Indian Basin to Lookout Point. Thence it winds downgrade to Yucca Point, fourteen miles from the grove. So rugged is the country that a year was required in places to build one mile of road. The highway extends to Cedar Grove, and it may be constructed for some miles up the canyon floor by virtually the same route as that followed by the old main trail.

A notable view of the Kings Canyon proper is gained from

Lookout Point, on the road three miles northeast of Horse Corral Meadow. For sheer grandeur, the panorama from this summit is scarcely to be surpassed in all the High Sierra. A great gorge walled in by cliffs, in ancient times scoured by glaciers, the Kings Canyon here curves but little in its course and the long perspective reaches for miles into the heart of the range. The burnished granite all about glints like gunmetal in the sunshine; at the base of precipices shimmer moist green meadows, the canyon floor is mottled with dark masses of forest, and through the whole is drawn the clear silver line of the stream. This restless mountain torrent which swirls down the gorge is the South Fork of the river, its flow broken by long rapids, by deep silent pools and tumultuous cascades.

It is amid such highland grandeur that the road winds downward from Lookout Point, revealing glimpses of the river and its mighty canyon through the trees. In three miles the descent is more than three thousand feet, and the floor of the canyon is reached at Cedar Grove, already mentioned.

A pleasant journey is the trail trip upstream, through refreshing mountain scenery ever forming new pictures and presenting constantly that scenic contrast which travelers acclaim one of the unique charms of the High Sierra. Threading the dusky aisles of a forest of dense growth, a forest of redolent pine and incense cedar, you may emerge suddenly upon open sunlit meadows bright with flowers, or into grassy glens where the trees are set with precision as in a city park, yet the uproar of the river is in your ears always, and you need only raise your eyes to see cliffs and spires lifting high above the woods.

At the base of North Mountain rise serrated palisades, facing the entrance to the wild gorge of Roaring River, which slants down from Sugarloaf and Cloud Canyon. Awesome indeed, this chasm of Roaring River, for no man has ascended it ever.

The vast pyramidal bulk of the Whaleback dominates the east branch of the river, which flows through Cloud Canyon far above, a lovely sub-alpine glacial valley typical of the Sierra. Heading among precipitous cliffs and cirques, and often terminating in well-nigh impassable gorges near their confluences with larger streams, these open middle courses of the tributaries of the Kings and Kern

are usually easy to traverse. Each is walled by granite mountainsides, its pine woods interspersed with velvety meadows through which winds a stream flowing brightly over white granite sands. These sub-alpine valleys are delightful features of high-country travel.

After a ride of six miles up the main river trail from Cedar Grove you pass as through a giant gateway and reach Kings River Camp, standing under the brows of the greatest rock masses of the canyon. Above rises the huge North Dome, and opposite across the river (which here is joined by rushing Copper Creek, from the Monarch Divide), looms the noblest of all the cliffs, Grand Sentinel, its sculptured granite face glowing with metallic colors, its crest lifted 3,500 feet from the water's verge. The views up the canyon and down the canyon stir deeply the heart of any lover of nature, for this scenery is not mildly beautiful: it is wild and majestic in its grandeur.

Kings River Camp (long known as Camp Kanawyer) is strategically situated in the canyon, and with this point as a base, fishing and hunting and exploring trips are made into the environing mountains. You may travel in the saddle if it pleases you, but there is a charm in going over the trails afoot, in a region where walking is something more than mere ground-gaining. Much of the finest scenery lies close at hand—Paradise Valley, with its pastoral meadows in rugged setting; Mist Falls, mad waters dashing downward veiled in haze; the wild ravine of Bubbs Creek. At Roaring River Falls, at the lower end of the canyon a torrent plunges through a cleft of the solid stone into a wide green pool.

The mountain known as Glacier Monument rises at the head of the mighty canyon, the river abruptly turning in from the north here and being joined by Bubbs Creek, which cascades down from the east. You may follow the trail along the racing headwaters of the Kings, which writhe their way with desperate strength through the narrow pinched-up gorge, breaking white against granite rocks. A few miles to the north the canyon widens into a level-floored meadowland held within vertical cliffs, a grassy pasture enclosed by very high stone walls. Paradise Valley this is called, with poetic justice, though indeed it is a valley only of the Sierra type, of the

same remarkable character as Yosemite. Here lies a splendid camping-ground, and the angler will be tempted to follow the Kings beneath the vast white wall of Muro Blanco all the way to its lofty snowbank sources, seeking the wary trout which lurk in riffle and pool. A well-marked trail ascends the western side of the canyon to Woods Creek, which enters from the east, and onward up that stream past Castle Dome to Rae Lake, and across Glen Pass to Lake Charlotte, Lake Bryanthus, and surrounding mountain tarns by the score, reached also over the Bubbs Creek trail.

Another wonderful gorge to be visited from Kings River Camp is Tehipite Canyon, on the Middle Fork of the Kings. The journey can be made also from Shaver or Hume Lake, on the west, and several days should be devoted to the trip. Most impressive and strangest of all the rocks which rise above the canyon's rim is gigantic Tehipite Dome, its summit an almost perfectly rounded cap of granite, 3,500 feet above the river.

In this same region stand the Tehipite Pinnacles, a series of jagged spires. At their base pour wild waterfalls, and along Cartridge Creek, a tributary of the Middle Fork, foam triple cascades. Simpson Meadow, in the upper reaches of the canyon, is an admirable place to pitch camp. It is from here that a well-known trail crosses the range by way of Granite Pass and descends Copper Creek to the South Fork.

The Bubbs Creek trail, after leaving the Kings, leads between Glacier Monument and The Sphinx—a sculptured sphinx-rock in a region of pyramid peaks—up a steep ravine terraced with countless falls and cascades. It is a canyon which might fancifully be thought of as a great natural stairway into the High Sierra above, and when you have climbed to its top you find yourself upon that elevated rock-ridge of which the lowest point is Kearsarge Pass, 12,000 feet above the sea.

The Sierra here is of austere beauty, a many-peaked range possessing infinite variety. Mount Rixford, Mount Gould, University Peak, Mount Bradley, the Videttes, Mount Brewer, Mount Gardiner, and Mount King, all stand in the great array of angular peaks which mark the serrated sky line.

Springing down from all the crags leap clear, swift streams; on



the sheltered plateaus lie mountain meadows where in summer the wildflowers are various and beautiful, and strewn about through all these highlands gleam lakes of snow water, held within glacier-scooped basins and fringed with dark forest trees. Rae Lake, East Lake, Lake Reflection (in a high-walled depression between South Guard and the Kings-Kern Divide), Lake Charlotte, alive with trout—these are but a few of the untarnished mirrors held up to nature, redoubling and idealizing the beauties of this wild granite region. Lake Bryanthus (officially known as Bullfrog Lake), wide and silent, with well-wooded shores and abundance of bryanthus, or purple heather, is the best site for a central camp from which to explore these uplands; and from the heights above you may gain a superb view of Mount Brewer, with the East Vidette, the West Vidette, and Deerhorn Mountain all embraced in the panorama.

The summit of Kearsarge Pass is a couple of miles east of Lake Bryanthus, the trail skirting Kearsarge Pinnacles.

This is one of the highest of all Sierra passes, 12,050 feet, and here you may stand astride the rocky backbone of the ridge and gaze downward east and west. Few other lines of mountain travel command both sides of the colossal range as does Kearsarge Pass; nowhere else are you more conscious of the sharp contrast between the long and forested Sierra slope on the west and the steep descent of the rocky battlements on the east, as they break off in declivities and startling precipices. From this viewpoint you look down the eastern wall to where Owens Valley basks in the sun.

Easily climbed from the pass are Mount Rixford, overlooking the Rae Lake basin, and Mount Gould, commanding a sweeping prospect over the desert. Combining views of highlands and desert, University Peak rises directly south of the pass, though it is most often scaled from the southwest.

Midway of the ascent of Bubbs Creek a southward-branching trail leads up a stream to East Lake, a camping-spot for those essaying the climb of Mount Brewer. The ascent is well rewarded, for Brewer rises aloof from the main axis of the Sierra, and the lofty white-crowned peaks of the summit crest, from Mount Whitney northward for fifty miles, are ranged along the eastern sky line in a panorama of marvelous scope.

Kings Canyon is reached not only from Grant Grove, but by a number of other routes, some of which already have been indicated, such as the trail-trip northward from the Giant Forest, by way of Horse Corral Meadow, Summit Meadow and Cedar Grove.

The Kern River Canyon, the only one of the mighty gorges of the Sierra Nevada which has a north-and-south trend, is even more extensive than the canyon of the Kings—its walls (often wonderfully colored) rise as high, the encompassing peaks are higher. It is a vast gash in the plateaus lying between the crest of the Sierra and the Great Western Divide. Now, as has been stated, it is held within the boundaries of Sequoia National Park.

To reach the Kern Canyon, you may choose to travel over one of the easy trails through the forests on the western flank of the range, or else to adventure across the more difficult passes of the High Sierra. From the Kings Canyon, for instance, you may cross the lofty Kings-Kern Divide over the John Muir Trail *via* Foresters Pass, just west of Junction Peak, entering the canyon of the Kern at its upper end; or you may descend into Owens Valley from Kearsarge Pass, travel southward to Lone Pine, and from there follow the excellent trail which climbs up through Cottonwood Pass, whence there is choice of routes to either end of the canyon. A new trail will take you up Lone Pine Canyon, across the summit of Mount Whitney and down into Kern Canyon *via* Crabtree Meadow and ranger station.

Possibly the best-known line of travel into Kern Canyon is by the High Sierra trail from the Giant Forest, passing below Alta Meadows *via* Redwood Meadow and Timber Gap to Mineral King (which may also be reached by *road* east from Lemon Cove), through Franklin Pass and down the canyon of Rattlesnake Creek to the Kern; or else (by an older route) from Mineral King through Farewell Gap to Coyote Pass, descending into the great gorge at its lower end, opposite Golden Trout Creek. The waters of this stream (long known as Volcano Creek) were the original habitat of the distinctive golden trout, most brilliantly colored of all the trout family. The Kern River itself is a famous trout stream.

A trail follows the Kern Canyon from north to south, thirty miles, the cliffs on either side often rising precipitously three thou-

sand feet. At one point in its lower canyon, a few miles south of the national park boundary, the course of the river has been blocked by a landslide, causing it to fill the ravine for some distance above, thus forming Kern Lake, a placid expanse of water which mirrors with miraculous clearness the steep mountain walls.

The Kern Canyon pierces into the highest Sierra. To the west rise the Kaweah Peaks, their loftiest pinnacle 13,816 feet above sea-level. Black Kaweah is rated as difficult of ascent; but Mount Kaweah is a summit which may be scaled without danger, and from this vantage-point you may look down upon the sweep of Chagoopa Forest and into the immense dark cleft in the range known as the Big Arroyo. Far to the northeast, at the head of the Kern Canyon, looms the dominating form of Mount Tyndall.

South of the Kaweah Peaks lies an isolated plateau. From the mid-point of Kern Canyon a trail leads up through the forests along Chagoopa Creek (named for a redoubtable old Piute chief) to the spacious open meadow poetically termed the Sky Parlor. Of the encircling peaks, the Kaweahs on the north and Mount Needham on the west are most majestic, though Mount Guyot, across the Kern, and other striking summits are in view. More lovely even than the meadow is Moraine Lake, a mile beyond, and the best camp site in all this region lies upon its wooded northeastern shore. Unusually warm considering the altitude of 9,000 feet, the lake's waters are of a delightful temperature for swimming. From this central camp one may climb Mount Kaweah, descend into the Big Arroyo, or make longer excursions north of Mount Needham up Lost Canyon, a sylvan valley through which flows one of the fairest of rivulets. At its head, the canyon becomes more alpine, as above it rise the sharp pinnacle of Sawtooth and the snow-streaked flanks of Needham.

Triple Divide Peak and the ridge to its north command a wide-angled outlook over the wilderness where headwaters of the Kings, Kern and Kaweah have their source. Outstanding are the Kaweah Peaks, grand of form and remarkably colored; mesa-topped Table Mountain, and the sharp obelisk of Milestone; a multitude of snow-bound lakes reflect and intensify the blue of the sky, and hundreds

of streams dash down ravines from the alpine zone toward flowery meadows and scented groves of pine.

A grand and rugged region lies around Table Mountain, west of the upper Kern Canyon. Inspiring to devotees of the Sierra are its sheer precipices, tilted snowfields, impassable canyons, and summits which challenge approach. Nowhere are these viewed better than from atop Table Mountain. Many Sierra summits are guarded by such precipices, where giant boulders, loosely-poised, by a touch may be sent crashing down amid thundering echoes. These declivities are on the north and east faces of most of the mountains; the southern and western sides usually present easier slopes.

The Kern region offers opportunity for a diversified circuit trip, entering the great canyon by Franklin Pass and ascending to the East Fork trail, thence to Mount Whitney, southward along the plateau by way of Siberian Outpost and Whitney Meadows to Golden Trout Creek, down past Volcano Falls to the Kern Canyon again, and out by way of Kern Lake and Trout Meadows to Camp Nelson, about sixteen miles from Springville, whence Porterville in the San Joaquin Valley is easily reached. Of course, this round trip is practicable in the other direction, too.

The true-hearted mountaineer is not likely to leave the upper Kern River region without scaling Mount Whitney, 14,496 feet, the highest point in the United States, aside from Alaska. The mountain is not especially difficult to climb; the ascent may even be made on horseback, by excellent trails, either from the east or the west side. From this supreme summit more than 16,000 square miles lie outspread beneath the eye, a territory larger than Switzerland, and within the range of vision rise no less than sixty peaks exceeding 12,000 feet in altitude.

The topographical diversity of California is nowhere so strikingly displayed as from here, for to eastward over intervening mountain-chains Death Valley lies below the level of the sea—the lowest point on our continent. Four vast yawning canyons cleave Mount Whitney's slopes, and one of these is half a mile deeper than the canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. The eastern face of the mountain is a precipitous wall, two vertical miles higher than Owens Valley, which may be reached by the steep Lone Pine trail. Lone Pine is

naturally a favorite starting-point for the Mount Whitney ascent from the valley.

Mount Whitney was named in honor of Josiah Dwight Whitney, pioneer chief of the California State Geological Survey, which explored the surrounding highlands in 1864. It was not until 1873, however, that the peak was ascended. At the level summit, in 1909, a substantial stone shelter was set up by the Smithsonian Institution, and this has been occupied from time to time for scientific observations.

Grouped in the region to the north are mighty peaks such as Mount Williamson and Mount Tyndall—"hacked and hurt by time." The ascent of Mount Williamson, which admirers call "the real monarch of the Kern River Sierra," is more difficult, but Tyndall's heights are easily conquered by anyone practiced in mountain-climbing.

The High Sierra which we have been visiting is a lofty granite region without, of course, definite geographic boundaries. Some of the highlands to the north are often embraced in that term, and they are lofty enough and grand enough to merit inclusion, though we have restricted this chapter mainly to the Kings-Kern region. But in the preceding chapter on the Giant Forest, and in those on the Inyo region, the Central Sierra, Yosemite, the Tioga Road, and Lake Tahoe you may note many passages referring to the high country of the Sierra Nevada.

Its massive walls rising to 13,000 feet above sea-level, the battle-mented peaks and domes of this range, as we have seen, ascend a thousand feet higher. Its lower slopes are covered with vast coniferous forests, but above, the High Sierra, amber colored in the afternoon sun of summer, is adorned with chains of silver-shining lakes, and each lofty peak glitters often with a coronet of snow. The Sierra Nevada—Snowy Range—was well called by John Muir "the Range of Light."

## CHAPTER XXXIV

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### *Land of Inyo*

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TRANS-SIERRA California—the elevated region beyond the mighty mountain-barrier—long remained isolated, aloof. Its early associations were with neighboring Nevada, almost more than with the state to which, by the running of a slanting arrow-straight boundary line, it was assigned. In Europe doubtless such a border would have followed along the crest of the Sierra, but here the map-makers made the marches.

From Mohave, the main route of travel extends toward Nevada, traversing the Owens Valley from end to end. The highway—El Camino Sierra—follows the same general route as the rails, except that it is nearer the Sierra and passes through the large towns, while the railroad passes by them some three miles to the east. The railroad builders may have thought that they were leaving the settlements “high and dry,” but the pioneer towns are still there, and the railroad stations are mostly mere “whistling-posts.”

On your jaunt up the valley, for many miles you will follow the course of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the most gigantic engineering works ever undertaken by a municipality, far outranking the celebrated aqueducts of ancient Rome. The water of the Owens River, flowing at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, is carried by this aqueduct 240 miles to the metropolis.

Conflicts arose during and after the construction of the aqueduct

between the embattled farmers and the forces seeking to confine the waters to serve the far-away millions. Nightriders rode swiftly and silently. Dynamite and other high explosives, placed by unknown hands, broke the line more than once. Agrarian leaders charged that the water supply which aforetime had irrigated their lands was "stolen" by the city-dwellers, who reached out across the vast distance to enthrall the life-giving streams from the mountains.

After leaving Mohave the highway traverses colorful Red Rock Canyon. Entering a narrow rock gateway in El Paso Mountains, you pass for a mile through a deep steep-sided gorge which then widens out into an irregular canyon with remarkably sculptured, stratified walls. The tilted strata range from somber hues and chalk white to lurid colors; and while the harder layers are little weathered, the softer rock has been carved into fantastic forms. At the point in the canyon characterized as the Buried City you gaze up at sculptured bands of stone appearing like friezes of ancient temples. Many are the formations bearing fanciful names, such as White House Cliffs, Organ Rock, Sand Temple, and the like. By travelers this wondrous gorge has been compared to Bryce Canyon in Utah, but indeed it has unique claims to distinction.

A petrified forest lies on the northern flank of El Paso Mountains, a few miles east of this canyon.

About a score of miles beyond the canyon you reach Freeman, where the road from the San Joaquin across Walker Pass comes into the main route. This historic pass was the earliest southern gateway to Owens Valley, the almost waterless wastes of the Mohave long discouraging entrance by the less mountainous approach; and this pass owes its name to that great scout, Captain Joe Walker, who led the way here a century ago.

Owens Valley, about a hundred miles long, is walled by high mountains of austere grandeur. At its southern end it is six to eight miles wide, toward the north it is twice that, but midway of its length the valley is wellnigh cut in two by a salient spur of the Sierra, narrowing its breadth to a scant couple of miles. The heights on the eastern flank, almost as lofty as the Sierra Nevada, are the White Mountains, to which the Indians gave that name Inyo which

now is applied to all this region, the significance being, as nearly as can be surmised, "the dwelling-place of a great spirit."

Through Indian Wells Valley and Little Lake, past acres of Joshua trees, the northward-leading *camino* (road) continues to Haiwee reservoirs, whose waters cover the meadows once called Haiwai, which is said to mean "dove" in the Indian speech, though the peace of this region oft was broken by deeds of violence. Another score of miles, and the wayfarer arrives at Olancha, at the southern end of the alkaline sink of Owens Lake. Olancha has the name of an aboriginal tribe which once lived upon the lake shore and westward of Olancha Peak, which looms on the Sierra ridge.

Before the completion of the aqueduct, Owens Lake had an area of more than a hundred square miles, but now its bed is dry. Its waters were heavily charged with minerals, and vast quantities of soda ash are produced, especially around Keeler, on the eastern side. Pioneers grinned with delight when they found that they had only to rinse their garments in the lake waters and hang them up to dry, laundered spotlessly clean.

Frémont named the lake after redoubtable Richard Owens, who accompanied his expedition of 1845 into California, though Owens was not (as some aver) the discoverer—in truth, never saw the lake!

Not far from Keeler on a slope of the White Mountains, marble quarries were opened in the '80s, and they have produced marble of beautiful color, ranging from black to white, through warm orange and yellow hues. High in the mountains to the northeast of Keeler is the Cerro Gordo mine, renowned producer of silver, lead, and zinc. The generally accepted tradition is that the treasure-ledge was discovered in 1865 by Pablo Flores and by two other Mexicans who perished soon after at the hands of Indians, leaving Pablo to develop the rich find; but some say that another wearer of the sombrero, one Savariano, a muleteer from the Comstock Lode, made the strike. Certainly the first comers were Mexicans who milled the ore in rude *arastros*, but a cosmopolitan crowd swarmed soon to delve in "the hill," and it produced abundantly for years, yielding many millions. A wild camp it was in its heyday, with a penchant for homicide.

This entire region was the scene of bitter warfare with the



Indians, one of the weirdest battles ending in the waters of Owens Lake, where the redskins had taken refuge at nightfall after a running fight, April 19, 1863, near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek, on the western side. A stiff inshore breeze held the fugitives from escape by swimming, and they were shot by the pursuers in the moonlight. On January 6, 1865, an entire village of Indians—the “lake camp” at the mouth of Owens River—was wiped out in reprisal for atrocious murders of whites at Haiwee.

As the trip northward is made from Olancha the steep Sierra stands to the west like a great wall, two miles high above the valley floor. Here the mountains of the United States rise to their grandest altitude, with lofty Mount Whitney overtopping all. Neighboring peaks attain heights little less stupendous and to north and south for mile upon mile they stretch away. It is a region of sublime grandeur. Trails lead into the High Sierra from all the valley towns, and roads reach the lower slopes of the range. At Lone Pine and Independence, favored starting-points for the Mount Whitney ascent, saddle-horses, pack-animals and guides who “know the vocabulary of mules” may be hired for this and other High Sierra trips.

Lone Pine derived its name from a towering black pine tree which stood on the mesa a short way from Lone Pine Creek. In pioneer times a hamlet of adobe and stone houses was here, but it was devastated by a *temblor* (earthquake) in the early morning of March 6, 1872, killing twenty-four and maiming as many. In the vicinity of Lone Pine the quake opened a crack twelve miles long in the earth.

Near Lone Pine, at the base of Mount Whitney, rise the Alabama Hills, of weather-worn decomposed granite, pronounced by some geologists to be among the oldest rock formations on this continent. With their clefts and pinnacles, they offered almost impenetrable hiding-places for the hostile Indians who menaced the early settlers.

Lone Pine is a starting-point for Death Valley, the highway thither swinging around through Keeler and Darwin, then crossing the Panamint range through Townes Pass and continuing to the Stovepipe Wells region in the dread sink.

Over to the northeast of Lone Pine lies Owenyo, a railroad junc-

tion-point. Ten miles east of here, reached by one of the longest of all aerial tramways, over an 8,000-foot summit of the White Mountains, lies Saline Valley, with an inexhaustible bed of salt.

The main highway from Lone Pine leads alongside the great aqueduct, on to Manzanar. Here was a large Japanese relocation camp during World War II. West of Manzanar on George's Creek was the rancheria of Chief George, leader of the Piutes on the war-path in the perilous days. For a while in 1862 the Indians held almost undisputed sway over Owens Valley, but the whites had looked on the land and found it fair, "worth fighting for," as they said, and on July 4th of that year a Californian cavalry regiment swirled through the valley, drawing rein at a place which they called with patriotic acclaim Camp Independence. The war lingered on for a time, but it ended as many of the redskins were converted into "good Indians," joining the silent majority.

Independence, about three miles south of the old camp site, is an outfitting-point for the trip to Mount Williamson and Mount Whitney by way of Shepherd Creek Pass and Crabtree Meadow. Westward by way of Gray's Meadow you may scale Kearsarge Pass across the backbone of the Sierra Nevada, coming down into the Kings River region. Kearsarge Peak was named by loyal Union men in the fall of 1864, after the sinking of the Confederate raider *Alabama* by the Federal battleship *Kearsarge*—a sort of reprisal in nomenclature, for sympathizers with the South had named the Alabama Hills near Lone Pine not long before.

Miners worked rich silver claims upon the slopes of the great peak. On March 1, 1867, a fearsome avalanche swept down on the settlement below, destroying all in its path.

The site of the old fortified Camp Independence, abandoned in 1877, is on Oak Creek; and a little farther up its course stands a picturesque structure which houses one of the largest of the state's fish-hatcheries, sending out several million trout fry each year to stock the streams of the Sierra. An interesting place to visit, this. In the town, folks will point out the house where Mary Austin lived and wrote about "the Land of Little Rain."

From Independence the highway extends to Big Pine, at the mouth of Big Pine Creek, a torrential stream heading in crystal

mountain lakes. Its canyon is ascended by road. Above the town and above the lakes tower the giant Palisades of the Sierra, their deep clefts harboring glaciers, the most southerly in the United States. The Palisade Glacier is the largest in the Sierra Nevada. This immense ice-field, reached by trail, hangs from the side of a lofty peak—virtually a block of ice two miles long and over a mile wide, with an estimated thickness of 700 feet. The glacier is rent by crevasses reaching to profound depths, and here, too, are vast ice caves. Accessible by trail also are the Arrow Creek Falls, among the loveliest in the Sierra.

Big Pine is another gateway to the Kearsarge highlands, and to the Yosemite region, over a route at once novel and inspiring. In another direction from Big Pine a section of the Midland Trail, a highway crossing the Inyo mountains by Westgard Pass to Goldfield, diverges from El Camino Sierra.

You will be well advised to halt at the city of Bishop, which lies less than a score of miles north of Big Pine, and pay a visit to this sector of the valley, of which it is the principal community. It was near Laws, northeast of Bishop, that the first cabin in Owens Valley was built, in 1861. Not far away was a large Indian encampment, and in a battle at Bishop Creek the redskins discomfited the whites the following year.

By roads and trails from Bishop you may ascend into the Sierra and review its myriad wonders. Among the lures for mountain wanderers are Lake Sabrina, North and South Lakes, all reached by road—and these are but a few in a highland lake region of unusual charm.

Northward from Bishop the route of the railroad, as well as the highway, leads through much inspiring scenery, the Sierra rising on the west and the White Mountains on the east. The line at last climbs out of the Owens Valley, passes near the old town of Benton in Independence Valley, and the California-Nevada boundary is crossed just before reaching the hamlet of Queen, near lofty Mount Montgomery.

The main highway, El Camino Sierra, which continues northwest from Bishop, traverses Round Valley and ascends Sherwin Hill, then coming to Long Valley, once the haunt of the renegade Indian

chief Joaquin Jim, who harassed the whites in the wars of the '60s. Turning aside a few miles, you may visit Convict Lake, in a deep cup of the Bloody Mountain region. Here, in September, 1871, a band of escaped prisoners from the Nevada state penitentiary, at Carson, were brought to bay. In the battle which followed, Robert Morrison, one of the pursuing posse, was killed; and the name of Mount Morrison honors his memory.

A few miles farther along, from the main highway you may diverge to the upland resort of Mammoth, a popular camp center in summer. Near by is the deserted settlement known as Mammoth City, once an active mining-camp, though never rich. In this region lie the Twin Lakes and Lake Mary, which are among the principal sources of the Owens River.

You will be tempted to make trips from here across Mammoth Pass to those striking formations known as the Minarets and to the Devil's Post-Pile, a National Monument. The Pile is a cliff of columnar basalt facing a branch of the upper San Joaquin River. The columns, perfect prisms and mostly pentagonal, are fitted together in the manner of a honeycomb; and at the base of the cliff are heaped prismatic rock fragments in utter confusion. Only at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and at Fingal's Cave on the isle of Staffa, Scotland, can similar formations be seen. About two miles south of the Devil's Post-Pile you will see the Rainbow Fall, where the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin plunges over a ledge, 140 feet, in a smooth wide stream, like Vernal Fall in the Yosemite.

Beyond the Mammoth region the main highway crosses a low divide and enters the Mono basin, traversing a volcanic area of pumice and lava rock. In the uplands to westward cluster lakelets—June, Silver, Gull, and Grant lakes—well-known among anglers.

To the east loom the Mono Craters in a jagged line; and soon you arrive at Leevining Creek, where your highway joins that grand route coming down from Tioga Pass. Just beyond glistens Mono Lake.

## CHAPTER XXXV

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### *The Mother Lode*

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IN THE days of the gold rush, the Southern Mines were the center of the most intense excitement. Along the gulches and on the flats and river-bars of the lower Sierra, throngs of miners toiled with rocker and pan, looking not in vain for the "color" which was local—the nuggets and dust of yellow gold which drew seekers hither across thousands of miles of land and sea. The zone of gold-bearing quartz veins known as the Mother Lode—the *Veta Madre*, as it was first termed by the Mexican miners—runs through the mountain counties of Mariposa, Tuolumne, Calaveras, Amador and El Dorado (there is romance in the very names).

While some of the old camps are thriving, latterly with a renewed interest in gold-mining, some are mere "ghost towns," pathetic ruins, and many have disappeared, with scarcely a marker to record their site. As Mark Twain wrote of such: "You will find it hard to believe that here stood at one time a fiercely flourishing little city, of 2,000 or 3,000 souls, with its newspaper, fire company, brass band, volunteer militia, bank, hotels, noisy Fourth of July processions and speeches, gambling-halls crammed with tobacco smoke, profanity, and rough bearded men of all nations and colors, with tables heaped with gold dust—streets crowded and rife with business—town lots worth \$400 a front foot—labor, laughter, music, swearing, fighting, shooting, stabbing—a bloody inquest and a man

for breakfast every morning—and now nothing but lifeless, homeless solitude. In no other land, in modern times, have towns so absolutely died and disappeared, as in the old mining regions of California.”

Not only the memory of the past, but the charm of the present, renders attractive these communities of the lower Sierra. Many motorists speed through them on their way to Yosemite or Tahoe, but if they only would linger awhile they would be likely to find the gold camps difficult to leave. Sonora, among the flowers beside the ravine where once swarms of miners dwelt under canvas; Angels Camp, amid its trees; San Andreas, on its sunny hillslopes, with roses climbing over walls and fences; Placerville, surrounded by well-tended orchards—each of these mountain towns has a distinctive appeal. And these are the larger communities. Even more interesting are the hamlets tucked away in corners of the hills, “by the world forgot.”

The quaint and quiet old communities along the gold belt of the Sierra are approached by a series of lateral roads from the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, as they lie mainly between a succession of ridges. However, now you can travel between Mariposa and Auburn along improved highways—a through route, linking the most important settlements. While it has a few formidable grades and involves some back-tracking here and there, it offers a comparatively easy jaunt for the leisurely motorist.

The route will be followed in these pages, from south to north, to guide you along the Mother Lode from end to end.

Mariposa, usually reached from Merced, is a good place to start the journey. Interesting historic structures remain in this Argonaut town. The white wooden Courthouse, the oldest in California in use today, was built in 1854. For three-quarters of a century the clock in the square tower atop the Courthouse has been beating out the time, but somehow it seems that the tempo must have slackened since the exciting gold days. In the vaults of the old structure are preserved precious historic documents. Now Mariposa is widely known because of its position on the main highway approach to Yosemite Valley. Another road leads eastward to Wawona and the

Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. At Mormon Bar, a couple of miles along this route, stands (or slouches) a group of old adobes.

Mariposa is a Spanish word, signifying "butterfly," and it is easy to perceive why it was applied by the early explorers because of the many-hued butterflies of the piedmont region.

About five miles northwest of Mariposa is "a town that was"—Mount Bullion, or Princeton, which has the interesting old adobe Marre store. Mount Ophir, just beyond, retains only the ruins of a private mint, one of the first in California; and here were minted many of the hexagonal gold "slugs" which passed current in early days in California. The town of Mount Ophir has vanished. A picturesque ruin, the shattered remnant of the Trabucco Store, rises beside the road on the way to Bear Valley. At Agua Fria, earliest county seat of Mariposa, the site of an old courthouse is indicated by a marker. The pioneers in giving the name of Agua Fria thus commemorated cold water, showing that it was not altogether without favor as an elixir in the diggings.

On a road leading westward between Mount Bullion and Merced Falls lies Hornitos, its Spanish name meaning "little ovens." An almost deserted mining-town, Hornitos retains dilapidated structures of stone and adobe, with heavy doors of iron. The old Hornitos Hotel, the Fandango Dance-hall, and the solid little jail are of outstanding interest in this mining-camp, which is unquestionably one of the most picturesque of the old-time settlements remaining. Like so many of them, it holds haunting memories of Joaquin Murieta, who spent his ill-gotten gains here recklessly amid his countrymen, for swarthy swarms of the camp's 5,000 inhabitants (it has scarce 100 now) were from south of the Rio Grande. A tunnel is pointed out, one legend insisting that the desperado used it as an avenue of escape from pursuers, but more prosaic stories ascribe as its use the rolling of beer-barrels from a cellar.

At Bear Valley, a decayed mining-settlement northwest of Mount Bullion, stands Oso House, a wooden hotel built by Frémont in 1850, and here also are the ruins of his company store and the site of his residence. He purchased a grant of 44,500 acres from Juan Bautista Alvarado, one-time Governor of California, in 1847—it

was a "floating grant," with indefinite boundaries, and because of the gold-finds he later fixed it here at Rancho Las Mariposas.

From Bear Valley you drive northward across the Merced River at Bagby, continuing to Coulterville, known as the start of a road into Yosemite Valley. In this town the visitor is shown an old "general store" and a decrepit Chinese adobe, though devastating fires in the early days wiped out much of the original settlement here. The so-called Hang Tree, which no doubt had a crude usefulness, stands in the public square.

West of Coulterville, on the road to Modesto, you may visit La Grange. Of its several structures dating from the '50s, the old French stores possess notable interest. You will recall this place as the locale of Bret Harte's story, "The Four Guardians of La Grange." The Don Pedro reservoir lies up the Tuolumne River a few miles from here.

The Coulterville route to Yosemite Valley leads eastward from that town through a difficult country. On the way is the Bower Cave, a remarkable grotto.

This tour of the Mother Lode takes you from Coulterville northwest, across the Tuolumne River and on to Jacksonville, with an antique hotel to remind of olden days. This ville is reputed to be the setting for "Mliss," by Bret Harte. In that tale it figures as "Smith's Pocket."

The Tuolumne received its name from that of a large tribe of Indians once living on both sides of the river. Just as in Connecticut you don't sound the medial c, in Tuolumne (according to some local authorities) the n is silent.

To the southeast of here lie Big Oak Flat, Groveland, and Second Garrote, on one of the highways to Yosemite Valley, formerly the main stage route; and in recent years it has gained prominence as the way to the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir. The big oak which lent its name to the Flat is no longer in evidence, but its site is now indicated by a marker; and at Priest's, about a mile distant, long stood an old hotel recalling the staging days. The panoramic view from the eminence back of the hotel site is far-sweeping.

Groveland, now headquarters in this district for the Hetch Hetchy project, carrying water and power to San Francisco, formerly



exulted in the name of Garrote, receiving that appellation from an act of violence in the wild times. East of the town on the way to Buck Meadows, at the tiny hamlet of Second Garrote you will see Hangman's Tree, a public utility in the days of swift Vigilante justice. Legend has it that at one time seven Mexicans swung from the massive arms of this grisly oak. Near by, across the road, note the old two-story house of Chaffee and Chamberlain, who are alleged to have been the originals of the friends in Bret Harte's moving story, "Tennessee's Partner."

From Jacksonville two roads run north to Jamestown and Sonora. The best of these leads through Chinese Camp, a place of considerable historic interest, where the old adobe post-office and also the old Buck store are marked. Over the hill west of Chinese Camp lies the site of the town of Salvado, now vanished; and a couple of miles to the east is Shawmut, where may be seen the ruins of an old earthworks fort thrown up by Chinese miners in 1856. In that year rival tongs staged a battle royal in which about two thousand of the Chinese gold-seekers engaged, but the killed and wounded counted only eight.

Stent, on an alternative route to Jamestown, east of the road just mentioned, was formerly known as Poverty Hill. Quartz Mountain, site of a mine, once not poverty-stricken, but immensely rich, rises beyond to the west, before you pass Campo Seco.

Jamestown, founded in 1848 by Colonel George James, became almost at once a gold-mining center, and from that day to this has been affectionately known under the nickname of "Jimtown." It is still a mining-town of importance, with several productive mines round about.

Among the old-time landmarks of Jimtown are the Bellingham House, the post-office (once the St. James Masonic Hall) and a pioneer blacksmith shop. Table Mountain, long and narrow, rises to the west of town. "I come from Table Mountain," proclaimed Truthful James, who in plain and plaintive language recounted the tale of the Heathen Chinee, Ah Sin, whose ways were dark and whose tricks were vain. Many Celestials were among those who delved in the gravels which underlie the flat basaltic mesa-top, gravels which yielded millions in gold.

Jamestown is on Woods Creek, and up that stream lies Sonora, one of the largest communities in the mountain region. Lumber-mills and limestone quarries and kilns here have largely replaced gold mines as the economic background.

Lying in a hollow of the hills, Sonora was founded in the summer of 1848 by a group of Mexican miners from the state of Sonora, and later it became the most cosmopolitan of the camps. Bret Harte is reputed to have taught school in Sonora in 1854, but the authority for this is doubtful. A number of old structures remain, especially on the narrow side streets, though most of them do not date back so far as many others on the Lode, for the town was several times partially destroyed by fire. Nevertheless, old hotels, a couple of old churches, and the City Hall are among the surviving landmarks.

Across the Sierra Nevada northeastward extends a highway from here over lofty Sonora Pass. The way leads first past the little mining-town of Soulsbyville, dating from 1856, and through Confidence, in a mountain-resort region, to Longbarn, whither snow sports attract throngs in the height of winter. Up along the dividing ridge between the Stanislaus and the Tuolumne rivers, the road passes Pinecrest, west of Strawberry Lake, continuing through a series of outing camps and down the Patterson Grade, with the striking serrated ridge known as the Dardanelles to the north. The road now turns eastward, climbs and crosses Sonora Pass, descending thence to the highway linking Owens Valley and Carson City, Nevada. This route is joined a few miles north of Bridgeport, in the Mono region. It is an historic artery of travel across the Sierra, the Sonora-Mono road, as it is called, for it was built in the '60s during the early silver-mining boom in Nevada, and over it spurred riders of the Pony Express.

Because of its size and position, Sonora is a convenient center for exploration in the Bret Harte country. Roads diverge northward to Springfield and to Columbia. At Springfield the old stone school-house is still standing, an interesting landmark. So far as latest information goes, Bret Harte is not said to have taught here!

Columbia was one of the populous cities in California in the early '50s, and was known vaingloriously as the "Gem of the Southern Mines." At that time it was prominently suggested as the state capi-

tal. Columbia was credited with 20,000 hustling inhabitants—probably the largest camp in California. Now the place has several hundred people. It is a most typical and complete example of an Argonaut town, and its preservation intact as a state historic monument is assured. Along its main street stand substantial old structures of brick and stone, among them the Town Hall, the D. O. Mills bank, the Pioneer Saloon, the engine-house with its hand-engine which came around the Horn in 1852. The old Wells-Fargo Building was erected in 1855; and on its scales, still to be seen within, more than \$50,000,000 in gold was weighed. "Stagedrivers' Rest" is another old brick structure, on a nearby corner.

Columbia retains a picturesque old Catholic church—St. Ann's—particularly beloved by artists. Built in 1856, it stands alone in a waste of upturned boulders reminiscent of the feverish gold-hunting era. "One square mile of placer ground near Columbia produced \$80,000,000," claims Samuel G. Blythe. That is quite a claim, any way you take it. The town is regaining a little of its old life through development of the surrounding region. The marble-quarries northwest of here, worked since the '50s, yield marbles of even texture, ranging from white to gray, and sometimes rose-mottled.

Over little Coyote Creek, a tributary of the Stanislaus, are two natural bridges of stone, one 240 feet and the other 180 feet in length. Of these, the upper and larger bridge is situated less than a mile from the Columbia-Vallecito road and can easily be visited. South of here is the Moaning Cave, a limestone cavern displaying wondrous formations. The Indians made use of it as a burial chamber.

Due east of Sonora about seven miles, in a circular basin on Turnback Creek, lies the mill town of Tuolumne, a center for sugar-pine lumbering.

At Shaw's Flat, below Table Mountain west of Sonora on a road to Tuttletown, is the Old Mississippi House; and near here also is the site of the Mountain Brow House. Tuttletown, a hamlet west of Sonora on the main Mother Lode road, was named after one Judge Tuttle, who built a log-cabin here in 1848. As early as 1852 William Swerer kept a store at Tuttletown, a frame building on the opposite side of the street from the present substantial stone store, which

wandering German stone-masons built in 1854. It is recognized as one of the most picturesque landmarks in all the mountains. Tuttle-town is among the many places where Bret Harte is alleged to have taught school; and it is even said that he clerked in Swerer's store, where Mark Twain some years later certainly lingered and swapped stories now and then, while he was dwelling at Jackass Hill near by to the west.

It was at Jackass Hill that Mark Twain chummed with Jim and Steve and Bill Gillis and Dick Stoker ("Dick Baker"), a jovial crew who gave him the inspiration for many of his best frontier stories. In a cabin on Jackass Hill, which has been rebuilt around the old stone fireplace, Mark Twain lived for five months in 1864-65 as a prospector. Many believe that he wrote *The Jumping Frog* here—it appeared in print at the end of 1865. As has been hinted earlier, Mark was "hiding out" with the Gillis boys, but he found pick-and-pan work too arduous. Read about his stay in *Roughing It*. A tablet near the cabin tells the story of Jackass Hill and gives a hint as to its name. Hundreds of the burros of the pack-trains were picketed overnight on the grassy slopes, and the treble music of these "mountain canaries" disturbed the sleep of the Argonauts.

Bret Harte, too, used the hill country round about Tuttle-town as the setting for characteristic tales. Red Dog and Sandy Bar, scene of that little Iliad of which he writes so quaintly, are in this region (at least they are so identified by local historians), and somewhat farther north is Red Gulch, commemorated in one of his best. Up the Stanislaus lies Simpson's Bar—memorable for Bret's appealing recountal of how Santa Claus came thither in defiance of fluvial and pluvial barriers. It is claimed by some that Poker Flat was at Byrne's Ferry, on the Stanislaus. We should bear in mind, though, that much of Bret Harte's geographical lore was fanciful.

At historic Robinson's Ferry, across the Stanislaus, where now the river is dammed, is Melones, about three miles northwest of Tuttle-town. The name was transferred here from a former camp near by, probably so called because in the early days the mines yielded coarse gold like seeds of melons, called by the Mexicans *melones*. Slumgullion was a less elegant name for the settlement before that.

The road leads up the Melones grade, beside historic flats and

gulches, and soon the outstanding landmark of Carson Hill, an old store, is passed. The scarred and shattered hill is named after James Carson, who in 1848 discovered its richness, an ounce of gold to the pan being taken out by some of the first fortunate miners; and since then that neighborhood has yielded millions. In 1854 at the Morgan Mine in this hill a nugget was found weighing 195 pounds and valued at more than \$44,000, one of the largest masses of gold ever found.

Carson Hill retains a scattering few structures from the time when this camp was by many considered the richest of all. Josiah Dwight Whitney, pioneer geologist, called it "the classic mining-ground of California."

An old adobe house at Albany Flat, built in 1852, is another interesting relic of the past seen along this route. About four miles beyond Carson Hill is Angels, or Angels Camp, one of the largest communities in the Sierra, with a population of several thousand. Gold-mines, still being worked here, account for some of the activity.

Both Mark Twain and Bret Harte visited Angels in its more or less palmy days, and it forms the setting for several of their tales. Shortly after the gold strike, the stage roads round about were the scenes of the depredations of Joaquin Murieta; and twoscore years later, the poetical Black Bart held up many stage-coaches in these hills.

Angels Camp, named in 1849 after a certain George Angel, who was the first store-keeper there, still recalls Bret Harte's *Brown of Calaveras* and "Thompson, the Hero of Angels." His *Bell-Ringer of Angels*, while not about the town, pertains to the region. Angels retains many of the iron-shuttered buildings of primitive days—the theater in which Edwin Booth played, a couple of venerable hotels, and "the barrooms of Angels, where in their manhood's prime was gathered the pride of the hamlet." On Angels Creek you will see a picturesque water wheel, once used to develop power for crushing ore.

Angels Camp holds each spring a jumping-frog contest, with a pioneer celebration which revives the old days in hilarious fashion. Be it known that this camp claims to have been the place where

Mark Twain first heard the Jumping Frog story, and he names it as the scene of that ever-memorable hopping contest in which the pampered pet of Jim Smiley, the bull-frog Dan'l Webster, was left at the post, "weighted with wagers and with shot."

An important highway across the Sierra Nevada starts from Angels, extending to Markleeville and on to Lake Tahoe, or to Minden and Carson City, in Nevada. Trending northeast most of the way, the route takes you first to Vallecito, already mentioned because of its proximity to the Moaning Cave. Vallecito (Little Valley, in Spanish) was a wild camp in the '50s, and it retains a notable landmark, the old Dinkelspiel store. Farther along the road you come to Murphys, another mining-camp of olden times, which many lovers of Bret Harte identify as the Wingdam of his tales. Here stands a former Wells-Fargo Express office, strongly built, as were they all, with iron shutters and iron doors. On the tree-shaded main street, which retains the atmosphere of the gold days, the quaint old Sperry hotel building is outstanding.

Joaquin Murieta began his nefarious career of violence at Murphys. Before his death and decapitation he was responsible for the death of at least three hundred known victims, who fell at the gory hands of himself and his band. Let us not waste sympathy on this archfiend in human form, much as we may be astounded at his exploits. He was no gallant Robin Hood.

About a mile northwest of Murphys are the Mercer Caves, a series of twenty caverns connected by passages, with stalactites and stalagmites of varying hues and fantastic shapes, notable among them the Angel's Wings. From Murphys the highway continues fifteen miles northeast along a forest-lined route to the Calaveras Big Tree Grove, which stands in a small valley near the headwaters of San Antonio Creek, generally termed the San Antone.

Calaveras Grove, now a state park, was the first Big Tree grove made known—in 1852. A hunter named Dowd was the finder, and his story was so laughed at by his companions that it was necessary for him to resort to a ruse to get them to visit the grove and confirm his wonderful account. One of the trees, near The Sentinel, bears the name of Old Dowd in memory of the discoverer. The Mother of the Forest, one of the tallest trees, has been stripped of bark; the

Father of the Forest has fallen, but the prostrate trunk indicates that the patriarchal tree once was well over 300 feet high, taller than any of the standing trees today. The Empire State is the largest tree in the grove. The stump of the first-discovered *Sequoia gigantea* was for a time converted into a dancing-floor, 25 feet in diameter (without the bark) several feet above the ground. Pioneer's Cabin is a hollow trunk, with an archway cut through. The Pride of the Forest, a graceful tree, measures 23 feet in diameter. Keystone State and the Ohio are other fine sequoias. The Three Graces comprise a beautiful group of trees, and The Trinity consists of three trees growing from one trunk. The Sentinel, a majestic giant near the hotel, towers almost 300 feet high.

From the Calaveras North Grove, a 6-mile ride on horseback takes you to the Calaveras South Grove of Big Trees, also known sometimes as the Stanislaus Grove. The trail passes through Squaw Hollow to the North Fork of the Stanislaus River, spanned by a bridge. Above the bridge extends a series of rapids, and all along the stream reach vine-clad, tree-covered slopes and steep basaltic cliffs. As the path ascends the divide between the river and Beaver Creek, the view is remarkably fine. After passing Beaver Creek you come to the South Grove, with hundreds of sequoias of astounding girth and height, comparable to those in the Calaveras North Grove. Among the most noteworthy are trees named General Custer, Palace Hotel, Smith's Cabin and Noah's Ark. Some of the arboreal giants show traces of a devastating fire that raged through this woodland more than a thousand years ago. Mightiest of the fallen trees is Old Goliath, 260 feet long.

The Falls of the San Antone, 150 feet high, reached from the Big Tree grove, are to the southwest in a steep canyon. Seven miles north of Murphys lies the Cave of Calaveras, discovered by miners in 1850, its spacious apartments bearing such fanciful names as Odd Fellows' Hall, Music Hall, Bridal Chamber, Cathedral.

Beyond the Big Trees, the highway ascending the Sierras traverses the upper Stanislaus region, through little Bear Valley (one of literally hundreds by that name in California), past Lake Alpine, Hermit Valley, and a succession of lovely mountain meadows, traversing at last the lofty defile known as Ebbetts Pass, named after an

army officer who in the '50s conducted surveys seeking practicable routes across the Sierras. Down Silver Creek leads the highway from the summit and on to Markleeville, the tiny hamlet which is county seat of California's smallest county, in population—Alpine.

When you continue along the Mother Lode highway, just after leaving Angels you arrive in Altaville, located as Cherokee Flat in 1852, where the old Prince Store is a noted landmark; and another is the Reddick house at Fourth Crossing, about five miles beyond, where young Bret Harte did some panning for gold. It was at Bald Hill, near Altaville, that the famous Calaveras Skull was discovered in 1866. Found at a depth of 130 feet, according to the statement of the reputed discoverer, this skull of a prehistoric human aroused a storm of bitter disputation among scientists as to the antiquity of man in America. The authenticity of the find is still a matter of controversy, many declaring that the skull was surreptitiously and maliciously removed from elsewhere to the Bald Hill site, as a hoax on Josiah Dwight Whitney specifically, and on men of science generally. Bret Harte was moved to drop into verse and write "To the Pliocene Skull," more than intimating that the same was of modern origin. At the end the skull speaks: "Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted falling down a shaft in Calaveras County."

A road swings around southwest from Altaville toward the San Joaquin Valley, reaching the village of Copperopolis, in the lower foothills, where copper-mining was carried on for many years, especially in the '60s, when several thousand people made up the community. Between here and the Stanislaus River is Black Bart Rock, behind which the highwayman was wont to hide while awaiting the stage he was to rifle.

Along the Mother Lode highway the next considerable town is San Andreas (locally pronounced San Andrays), which also claims to have been the scene of the incident which inspired the story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." In the bar of the Metropolitan Hotel, since destroyed by fire, took place the memorable contest, so local champions insist. San Andreas along its slanting main street retains much of antiquary interest, though many old structures were swept away by fire. Black Bart was tried in San



Andreas and convicted of highway robbery. The Courthouse holds records of many quaint and dramatic happenings.

South of the town are great cement works, and gray cement dust has somewhat dulled the pristine local color of gold dust. Across the South Fork of the Calaveras River rises the long ridge of Bear Mountain.

Just west of San Andreas two forks of the little Calaveras River unite. The name Calaveras in Spanish signifies "skulls," and was applied to the river because of the whitened cranial remains found on its banks amidst other bones, relics of deadly Indian conflict.

Swinging over a pleasant route from San Andreas, the northward-leading road reaches Mokelumne Hill, whose cosmopolitan population in the early days proved so wild and unruly that a Vigilance Committee held sway for a while. Leger's Hôtel d'Europe is one of the picturesque inns remaining on the Lode; and the old Courthouse near by is a reminder that in 1852 Mokelumne Hill was a county seat. It continued to hold this eminence until 1866. Much excitement and contention swirled around the Courthouse during the Civil War period.

The United States Hotel, built in 1854, is another old-time tavern still standing. Most notable of all the landmarks here, though, is the octogenarian Wells-Fargo building, now the Odd Fellows' Hall, where lodge meetings are held regularly. This substantial iron-shuttered building was erected in 1854 also, but the top story was added later. The claim is made that it was the first three-story structure on the Mother Lode. In those early days, Mokelumne Hill was important as a center for stage-lines and freighting-wagons.

The remains of Chinatown are to be seen, and not far distant is the site of Chile Gulch, scene of conflict in 1849 between the American miners and the Chilenos, many of whom were practically peons.

The large stone structure up on the hill, temple-like in aspect, was not a church but a German brewery. However, there is a little white church in the settlement which was one of the very first on the Mother Lode. The story goes that most of the contributions for building it were in the form of gold dust and nuggets, given by the miners of the camp, then at its wildest.

The neighborhood of The Hill (as the camp is familiarly called along the Mother Lode) was frequented by the bandit Joaquin Murieta and his red-handed henchmen, and many are the legends of their exploits.

Nearby, to the southeast, were Jesus Maria and Poverty Flat, localities enshrined in Bret Harte's works. Whiskey Slide is in the same storied neighborhood.

At Electra, north of Mokelumne Hill on the Mokelumne River, is one of the first-established hydro-electric plants in California. It began transmission of electric energy in 1901. Down the Mokelumne a few miles its canyon is barred by Pardee Dam, retaining a vast sheet of crystal-clear water which supplies the cities on the eastern side of San Francisco Bay; and below the dam lies the old town of Lancha Plana, its Spanish name signifying Flatboat, applied probably because of a ferry-crossing here during the gold rush.

The road northward from Mokelumne Hill crosses the river and passes through Butte City, which was once a market-garden supplying "greens" for the other camps in the country round about. Only one structure now remains, in crumbling ruins. Over to the east rises the butte, an isolated conical mountain of volcanic origin, towering more than a thousand feet higher than the town of Jackson, in open country about three miles from its base.

Jackson is of outstanding interest, closely associated as it was with pioneer traffics and discoveries. The place aforetime was called Botilleas from the multitude of bottles found near a spring where wayfarers gathered. While the town has antiquated galleried buildings along its narrow streets, it was swept by fire several times and was finally rebuilt in brick after a conflagration in August, 1862. From this time date most of the old structures now standing.

At Jackson Gate on the northerly outskirts of Jackson is the old Chichizola store, in continuous operation by the same family since 1850. Many of the people in this region are of Italian descent.

North of Jackson the hoists of numerous productive mines are to be seen; the shafts of several of these are among the deepest in the world.

The Jackson-Alpine highway leads across the Sierra Nevada *via* Carson Pass. Between Ham Station and Tragedy Springs the road runs atop a high ridge, with sweeping vistas on both sides over a glo-

rious mountain-land. At Tragedy Springs in 1848 a party of scouts were massacred by Indians. A couple of miles farther on, amid dense forests, lies Silver Lake, an artificial lake which has become popular as a recreation center. Kirkwood, near by, is an historic stage station, and beyond is the bare rock of Carson Spur, presenting a commanding view over this part of the Sierras. The highway crosses Carson Pass, the route by which Kit Carson and Frémont traversed the Sierras in 1844, and from a peak above to the north (probably Stevens Peak) Frémont discovered Lake Tahoe, on February 14th of that year. From Carson Pass the highway descends toward the lake, reached *via* Meyers; or if you wish you can go down to Minden, south of Carson City, picturesque little capital of Nevada.

Pine Grove and Volcano, to the northeast of Jackson, were once populous centers, with lively bars and dance-halls, and several churches, too. Volcano, the "Crater City of '49," is a mere fragment of what it was then, and it may eventually be submerged when it reposes beneath the reservoir of a hydro-electric power system—a sunken city of the hills. Thus will be quenched Volcano, an inferno of activity in its hot time, when fifty saloons were agog with clamor and excitement.

From the Mother Lode highway, a road diverges westerly from Martell to Ione, early known both as Bedbug and as Freezeout. On a hill-top above the town rise the buildings of a state industrial school for wayward boys in process of reformation. Ione now works its extensive beds of fine clay, with an output of terra-cotta, brick, and other clay products. Muletown, a couple of miles to the north, is no more than a name on old maps, for it has vanished completely, despite its liveliness in the '50s, when gold in abundance was wrested from its ravines.

Sutter Creek, northwest of Martell on the main highway, is an old mining-town preserving relics of the past, including the Alvinza Hayward Building, the old Masonic Hall, and other quaint structures. Alvinza Hayward was the earliest quartz-mining magnate in this region, and some of the deep mines which were his are still producing. John Augustus Sutter owned timber on this considerable creek which bears his name, and later he sifted its sands for gold.

Continuing northwest, you gain a wonderful view back on Sutter Creek from the top of a divide, and soon you pass through Amador, called after the pioneer Spanish family which gave its name to an entire county here. Beyond Amador, which was a lively town in '49 and later a quartz-mining center, is the even older camp of Drytown (it was far from dry), with a venerable town hall, general store, and other picturesque structures. Plymouth, a few miles farther along, is a quaint village still deriving some support from quartz-mining. A few miles east of here is Oleta, which figures in Bret Harte's tales under its merry old name of Fiddletown, now officially restored after the lapse of years. Not only gold but diamonds are here—at least, *small* diamonds have been picked up at Fiddletown and Volcano.

Due north from Plymouth the highway crosses the Cosumnes River and parallels the North Fork of that stream, leading through a farming-district of pastoral charm, graced in the springtime with acres on acres of wildflowers. El Dorado, fifteen miles along this route, was once a big mining-camp, at first distinguished by the name of Mud Springs. A few roofless stone stores and an old hotel are about all that remain to tell of that time when El Dorado not only was a hustling gold camp but also an important transportation center, on stage lines and freighting routes serving much of the Mother Lode region.

Seven miles beyond El Dorado, among the foothills, is the city of Placerville, capital of the northern province of the Mother Lode. It is the Hangtown of early days, the scene of several instances of swift and effective reprisal for evil-doing, and even before that was called Old Dry Diggings. The name was officially changed to Placerville late in 1850, and within four years it was one of the largest communities in California.

There is disputation as to the location of the Hang Tree which served as gallows in the first executions. Some say that its site now is below the floor of a store on Main Street; others insist that it stood on the corner of Main and Coloma streets. All along the Mother Lode you will find ample evidence of the fallibility of the memories of oldest inhabitants; and the region is alive with legends of "lost mines" and "largest nuggets."

The great fire which swept Placerville in 1856 left only a few important buildings standing; one of these is a stone structure now occupied by a public-service corporation, and marked with a plaque indicating that it was erected in 1852. Most of the picturesque buildings date from the '60s, but the aspect of a very old town is given by their solid construction and by the winding course of the streets.

It was here that scores of early fortunes were made, among them that of John Studebaker, then generally known as Wheelbarrow John. The way in which the foundation for the Studebaker wealth was laid at Hangtown is a chapter in the entertaining annals of El Dorado. After the lapse of almost sixty years from the time when he first set foot in Placerville, John Studebaker made a trip from his Indiana home to honor his old-time friends and the place where he made his start. He first went to the old shop where he had wrought in making wheelbarrows (its site is still to be seen, on the main street), and then gathered his former companions at a banquet, at which the grizzled old miners made merry on "fizz water"—champagne. In his speech Wheelbarrow John explained that instead of digging in the mines as most of his cronies did, he stuck to his craft as wheelwright, and at the end of a few years, in 1858, returned with his "pile" to his old home, where he and his brothers established the Studebaker factory.

Placerville, as the central gateway to the Lake Tahoe country, is familiar to many thousands of visitors. The road from Sacramento comes up by way of Folsom, about twenty miles northeast of the capital city. Now the place is known principally as the site of a great state prison, but during the gold days it was an important staging center. In 1849 the hamlet was called Negro Bar, because of the mining activities of negroes in that region. Gold-dredging is still carried on below the city around Natomas. The first railroad in California was completed between Sacramento and Folsom in 1856, and one of the first long-distance electric power transmission lines in the state joined these two communities.

Above Folsom, the road (it is the Lincoln Highway) ascends through the foothills, a few miles north of Latrobe, and through Shingle Springs, where a few old buildings tell of the time when

this was a mining-camp and stage station; and so through El Dorado and the orchards to Placerville, fifty miles from Sacramento. The route by way of old Hangtown is one of the pioneer roads of the West. When the big strike was made on the Comstock Lode in 1859, the Washoe Rush began across the Sierras, over Johnson's Pass. Along this highway passed the long freighting teams, the ore-wagons, and the overland stages, with such noted whips as Hank Monk and Curly Bill Gearhart on the box. Upward the way leads, for miles overlooking the South Fork of the American River; upward past Esmeralda Falls, the old resort-place of Kyburz, and Strawberry, most important stage station of the pioneer days. Above the road on the right rises a precipitous rock, and—yes—it is known as Lovers' Leap, with a legend of the usual tragic pattern. Near Phillips, farther on, is Audrian Lake, and to its north lies lovely Echo Lake, with recreation camps clustered around its forested shores. Summit Pass is crossed, and you gain a vast panoramic view of Lake Tahoe and its mountain setting. Descending through Meyers, you reach the great lake at its southern end near Tallac.

About eight miles northwest of Placerville lies Coloma, on the South Fork of the American River. Here early in 1848 James Marshall made the gold strike which brought California with such dramatic prominence before the world. High on a hill half a mile from the spot where the gold discovery was made rises his monument, an heroic bronze statue mounted on a granite base, and beneath it Marshall lies buried. The figure of Marshall is pointing down to the spot where gold was found near the river. On the main street of the hamlet stands an old Chinese bank—a small stone building with iron-shuttered windows and iron door—and near it are an old stone jail and other venerable structures.

James Wilson Marshall, an itinerant carpenter and wheelwright, had come to California and settled within the vast domain of Captain John Sutter, who employed him at Coloma in the erection of a sawmill and widening and deepening its mill-race. This he did by opening the floodgates each night and then having Indians clear out the boulders thus laid bare. On the morning of January 24, 1848, as Marshall was making his usual inspection of the work, wading along the mill-race bed, he reached for a yellow gleam beneath a rock.

It was a tiny flake shaped like a melon seed. Gold! Marshall went to Captain Sutter to report his astounding discovery. Sutter sought to keep the find secret, but to no avail, and soon the gold rush was on, reaching its climax within the next two years.

A rough stone monument near the river-bed marks the site of the discovery. While other men had found gold in other places in California before Marshall, the vital point is that it was his discovery which "took," electrifying the human race as have few other events in all history.

Memories of James Marshall are enshrined at the hamlet of Kelsey, about six miles north of Placerville on the Georgetown road. Here, within a sheltering structure built by the state, is Marshall's blacksmith shop, together with a pioneer museum of unique interest. It contains not only relics of the discoverer, but also of many of his contemporaries, presenting illuminating sidelights on their modes and customs. Kelsey's Diggings was a mining-camp as early as 1848, though not many houses remain. In one of the old hotels Marshall died in 1885, but he does not lie buried in the little pioneer cemetery on the hill. We have noted that his resting-place is beneath the imposing monument erected to his honor at Coloma.

From Coloma you can go on past Pilot Hill to Auburn, on the North Fork of the American; and if you wish to continue your journeyings in the land of the Argonauts, you can travel northward through Grass Valley, Nevada City, Downieville, and the old camps of the northern mines.

But a fitting climax to the Mother Lode tour is this visit to historic Coloma, to the monument of the man whose lucky strike called hundreds of thousands to the gold-fields from all over the world. In January, 1948, Coloma is to be the scene of a centennial celebration, and throughout the hundred-years-after observances of the Days of Forty-Nine it will be a great center of interest. A replica of Sutter's Mill, constructed on authentic data, will make the historic record more vivid.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

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### *The Central Sierra*

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THE Huntington Lake country, high in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, is notably easy of access—by highway trip of about sixty-one miles upward and eastward from Fresno. The route leads first across fertile valley acres, through groves where Calimyrna figs grow to rich ripeness, through the widespread raisin-vineyards which have brought to Fresno such high fame. The lumber-mills of Clovis are passed, and at El Prado, eighteen miles out, you are on the border of the foothills, through which for miles the route winds its way upward. The first smooth ground-swells of the Sierra are little more than mounds, but gradually they are succeeded by ranges of more rugged outline and greater altitude, half-mountains. If it is spring or early summer, the meadows and glens are in rich green attire and adorned with a wealth of wildflowers—vast masses of golden California poppies, lupines of royal blue, whole acres of mellow yellow mustard bloom, and other flowers of the field almost without number, bright as the butterflies. All along the way at loftier elevations flourishes the shrub called red-bud, a blaze of color in the sunshine, and such a border blossom as can be found in no closed lowland garden. The flowers linger as long as July. Even in late summer the hills are beautiful, evergreen oaks and pines standing out in high relief against their tawny, burnished slopes.

Table Mountain, which for eight miles forms the skyline to north



and west, resembles several others of the same name in the Sierra. Towering above like a great grim fortress, its precipitous sides have all the appearance of walls built up by the hands of man. Absolutely level is this mountain's top, a hardened flow of lava which has withstood the weathering of ages, whilst erosion has worn down the country surrounding. Throughout all the foothill belt, as higher in the mountains, are manifest marks of glacial action—tumbled piles of gray boulders, moraines, smooth-worn and striated granite cliffs—and you need be no geologist to read these plain records of the earth's old history as you journey onward.

Here and there, too, will be seen relics of a period much less remote, that era of '49, when hard-handed miners came with the mad gold rush, toiled in the gulches and on the river bars of the lower Sierra, and to them fell no meager share of the glittering metal which had seemed nothing more than "yellow iron" to the aborigines they dispossessed. Since ages immemorial the Mono tribesmen had roamed these ranges, and for a time they proved unruly; but now they have deserted the warpath forever, and you see them in peaceful and picturesque groups about their cabins in the vicinity of Indian Mission, south of the Horseshoe Bend of the San Joaquin.

From Auberry roads diverge. A northward-leading route traverses rugged highlands to North Fork, a hamlet on that branch of the San Joaquin indicated by its name. A few miles beyond lies Bass Lake, below Chiquito Ridge. At the resort-place called "The Pines," cottages stand in the midst of a splendid forest on the shores of Bass Lake, and near by the North Fork of the San Joaquin River plunges down its rock-walled canyon, in two miles making a descent of more than a thousand feet, with a glorious multitude of waterfalls and cascades. Fishing for black bass in the lake proves it worthy of its name, and all the streams are plentifully stocked with rainbow trout. The Fresno grove of Big Trees, to the north, is accessible by automobile from Bass Lake.

A second road from Auberry leads through Pine Ridge to Shaver Lake, another reservoir. Many who wish to explore the wild Kings River country start from here. But those who do not turn aside for this venturing continue by the road to Big Creek, below Huntington Lake.

The so-called Tollhouse Road is shorter and perhaps even more scenic than the other route to Big Creek, although somewhat steeper. Instead of going north at Clovis, you turn easterly and travel through Academy and Humphreys Station, and along Dry Creek to Tollhouse. This place is at the bottom of a formidable grade, where toll was paid in the days of the stage-coach—the route is now a state highway. About seven miles beyond here this route joins the road from Auberry, continuing on to Shaver Lake. Beyond the lake, after gaining altitude, the way descends to the town of Big Creek—or Cascada, as it is sometimes called.

This middle Sierra region through which the route takes you is densely timbered, and hurrying runnels and brooks everywhere come out from the dimness of the moist greenwood, rippling joyously in the sunshine.

On the way up to Big Creek you now and again catch sight of electric transmission wires strung upon skeleton steel towers, reaching straight away over mountain-sides and across rugged passes, cutting a broad swath clear through the forest. At Big Creek the significance of these wires is more fully understood, for here stands one of the several great hydro-electric plants of the region, such as have revolutionized modern power development, and which transmit electric energy to far-off Los Angeles.

Above Big Creek and its immense power plant towers Kerckhoff Dome, a monolith of granite, its summit rounded and polished smooth by ancient glaciation. Huntington Lake lies beyond this point, scarcely a mile from Big Creek as the eagle flies—yet in order to reach it you must travel a road which winds upward for more than four miles, along and across the pine-clad ridge north of Big Creek. In summer this mountain journey is made by automobiles, in winter by smooth-gliding sleighs. At whatever period of the year it is taken, its beauty will bring a thrill. Elsewhere the Sierra is sometimes severe in its grandeur, naked and gray; here it is clothed with a thick-set forest of pines, black-green, and where the rocks thrust themselves clear above the strip of woods their dull hues are relieved by the flashing white of waterfalls.

Not far beyond the ridge-crest, Huntington Lake is glimpsed through the trees, and soon appears in all its glory. Like a highland

loch it reposes within its setting of lofty ranges, and it is difficult to believe that it has not lain shimmering here among the mountains for untold ages. It is only when you visit the three massive concrete dams which retain its waters that you are ready to credit the lake's artificial origin. Its placid surface seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, amid mountains rising three thousand feet higher, Huntington Lake is indeed one of the most glittering adornments of the Sierra. Six miles it is from west to east, and at few points less than a mile wide. Within its cool depths throng lusty, hard-fighting trout; motor-boats and canoes glide in and out of its coves, and happy vacationists camp along the shores in summer. This is a famous center of snow sports in winter.

Huntington Lake lies amid lofty peaks, some of them crowned with never-melting snows. You see Kaiser Peak and the Minarets beyond the lake waters, with the thickly wooded heights of Chinese Peak rising to the southeast.

Much of the charm of the Huntington Lake region is to be attributed to the short jaunts which may be taken round about, either afoot or on horseback. Often these are in the guise of fishing, hunting, or camping excursions, but always the primary interest of the visitor resides in the matchless beauty of his surroundings. One of the most inviting trips is that northward to Kaiser Creek Valley, where royal good sport is enjoyed in season. On this journey you can make the ascent of Kaiser Peak, with a wonderful prospect over all the mid-Sierra country.

To the east of Big Creek, less than a day's journey up Pitman Creek, lie Coyote Lake and Red Lake, only one mile apart. The fishing here, too, is alluring; and near by rise Red Mountain and the Dog-Tooth, inviting the ambitious mountain-climber to the conquest of their crags. Home Camp Creek, which empties into Huntington Lake near its western end; upper Big Creek, the chief tributary to the lake; Rancheria Creek, with its fall dashing downward two hundred feet over a vertical cliff—these are the objectives of trips by trail; and one of the most popular of all, of course, is the "circular tour" completely around Huntington Lake.

The north shore is skirted by road, and if you follow this beyond—it's no boulevard—you can cross Kaiser Pass and circle around past

Mono Hot Springs and Jackass Meadow to Lake Florence, glittering amid jagged peaks.

The main back country route, known as the Mono Trail, leads northeast across a rugged region, the fore part of it the same as traversed by this road. Leaving Big Creek in the morning, you may climb upward to Huntington Lake, passing along its northern shore and through Rancheria Meadows, camping for the night at Badger Flat. In the morning Kaiser Pass is crossed and the trail descends to the South Fork of the San Joaquin, which is bridged at Mono Crossing. Continuing the journey from here up Mono Creek, you reach Vermilion Valley, a protected glen high in the mountains which is popular as a camping-ground. The creek is thronged with rainbow trout, and many anglers have not hesitated to declare this the best fishing-stream in the whole Sierra. Beyond Vermilion Valley one can ascend all the way up the creek and cross over the main Sierra divide at an elevation of 12,000 feet, through wild and rocky Mono Pass, whence a trail descends to Bishop, in the Owens Valley.

One of the highland trails most frequented is that to Blaney Meadows—a well-maintained route which extends from Cascada up Pitman Creek and eastward across country to the South Fork of the San Joaquin. The Upper Hot Springs are a mile and a half upriver from the meadows, a camping-place affording abundance of natural feed for the pack stock. Those who take the trip to Vermilion Valley can vary their journey by returning to Cascada by way of Blaney Meadows, a route having been broken from Mono Creek southward across the intervening Bear Ridge to the South Fork.

From Blaney Meadows, once known as Lost Valley, still another trail leads up the South Fork of the San Joaquin, and from this the wayfarer may turn aside and ascend French Canyon to Piute Pass, there traversing the main divide and following Bishop Creek down to the town of Bishop. French Canyon is spanned by a suspension bridge near its juncture with the South Fork, and after this is crossed you may continue up the river to the Mount Goddard region. Only those who are prepared for strenuous going should seek entrance to this wild mountain land, for the trails are at some places rough and rocky, disappearing altogether in the great granite wilderness beyond Evolution Lake. Yet the lover of nature in its

grander aspects will find the difficult passages merely incentives to further exploration. He will press onward, to worship before peaks and pinnacles that rise in their serene highness from amid rock ridges mottled with snow, above dark placid mirror waters. The silence of these uplands is the silence that dwells between the stars. As it was in the beginning, in the dim epochs of earth's evolution, so it is here today. In the shadow of ruddy Mount Darwin lies Evolution Lake, irregular in shoreline, solemnly beautiful; and over to the southwest Mount Goddard towers, its stony apex attained by trail. This outstanding peak is one of the loftiest in this part of the range. Scientists came here before the fundamentalists; they had a field-day naming mountains after Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and their fellows. The camping season hereabouts is rather limited in extent; even in July patches of snow linger on the ground and the autumn rains commence in September.

Any adventurous mountaineer who desires to reach the Kings River country can part company with the Goddard trail and toil westward up through Hell-for-Sure Pass, so truthfully named; thence traveling southward past the Devil's Punch-Bowl and through Crown Valley to Tehipite Valley and Simpson Meadows, on the Middle Fork of the Kings. Across yet another divide lies the Kings River Canyon, on the South Fork. A side excursion from Crown Valley takes one to the summit of Crown Peak, which commands a magnificent sweep of country. Another way to reach the Kings is by the trail from Cascada up Pitman and Tamarack creeks, thence southward down Dinkey Creek; and if you are an angler you will wish to turn aside to enjoy rare sport in the well-stocked waters of Dinkey Lakes—named by a pioneer for his gallant dog, killed in mortal combat with a grizzly. By this route the trip to Tehipite Valley is usually made from Cascada in three days. Yosemite Valley is about the same distance north of Huntington Lake that the Kings River country is to the south. To reach it, parties set out with pack train from Cascada, making the journey in three or four days. After descending Big Creek gorge the trail turns northward, leading along the upper canyon of the San Joaquin to the Mammoth Pool, one of the most picturesque spots in the mountains.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

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### *Yosemite*

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THE granite ridges of the High Sierra are riven by giant chasms, ice-sculptured on a mighty plan, and of these the greatest is Yosemite. The deep-cut canyon of the Merced River, it is flanked by walls wellnigh perpendicular.

In waterfalls and sheer cliffs the Yosemite is supreme. Nowhere else have highland torrents found such varied and beautiful courses down mountain walls, to unite below in a placid river. In spring, from beneath the vast white mantle of the Sierra, pour the snow waters into the cup of the Yosemite; and all summer, though in lessening volume, streams crystal-clear flow from these forested, flowering, lake-studded mountains. The Yosemite is glorious, too, in September and October, the "months of reflection," when the mellow autumnal colorings, and the light and air of Indian summer, lend their charms to the beauties mirrored in glacial lakes. When winter comes, and the snow is banked high and all the mountain land gleams as in a silver-thaw, Yosemite is still the resort of multitudes, who seek here the exhilaration of snow sports amid scenery incomparable.

Yosemite Valley can be viewed under favorable conditions in any quarter of the year. The valley is only half a day's journey from San Francisco, less than a day from Los Angeles; and it may be reached by train overnight from either place. To miss this world

wonder, so easy of access, ranks as a major offense. Yosemite is the goal of three main highways leading up from the San Joaquin Valley and of one crossing the Sierra from the east—Tioga Road. The All-Year Highway, the Wawona Road and the Big Oak Flat Road are the main routes from the west. There is, besides, the old Coulterville Road, not yet improved to match its competitors for traffic.

Coulterville is also linked by road with Mariposa, which is on the All-Year Highway. Throughout the lower Merced River canyon, westward of this route, piles of upturned stones bear witness to the feverish hunt for gold by the Argonauts. Merced Falls, Exchequer Dam, and the long lake held in the canyon above; Bagby Dam in the midst of an old mining region, are noteworthy places in this scenic and storied country, lying to the west, and below the Yosemite.

Some of the mining enterprises of John C. Fremont were centered at Bagby, then called Benton Mills.

Each of the roads into Yosemite has distinctive claims to renown, but the central route and that which is now most popular is the All-Year Highway, open throughout the four seasons. It leaves the main arterial of the San Joaquin Valley at Merced and climbs to Mariposa, old mining-town on the Mother Lode, descends Briceburg grade and, at its foot, joins company with the Merced River. Up through El Portal it continues across the Park border to Arch Rock ranger station.

This drive along the turbulent river, through dense forests, skirting the base of pinnacle and precipice, is a most worthy introduction to the wild grandeur to be discovered above. The way climbs by easy grade from Arch Rock. Ascending the stream, which here makes a wide curve, you penetrate deeper and deeper into the Merced Canyon, the walls becoming ever higher and more precipitous. The first sight of Yosemite, that great gash in the heart of the mountains, is a vision to inspire awe. Emerging from the deep shadows of the pine forest, the view bursts upon you in a magnificence which compels silence. Mighty cliffs guard the entrance, and beyond these the rock-walled valley gleams in light.

The floor of the valley, four thousand feet above the sea, spreads

out as level meadow land, covered with grass which shimmers like green satin, and through its midst winds the Merced. Over the shining stream bend alder and willow, flowering dogwood and other water-loving trees, and amid the glades stand pine-groves and clusters of stately oaks. Many and bright are the wildflowers of Yosemite, in spring and early summer, and with the shrubs will be counted the red-branched manzanita, ceanothus, gold-cup oak and chinquapin.

Thus near the river bank all is pastoral and peaceful, and yet only a few paces away, at the foot of a tumultuous cataract, you may hear the unruly voices of the elements cry out aloud in exultation as the waters fling themselves from the brink of the cliff. This strange contrast it is which lends a touch of unreality, here heightening that mystery inevitably attendant upon the grand in nature.

It is not fully understood how this mighty chasm was formed, though scientists now almost universally attribute it to glacial erosion. Still there are some features not readily explained. Indian legend may seem as good as anything we have to account for some of these miracles. Who can tell what has become of the "other half" of the massive Half Dome, a mountain apparently cleft in the center as by some giant's scimitar? Either the "other half" did not exist, or ages ago it sank into the granitic ooze, or—it has vanished away into the thin air of the High Sierra!

Some believe that the great gorge had its origin in a cataclysm of nature which opened up an immense crevice in the heart of the Sierra; but the majority opinion now is that it once was a tortuous V-shaped river canyon, so rapidly cut that tributary valleys soon remained "hanging" high on either side. It was transformed into a U-shaped gorge during the Age of Ice, when two mighty glaciers, each almost half a mile thick, advanced, one through Little Yosemite and one through Tenaya Canyon, uniting at the head of Yosemite Valley into a trunk glacier which filled it to the brim and swept down Merced Canyon at least ten miles. Thus the glacier gouged out the valley, widening as well as deepening it, and leaving it with its beetling granite walls as it is today, with the "hanging" character of the side valleys accentuated.



Most of the mighty rock masses of Yosemite are remarkable in some manner. There are peaks grouped strangely and peaks no less strangely isolated, needle-pointed pinnacles, smooth domes whose tops are wellnigh perfect hemispheres. Not the least of the miracles is that so many of these wonders should be massed together in such a comparatively small area, for the Yosemite gorge proper is only eight miles long, and it is a scant half-mile from cliff to cliff at its narrowest. The Yosemite National Park, however, embraces a domain thirty-six miles by forty-eight miles in extent.

The Indians long termed Yosemite Valley the Heart of the Sky Mountains, or Ahwahnee, "the deep grassy valley." Themselves they called Ahwahneechees. Later the name Yosemite (pronounced Yo-sem'-i-tee) was given to the valley, meaning "the great grizzly bear." Discovered by the aborigines centuries ago and held by them in veneration as a terrestrial paradise, it was with wonderment that they came into this profound canyon. Now most of the Indians have passed to their happy hunting-grounds, but names which they bestowed upon natural features in the Yosemite still are used, and a wealth of legendry enriches all this romantic region.

Probably the first white man to behold the cliffs of Yosemite was Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker, during his crossing of the Sierra westward in 1833, but there is no evidence that he descended into the valley. In March, 1851, Dr. Bunnell, a member of the Mariposa Battalion under Major James Savage, in pursuit of the hostile Indians led by Tenaya, saw El Capitan as he looked across from above New Inspiration Point. The Mariposa Battalion gazed upon the mighty gorge with wonder, and Yosemite was discovered to the world.

Entering the valley by ascending the Merced, you look up at Bridalveil Fall, shimmering on the south wall. The water slips over the granite scarp, white and light, and seems to drop its tenuous film into the tree-tops, falling a sheer 620 feet.

Often the wind swings the column of water from the face of the cliff and waves it like a scarf or veil; and at the foot of the fall, upon sunny afternoons, rainbows of rare radiance bejewel its foam and the glistening leaves of the trees below. In winter, with long pendant icicles and ice-grottoes at their base, the falls are coldly resplendent.

Indians named them Pohono (Spirit of the Evil Wind), connecting with them a weird, sinister legend.

Over the north wall of the valley, almost opposite the Bridalveil, plunges the Ribbon Fall, wherein the stream, not a very wide ribbon as viewed from below, makes a leap of 1,600 feet. The Indians called the cataract Lungyoluckoya, which is lengthy enough to mean, as some translate it, "the long and slender one," but according to others its significance is merely "Pigeon Fall."

Above the shoulder, behind which Bridalveil Creek makes its way to the brink, tower the Cathedral Rocks, bearing fancied resemblance to piles of medieval Gothic architecture. To the Indians these formations were Posinaschucka, or "large acorn cache." Below Cathedral Rocks to the east rise the isolated square-cut Cathedral Spires, lifting sheer for hundreds of feet, from some viewpoints appearing marvelously like veritable ecclesiastic towers.

Across the valley and nearly opposite looms El Capitan—a dominating rock more than twice as great as Gibraltar, rising 3,300 feet, with an apparently vertical front, and with its crest overhanging the vertical on both southern and western faces. Thrust out like a buttress, this vast rock-wall presents an area of more than 400 acres of naked granite, ivory-white in tone, gleaming with dull luster. Josiah Dwight Whitney in his superb description of Yosemite says, "El Capitan seems as if hewed from the mountains on purpose to stand as the type of eternal massiveness."

El Capitan's commanding position and majestic form are heightened by the narrowing of the gorge at this point to about a mile in width. The name is indeed appropriate, signifying in Spanish "The Captain"; and to the Indians it was known as Tutockahnulah, honoring the greatest chief in the legendary history of their tribe, whom they venerated as a deity.

The Three Brothers group is in line a little beyond the chieftain mountain. Their family resemblance depends upon the point of view, the Indians likening them to squatting frogs, or, as some elegantly translate, to "mountains playing leap-frog"—Pompompasus. The tallest of the fraternity, known also as Eagle Peak, is ascended by trail, and Clarence King, mighty mountaineer, averred that from its summit the best general view of the valley can be gained.

Sentinel Rock faces Three Brothers, outstanding from the south wall, a splintered granite obelisk or spire, very slender, and nearly perpendicular for about 1,500 feet, well worthy of its ancient name of Loya, or "The Watchtower."

Back of the spiring rock stands Sentinel Dome, its storm-worn top 4,145 feet above the valley. When later you explore the rim of the great gorge you may walk over its remarkable conoidal or onion-like layers of granite.

Almost at the base of the Sentinel lies the site of Old Yosemite Village, directly opposite Yosemite Falls. The New Village, now the headquarters of the Park administration, with the post office and studios, is to the north across the valley. Here stands the Museum with displays pertaining to the geology of Yosemite, its birds and animals, trees and flowers—seasonal showings of wildflowers are made—besides collections recording the history of Yosemite, and the life of its early Indian inhabitants. A cross-section of a giant sequoia trunk is of special interest, for its annual growth rings show its size at various epochs in man's history, duly ticketed, since its start in A.D. 923.

The newest hotel, sumptuous yet unobtrusive, stands in the woods to the east, below the Royal Arches; and a lodge is on the other side of the new village, its cabins set amid a grove of pines and cedars near the Merced River. Camp grounds are provided at several places in the valley, with housekeeping tents and cabins available. At the eastern end of the valley, on the road to Happy Isles, lies Camp Curry, directly beneath Glacier Point, which pushes its overhanging rock out from the southern wall. David Curry, giant in voice and stature, was a pioneer camp host, "the Stentor of Yosemite," whose call from the valley floor could be heard on the point above.

The first tourist parties came to Yosemite Valley in 1855, and nine years later the federal government bestowed it and Mariposa Grove of Big Trees upon the State of California, as a public reserve. In 1890 the highlands above and around these wonders were set aside as Yosemite National Park; and in 1906, largely as the result of the urging of John Muir, these too were ceded to the nation

and were joined to the National Park, whose boundaries since then have been expanded several times.

In a grove below Glacier Point stands the steep-roofed Le Conte Memorial Lodge, its snug reading-room filled with maps, photographs, and literature relating to the Sierra. Joseph Le Conte, famed Californian scientist, died on July 6, 1901, in the Yosemite which he loved so well and visited so many times. His first sight of it was in 1870, and he declared: "It was almost an era in my life. I never enjoyed anything else so much." Yet later visits were enjoyed no less, and when he was three-score-and-ten and wracked with illness, feeling that life was spent, he went again to Yosemite, riding alone, "taking leave," he said, "with tears, of the splendid cliffs and glorious waterfalls as of my dearest friends," and at length he closed his eyes amid these sublimities. To him the Sierra Club erected this memorial.

The dominant feature of the mid-valley sector is Yosemite Falls, that vast volume of whitewater which plunges down half a mile off the north escarpment. Seen between the trees as you walk toward it, it seems almost an unbroken fall from its granite lip to its final impact. In reality it is not one, but three. The first fall is 1,430 feet of sheer descent; then comes a series of cascades, partly hidden, 815 feet downward, and a final leap, straight down, of 320 feet. The upper fall is the highest unbroken plunge of water on our continent, perhaps in the world. When Yosemite Creek is in flood, the column of water sways across the cliff face; the roar can be heard all over the valley, and the shock of its descent sometimes shakes the ground for acres around. Late in summer the stream diminishes, and much of the water reaches the cliff's base in the form of mist, but at such a time the fall is likely to present a vision of ethereal beauty. Alas! it may be altogether dry after August.

The massive shoulder of Glacier Point is thrust out from the south wall (we shall visit it soon, from above) and across on the other side beyond the lofty falls stands Yosemite Point, flanked on the east by Indian Canyon, long used by the tribesmen as main entrance to the valley. Still beyond rise the Royal Arches, near the head of Yosemite, in the vast vertical wall whose summit is North Dome. These strange arches, recessed curves in the granite front,

most impressive because of their titan size, were wrought by weathering, "glacial plucking," and the action of frost. Much of the rock here is formed in layers like the structure of an onion, the fractured edges of these layers forming the arches, projecting beyond the wall beneath. The aboriginal name, Tokoya, which signifies the cover or shade to an Indian baby-basket, was applied to North Dome because of a fancied resemblance, which accounts for the name, too, of Basket Dome, over to the east.

Forming the angle of the wall at the very head of Yosemite Valley rises the towering rock called Washington Column, with Tenaya Canyon reaching beyond northeast up into the Sierra, and with Little Yosemite leading off eastward.

Facing down the valley stands the highest rock of all this granite region, the great South Dome—or Half Dome, as it is most often called. This, the most remarkable feature of Yosemite, rises nearly a sheer mile above the valley-floor, and its massive front is fractured vertically for 2,000 feet. Dominating all the upper valley, this giant granite mountain is as striking in form as is the Matterhorn.

The side of the Half Dome toward the southeast has the curve of a great helmet, so smooth and precipitous as almost to defy the most adventurous climber. The summit may be attained, however, from the trail which leads to the base of the mountain, by a difficult escade which is climaxed by a stairway ascent, with steel cables so hung as to serve as handrails. The dome, like Glacier Point, has a fearsome overhanging rock.

There is mystery about the formation of the Half Dome, as has been hinted, since "the other half," if there ever was one, has disappeared without leaving a trace. The tilted base of the mountain is not a talus slope, but is of solid granite, and the débris at the foot is entirely insufficient to account for the vanished segment.

The Indians identified the Half Dome as Ti-sa-ack, the name of the goddess of the valley, and here was the reputed home of the deity.

After breakfast some morning while you are in Yosemite, you should visit Mirror Lake, an expansion of Tenaya Creek, a little over two miles from the village, to see the reflection of the sunrise above the edge of Half Dome. Sunrise here, almost a mile below the giant

rock-rim, comes an hour or so later than on the levels above. When the slow sun creeps up the flank of the dome, all the wild landscape is reproduced as in a marvelous mirror. The lake, doubling the beauty of the scenery, is indeed aptly named, for upon its unruffled surface are reflected in perfection the exalted forms of the Half Dome, Mount Watkins, and neighboring summits.

While Mirror Lake is, of course, the chief attraction of lower Tenaya Canyon, many striking granite crests cluster hereabout. Basket Dome and Mount Watkins rise to the north of the canyon; and beyond to eastward looms Clouds' Rest, lofty link between Yosemite and the High Sierra.

After watching the coming of day to Yosemite, you may turn southward to the Happy Isles, where the river dances merrily around three idyllic islets, and continue on to Vernal and Nevada falls, returning to your hotel or camp for luncheon, after a delightful morning trip.

These two mighty falls of the Merced River are between Yosemite Valley and Little Yosemite above, and they are reached on the long trail to Glacier Point. This route ascends the river past the Happy Isles, at the head of the valley—along the Merced as it foams in the shadow of impending cliffs. The trail skirts the base of the bold crag known as Grizzly Peak, and up a canyon to the south is caught a glimpse of Illilouette Falls through a wild ravine hemmed in by titanic walls. Panorama Cliff rises 2,250 feet above the river, almost perpendicular—the highest continuous wall of Yosemite, a vast entablature written over by trickling water and painted by purple lichen.

A short distance farther on, from the bridge spanning the river the sight of Vernal Fall bursts upon you—the Merced in direct descent of 317 feet, surging on below in tumultuous cascades. A trail leads to the top of the fall, whence you may safely look down upon the rushing waters, leaning over a breast-high railing. The Indians knew Vernal Fall as Pi-wa-ack, signifying "The Cataract of the Shining Rocks." The unrolling sheet of water as it lunges down displays a greenish color, different from the other falls, and here and there it is broken with white spray, driven outward like smoke;

while round about every sprig of shrub and grass, moss and fern, is kept vividly green by this ceaseless baptism.

The Mist Trail up the side of Vernal Fall affords a picturesque approach, but the rock is always drenched with spray and is slippery in places.

Less than a mile by trail above and beyond this giant cataract you come to the Nevada Fall, where the river leaps thundering downward for 600 feet, amid a majestic setting, with the curiously formed Cap of Liberty towering above. Guided by a curve in the granite channel, the waters swirl as they fall, which caused the Indians to call this Yowive, or "The Twisted One." Here is a "cataract of rockets," spurts of whitewater shooting out madly in the plunge of the river. Nevada Fall, in the wildness of its surroundings, in height and volume of water, ranks among the most remarkable of all cataracts.

Beyond the Cap of Liberty to the north rises Mount Broderick, and to the south Mount Starr King lifts its serene summit. One of the loftiest and steepest peaks in the region, it is named in honor of Thomas Starr King, whose oratory had much to do with holding the sympathy of California with the Union cause during the Civil War. This peak honors him here; in far-off Washington his statue stands with that of Padre Junipero Serra to represent California in the Hall of Fame in the Capitol.

Glacier Point, perhaps the most-sought objective in all the Yosemite region, may be reached by this trail past Vernal and Nevada falls, the route turning southwest just above the upper falls and passing along Panorama Cliff, across Illilouette Creek and thence northward to Glacier Point. Many take this longer route upward, and descend to the valley by the zigzag trail past Agassiz Column and Sentinel Rock. The even shorter and steeper Ledge Trail is for uptravel only. These trail trips are made at any time during the summer season, either afoot or in the saddle; and an automobile route to Glacier Point is open before July.

For the motor tour to Glacier Point you leave the valley near Bridalveil Fall on the Wawona Road, driving up to the entrance to the new tunnel, 4,233 feet long, through which the highway leads. From the parapet at the east portal of the tunnel a view of the whole

expanse of Yosemite Valley spreads before you, from Bridalveil and El Capitan to Half Dome. It's a wrench to turn away, even with assurance of great things beyond the bore. A few miles south of the tunnel, at Chinquapin, midway on the route, you diverge upon the road which swings around northward to Glacier Point. At the end of the journey stands a mountain tavern of renown—in site one of the loftiest of hotels. From its front veranda the view across the valley is indescribably grand.

The projecting shelf which marks Glacier Point lies but a hundred yards from the tavern, by a broad footpath. Railings insure security on the dizzy edge. It is 3,254 feet from the verge of the jutting Overhanging Rock to the floor of the valley. The cottages of Camp Curry below are dwarfed to huts, stately trees appear as mere shrubs, and men are no more than dots on the valley floor.

Much of the northern rim of Yosemite lies before you on the same level upon which you stand, with a background of loftier mountains. Over there, Eagle Peak and Yosemite Falls, gleaming white; opposite are the Royal Arches, North Dome, and in the distance Basket Dome; Mirror Lake is a splash of light in the canyon; the great face of Half Dome, with the curve of its splendid helmet unbroken, looks down on Tenaya Canyon, and beyond rises the naked wind-swept granite of Clouds' Rest, between you and the sky. Far around to the right is the majestic Cap of Liberty, with Mounts Lyell, Florence, Starr King and Clark; while, shifting your position but a little, Vernal and Nevada falls are seen shining in the somber gorge. Far-traveled visitors have called the view from Glacier Point "the grandest sight on earth."

With the point is associated a man-made wonder, the Firefall, a unique feature of Yosemite. A fire of red fir bark (from fallen trees) built on the edge of the point, is allowed to burn down to red-hot coals and then at night is pushed off into space, falling in a spectacular cataract of glowing embers. It is a sight best viewed from Camp Curry below, or from the upper end of Yosemite Valley.

Walk or ride from Glacier Point to the top of Sentinel Dome, just to the southwest, or in the opposite direction down another luring trail to gaze upon Illilouette Creek as it plunges 370 feet into the gorge below; or take a horseback ride westward along the rim



of the south wall by way of Pohono Trail, visiting the wildflower gardens and stopping at the Fissures, curious crevices in the rocks, some four feet across and several hundred feet deep. Crawl on your stomach, like an Indian, to the edge and look over into the abyss—a sight not lightly forgotten.

In this vicinity, too, rises Profile Cliff, where the imaginative may conjure up any number of strange faces on the jagged wall of the mountain. The trail continues past Cathedral Spires and Dewey Point, and the Leaning Tower, a granite shaft known to the red men as Hunto (Watching Eye). At Inspiration Point—the outlook justifies the name—the trail turns, crossing the old Wawona road and above the new tunnel, descending to the valley.

A longer trail trip leads from Glacier Point up Illilouette Canyon through forests of fir and pine. Leaving the creek, the trail crosses a low divide and makes its way around a glacial cirque, at the head of which gleams Buena Vista Lake. Beyond Buena Vista Pass in an open forest setting lies Royal Arch Lake, remarkable for the long, graceful arches of granite, one above another in concentric layers, overhanging the shore.

An easy jaunt eastward will take you to Moraine Meadows, and in the same direction a good trail leads thence to Fernandez Pass and the tumultuous headwaters of the San Joaquin. It will be hard to resist making side trips over Fernandez Pass or to Chain-of-Lakes. Returning toward Yosemite Valley, the trail from Moraine Meadows crosses Merced Pass and descends gradually along the east bank of Illilouette Creek, through stately pine forests and flower-strewn upland meadows. Climbing out of the canyon, the route joins the Glacier Point trail, following the rim of Panorama Cliff, and winding down past Nevada Fall and Vernal Fall to Happy Isles in the valley.

Those who make the Glacier Point trip by road should include Wawona and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, in the southwestern corner of the Park. The highway beyond Chinquapin continues across Alder Creek to Wawona, a long-established resort place amid idyllic surroundings, with recreational attractions which invite a prolonged stay. One of the fairest of green Sierra meadows is this at Wawona, and across the river rises Wawona Dome, commanding a

vast expanse of mountain land, in which the outstanding scenic feature is Chilnualna Falls, reached by trail. From the resort the road leads southeast to the Mariposa Grove, with more than six hundred of the greatest of all giant trees, *Sequoia gigantea*. Here stands sturdily the Grizzly Giant, more than twenty feet in diameter (thirty feet at base) and probably the oldest living thing in the world—and with its massive arms and shattered top it looks not a day younger than the 4,000 years with which many scientists credit it. The Rangers' Cabin and a Museum stand in the midst of the woods.

The giant trees are in two main groups, known as the Upper and Lower Groves; and in the surrounding region are scattered a few small groves (small only as to number of sequoias), which are seldom visited. The trees of the Mariposa Grove were discovered in 1855, three years after the *Sequoia gigantea* first were made known to the world.

A number of individual trees besides the Grizzly Giant are noteworthy. Wawona, familiar to almost every school child from the geography book, is a living tree through which an archway has been cut; the road passes beneath, and even automobile stages drive through this giant without difficulty, for the arch is ten feet in height and breadth. Wawona is the native Indian name for the sequoia.

In the cavity of the Haverford sixteen horses have been stabled at one time. The Telescope has its heart burned out from the ground to the top, yet still lives.

The highest sequoia of the Mariposa Grove is known as the Columbia Tree, measuring 290 feet in altitude; and the Clothespin is almost as tall. *The Faithful Couple* is a name given to two trees which have grown together up to 100 feet. In early days, a six-horse coach with sixteen passengers was driven along the prostrate but regal form of the Fallen Monarch, one of the most often photographed trees in the world. The Mark Twain and St. Louis trees, each around 275 feet tall, are particularly majestic sequoias.

Big Trees are fit outguards for the mightiest of all Sierra canyons. Whether you see them as you depart, or upon your entrance

into the park, their majesty will impress you as in keeping with the titanic scale of the natural surroundings.

It cannot be too much emphasized that Yosemite National Park contains scenery of rare grandeur throughout its whole extent, not alone within the confines of the valley. For a long time the highland region east of the valley was inaccessible except to the hardiest, but the opening of the Tioga Road, improvement of trails, and establishment of comfortable lodges amid the wild terrain, have made it known to the thousands. Distances between the mountain camps are not great and can be covered by any tramper in a day or less. Thus one is always assured of a comfortable bed and hearty meals while touring this part of the High Sierra during the summer.

Those who spend a week or a month in Yosemite can always pleasantly occupy their time. Trail trips innumerable lead to every corner of the National Park and beyond. Camping outfits may be rented at fixed rates, and "saddle tours" and "pack trips" are operated into the back country; and for independent tours saddle horses, pack animals, and guides are to be hired in the valley or at the various mountain lodges. Most of the "pack trips" take several days, not the least of their delights being camping out in the wild highlands.

A popular trip from Yosemite Valley is that leading to Little Yosemite, almost due east of the larger gorge in a wilderness entered only by trail. Starting at Happy Isles, the path follows the hurrying rapids of the Merced, and after a gradual climb crosses the stream, which here is lined with cedar and Douglas spruce, dogwood, and maple. From the bridge, Vernal Fall is seen framed in its setting of verdure. Above Vernal Fall, at the Diamond Cascades, you gain striking views of Nevada Fall, and up beyond these tumultuous waters the trail passes through Little Yosemite—a half-size Yosemite Valley, about three miles long, with rounded Sugar Loaf at its upper end.

Still beyond, the Sunrise Trail may be followed northward, first traversing open forests of cedar and pine, to the eastern shoulder of Sunrise Mountain, where camp is often made. The ascent of this mountain is by long sandy switchbacks, and coming down through woods of tamarack and fir to Long Meadow, you sight a grand

concourse of peaks. To the north is the uplifted point of Columbia's Finger, with Tenaya Peak over to the northwest, and passing the pinnacle across striated granite you behold before you the sharp-crested forms of Echo Peak and Cathedral Peak. Soon the trail skirts a lakelet, nameless but radiant, which reflects the spires of the latter, and near by reposes the larger Cathedral Lake. Coming down through hemlock woodlands, the path emerges at the southern border of Tuolumne Meadows, reaching Soda Springs. The many trail trips radiating from these wonderful meadows, both within and without the National Park, are detailed in the next chapter, together with a description of the elevated area traversed by the Tioga Road.

East and northeast of Little Yosemite a main trail links Merced Lake, Boothe Lake, and Tuolumne Meadows. After leaving the Sunrise Trail you make your way across polished granite, broken only by old junipers; Little Yosemite, Mount Clark, and the canyon of the Merced are viewed, and then a brief descent brings you to Duck Lake, its surface mantled with pond lilies, its margin massed with quaking aspens, silver-shining; and near by lies a meadow thronged in summer with the wildflowers known as shooting-stars and bordered with clumps of dogwood. Clambering up beside the rapids of the river, you come to Merced Lake, held up in the hollow of the rock like a crystal chalice.

In this mountain land, lake basins are scoured out of the solid granite, and cliffs rise from their southern shores. Talus slopes, often clothed with quaking aspen, slant to the water's edge. At the inlet to every lake glisten tree-fringed meadows, where lupin and other wildflowers attain great size; and a dense sub-alpine forest covers the highlands above.

From Merced Lake you have choice of routes northeastward to Tuolumne Pass, by way of either Fletcher Creek or Vogelsang Pass. The trail first traverses brush-covered slopes for a mile or so, then branches. On the westernmost route you cross the Maclure Fork of the Merced River and climb steep-tilted granite beside the rapids of Fletcher Creek, at last entering a dense tamarack forest, interspersed with flower-studded meadows. The trodden way crosses Fletcher Meadows and circles the eastern bank of Boothe Lake, where in midsummer it leads through masses of lupines, heather,

gentians, purple asters. Here is gained a close view of the serrated Cathedral Range, sweeping down from Cathedral Peak on the north.

The route from Merced Lake by way of Vogelsang Pass follows along the eastern bank of the Maclure Fork, traverses meadows, aspen groves, and tamarack forests, and crosses the stream at the foot of Florence Creek Falls, thence ascending Vogelsang Pass. In the glacial cirques at the base of Simmons Peak, Maclure Peak and Parsons Peak repose alpine tarns, fields of everlasting ice reaching to their edges. After scaling the pass you can continue to Tuolumne Meadows or to Lyell Glacier.

A trail leading eastward follows along a lateral moraine north of Evelyn Lake toward the giant glacier. To this moraine the Yosemite Indians carried their store of acorns to trade with the Monos, who brought hither obsidian or volcanic glass. Acorns were bartered for obsidian and the Yosemitees fashioned their arrowheads and spear points on the spot—and if close search is made some may still be found.

Southeast of Yosemite Park a system of trails opens up another wilderness of striking grandeur. From Lyell Fork a well-known route makes its way over Donohue Pass, crossed at an altitude of 11,000 feet, and likely to be powdered with snow even in late August. From the pass you review Kuna Crest, the canyon of the Lyell Fork, Mount Lyell, Donohue Peak, and the disarray of splintered, saw-toothed crags which mark the Sierra summit. Camp is often pitched at Thousand Island Lake, just below timber line in a forest of white-bark pine. The lake, dotted with granite islets, mirrors Banner Peak and Mount Ritter at its southern end; and vast snow-fields slope to the lake shore.

Leaving this, the trail climbs a steep divide for two or three miles and skirts the shores of Garnet Lake, which received its name because of the waves of garnet hue which sometimes are blown across its shimmering surface, in which monumental mountains with perpetual snow-fields, Banner Peak and Mount Ritter, are at other times reflected.

Shadow Lake, to the south, is set in the heart of one of the most glorious wilderness areas in the Sierra. A foot trail companions Shadow Creek up westward to Iceberg Lake and the base of the

Minarets—gigantic pointed slabs of almost pure iron—where the rock fragments which slide under your feet as you advance give out a metallic sound like the clanking of horses' hoofs. Cliffs overhanging the stream are rich, too, in copper and other base metals, but in this almost impassable country transportation is such a problem that the ore can scarcely be mined profitably. Claims are passed, some of them presided over by grizzled miners who are doing only such work as is legally required, to hold on until the hoped-for roads are constructed. The waters of Iceberg Lake, at the foot of the Minarets, often are of a strange greenish blue. You can leap on cakes of floating ice and paddle around as in a polar sea. If you aspire to real mountain-climbing, few tests more stern can be found than the ascent of the Minarets.

From Shadow Lake you may travel by trail southward to that notable National Monument mentioned in a previous chapter—Devil's Post-Pile, a formation of hexagonal slabs of basaltic rock of such regularity of form and size as to suggest that they have been carved and stacked by human or superhuman hands. In Red's Meadows, just to the south, bubbles a sulphur spring where you may enjoy a hot bath one minute and step into a cool stream the next. The meadows in summer are brilliant with myriads of Sierran wildflowers.

Out of Red's Meadows a trail climbs around the southern face of the Minaret range through Cargyle Meadow and "77" Corral, to descend into the canyon of the North Fork of the San Joaquin River, which has its origin on the slopes of Mount Lyell. Camp is often made in a fringe of forest beside the glade known as Little Jackass Meadow. A trail continues to Chiquito Lake, which is in process of becoming a mountain meadow, the streams entering it gradually laying down deposits of granitic detritus. The lake is bordered with woods, and pond lilies and rushes cluster in its shallow southern reaches. Passing through dense forests, the trail from the lake shore climbs gradually northward over Chiquito Pass and descends through a succession of open glades to join the Moraine Meadows trail near Buck Camp. These meadows, south of Merced Pass, are remarkable for the giant blue larkspur which grows there, man-high and more.

If you shift your sphere of exploration to the other side of Yosemite Valley, a delightful day may be spent on the trail from the village to Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak. You may clamber down to the lip of the falls, nearly 500 feet below the actual rim of the valley's rock wall, to gain an inspiring sight of the plunging torrent and the peaceful meadow lands far below. At Eagle Peak a view still more widespread awaits you. If equal to it, continue on to the top of El Capitan. It is something to see the crest of the great Captain, and from there the lower reaches of the Park are viewed to advantage.

One of the most important of all the mountain paths is the Tenaya Canyon Trail, leading northeast from Yosemite Valley, beyond Mirror Lake, and passing along the north wall of Tenaya Canyon, through a fragrant forest of yellow pine, incense cedar, laurel, maple, and oak. It ascends a tortuous "switchback" to the valley rim and crosses Snow Creek, continuing up through fir woods to the shoulder of Mount Watkins, presenting panoramas of Clouds' Rest and Tenaya Gorge. The trail climbs over gleaming granite in which contorted juniper trees have clutched a hold, and finally reaches the shores of Lake Tenaya, of which more later. From the lake, you may go to Tuolumne Meadows by the Tioga Road, or by the McGee Lake trail may follow the needle of the compass to Glen Aulin Camp.

With hundreds of miles of such trails, besides the highways, travel in Yosemite National Park is indeed infinite in variety, and let it be remembered that only the most outstanding routes have been mentioned here. The vast area of the northern part of the Park is to be described in the following chapter.

Waterfalls thundering over precipices half a mile high, a mountain valley filled with a wealth of verdure and bloom, gigantic granite spires towering straight into blue skies—once seen, the memory of all the diverse features of the Yosemite tour will abide forever in the heart and mind.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

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### *Over Tioga Pass*

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A GLANCE at the map reveals that Yosemite National Park embraces the upper courses of two noble rivers of the Sierra—the Merced and the Tuolumne. The Merced, to the south, gives the Park its outstanding feature, the Yosemite Valley; the Tuolumne, to the north, has the lake-filled gorge of Hetch Hetchy, similar but smaller. The heads of most of the tributary canyons are near the crest of the Sierra, many of them in gaps which serve as passes across the mighty range. Most famous among these is the Tioga Pass, through which a road leads down the eastern wall of the Sierra to Mono Lake.

A ten-mile expanse of forest stretches between the Yosemite and the Hetch Hetchy, amid glaciated uplands. Traversing this region “of subdued relief,” as the geologists term it, you scarcely guess at the nearness of such stupendous chasms until you come upon one of them suddenly and gaze down to where the Merced or the Tuolumne gleams and flashes in its gorge.

It was along the divide between these rivers that the exploring party of Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker passed in November, 1833, having come up from the east. He was thus the first white man in the Yosemite region.

One of the grandest mountain routes in all the world is the Tioga Road, which diverges from the Big Oak Flat road at the South Fork



of the Tuolumne and leads eastward over the Sierra. Usually open from mid-July until September's end, it is a main artery of travel across the great barrier range during the summer.

If you start from Yosemite Valley for this cross-section view of the High Sierra, you drive first up to the northwestern rim and on across Cascade Creek to Tamarack Flat and Gin Flat (aromatic fragrance in those names!) to the meadow or "flat" at the headwaters of Crane Creek, near the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees. You may well pause to explore the giant grove before proceeding.

Many trees of this grove exceed 200 feet in height. One of the finest is Pride of California. A road passes through Dead Giant, a "tunnel tree." This sequoia had originally a circumference of about 120 feet, but forest fires have largely reduced its proportions, though it still measures more than 100 feet around. Two trees which are united about twenty feet above the ground are (inevitably) known as the Siamese Twins. Magnificent specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea* can be seen from the road.

In a ravine a short distance below the Dead Giant lie the remains of a titanic tree, now more than twenty feet in diameter, and once much larger. The age of the sequoias is a disputed point, but this tree is possibly more than 4,000 years old.

Over to westward, and readily reached by road, stands another group of giant sequoias—the Merced Grove.

Even if you do not make the trip thither, or pause at Tuolumne Grove, you will see many forest giants in that latter group as you continue along the main route to South Fork. And here again arises a temptation to turn aside—northward, this time, for a view of Hetch Hetchy Valley. It is reached by way of Mather, the highway leading along the rim of Poopenaut Valley to the great concrete dam which now blocks the mouth of Hetch Hetchy, transforming it into a long reservoir to supply the far-away city of San Francisco with water and power. Over to the northeast, reached by road through Miguel Meadow, lies Lake Eleanor reservoir.

In the general formation of its cliffs and in its waterfalls, Hetch Hetchy resembles the more famous Yosemite Valley. It is situated at a somewhat lesser elevation above sea-level, fourteen miles due north of the Yosemite gorge. About three miles long, it varies

from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile in width. Geologists say that the valley once bedded a vast glacier, and "glacier sign" (as a hunter might say) is abundant. The granite walls of the canyon rise almost perpendicularly for 2,000 feet, and domes and pinnacles in the surrounding range rear their crests twice as high above the lake.

The waterfalls of Hetch Hetchy are at their grandest in the spring, when snows are fast melting. The Wapama, or Hetch Hetchy Falls, on the northern side below North Dome, form really a great cascade, since the drop is not quite perpendicular. Above the southern cliff wall towers Kolana Rock, almost opposite the falls. Other domes, spires, and battlements resemble to a remarkable degree those of Yosemite, though on a scale somewhat less gigantic.

Hetch Hetchy Valley was discovered in 1850 by a hunter, Joseph Screech. It takes its strange name from an Indian word for a grass used by the aborigines for food, the usual spelling in pioneer times having been Hatchatchie.

Besides being reached from Yosemite by road, Hetch Hetchy is accessible thence by trail also—by way of Tenaya Canyon, Matterhorn, and Tiltill; or by way of Tenaya Canyon, Smedberg and Benson Lakes. From the highlands above, too, it is approached by following the trail down the canyon of the Tuolumne.

But the highway leading across the Sierra—and this is the route we have set out to follow—leaves the Hetch Hetchy to its north. On this route, after crossing the South Fork, begins the eighty-mile journey along the Tioga Road, leading eastward amid splendid stands of fir and pine. Through little Aspen Valley, where quaking aspens shimmer silver in the breeze, and traversing Long Gulch, past stations in the wilderness called White Wolf and Dark Hole—names like so many hereabouts hinting mystery and romance—you come to the ranger station on the upper waters of Yosemite Creek, that torrent which about five miles downstream plunges headlong into the valley in the longest of waterfalls.<sup>1</sup>

Proceeding eastward along the base of gleaming Mount Hoffmann, the Tioga Road crosses Porcupine Flat and Snow Flat. Thus

<sup>1</sup> A new road has been constructed from Crane Flat direct to White Wolf, shortening the route considerably.

you arrive at Tenaya Lake, source of the creek whose deep-slashed canyon, between Mount Watkins and Clouds' Rest, is a corridor of Yosemite Valley. Many mountain-wanderers ascend there by trail.

Tenaya Lake is surrounded by smoothly polished domes. To the Indians it was Pyweack (Lake of the Shining Rocks), in allusion to the glacier-burnished granite on the shores and in the lake depths. Here the shattered remnant of Chief Tenaya's band, on the dwindling warpath, was rounded up and captured, in May, 1851. That old chieftain of the Yosemitees was not only a resourceful fighter, but likewise a remarkable personality, well worthy of commemoration.

If you have time for a diversion, the McGee Lake trail heads due north from Tenaya Lake, crosses Cathedral Creek canyon to Glen Aulin, on the Tuolumne.

Beyond Tenaya Lake, the Tioga Road continues northeast along the base of massive Polly Dome, which rises above, barren of vegetation save for a giant juniper tree high on its side, "like a jaunty feather in a lady's hat," as fanciful folk comment. On past another typical granite cupola, mighty Fairview Dome, the way leads, and so into the Tuolumne Meadows which it overlooks—a fair view indeed.

Like many such in the Sierra, Tuolumne Meadows lie in the basin of an ancient lake, circled by mountains. Two miles wide and about ten miles long, these grassy levels present in summer an aspect of verdant beauty. In cold, dim ages, before this basin held a lake, it was filled by a glacier which sent ice streams scouring through the canyon of the Tuolumne to below Hetch Hetchy and down Tenaya Canyon into Yosemite Valley. The direction of the flow is indicated by the easy incline of the eastern slopes of Lemberert, Fairview, and other granite domes, remarkable for declivitous western flanks.

Soda Springs, in the northern reaches of the meadows, long have held high favor with campers and trampers. Not only is the spring water palatable, but among mountain folk the biscuits made therewith have repute for lightness, the carbon dioxide in the water raising them like baking-powder.

On the south side of the meadows, across the river, is the public camping-ground.

The Sierra Club lodge at Soda Springs is the hub of trails which diverge in every direction, and some of these trail trips merit description.

Tuolumne Meadows are not only the starting-point for long trips into the High Sierra, but also for shorter jaunts to such objectives as Waterwheel Falls, Mount Lyell, Mount Dana, and Cathedral Lake, in the scenic uplands round about. Not in many seasons could a mountain-wanderer exhaust the wonders accessible from this center, so beloved by John Muir and his disciples of the Sierra Club, who make it their rendezvous and have here their lodge.

From Tuolumne Meadows a day's journeying southeast up the level-bottomed canyon of the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne, afoot or on horseback, leads to the base of Lyell Glacier, approached over a course indicated only by occasional cairn-like monuments. When the glacier, on the mountain's north flank, is finally reached, it is advisable to wear dark glasses to protect eyesight, and the experienced alpinist also takes care to prevent snowburn.

This glacier measures about two miles wide and almost a mile long, and needs must be crossed with caution, especially near the top, where there is a deep crevasse, sometimes masked by a snow covering. Slow going it is, too, because of the "sun-pits" which often clutter such Sierra snowfields.

From the mountain summit, the long crest line of the Sierra is reviewed. To the southeast looms Mount Ritter, "the black knight" of the Sierra. To the north rise Kuna Crest and ruddy Mount Gibbs and Mount Dana, while to the east, below, lies the desert basin which holds Mono Lake, with the white and black Mono craters beyond.

The descent of the mountain may be enlivened by long slides across the snow. At the foot of Lyell, one may establish a camp and make scores of high-country trips, such as those to Mount Maclure, which also bears a glacier on its northeast side; to Mammoth Peak, Parker Peak, Kuna Crest, and other noble summits.

Mount Lyell in its name honors Sir Charles Lyell, great Scottish geologist, who twice visited America.

From Tuolumne Meadows another well-known trail is that which winds down along the unbridled river. Mighty Tuolumne Falls are passed, the way continuing thence northwest. Below Glen Aulin the trail follows the rapids of the Tuolumne. In spite, the water-wheels—reversed falls, they have been called—here toss the river waters high into the air.

The wanderer who thus companions with the Tuolumne will revel in John Muir's famous description of its torrential flow: "One wild, exulting, onrushing mass of snowy purple bloom spreading over glacial waves of granite without any definite channel, gliding in magnificent silver plumes, dashing and foaming through huge boulder dams, leaping high in the air in wheel-like whirls, displaying glorious enthusiasm, tossing from side to side, doubling, glinting, singing, in exuberance of mountain energy."

Below Waterwheel Falls the trail crosses Return Creek, and from here the westward-leading route passes alternately along formidable cliffs of nude granite and through woodland glens. Within the forests flourish brake ferns, lupines, lilies, and columbines, while the river banks are graced with acres of azaleas. The abysmal canyon narrows until there is room only for the river and the trail, the rock walls towering a sheer mile above. In vertical-walled Muir Gorge not even the trail can find place beside the river, and the trampler is forced to climb a thousand feet up over a ridge and descend again to the river bank. Beyond lies Pate Valley, once a favorite haunt of the Indians. Beneath the spread of massive oaks, flat granite rocks are pitted with mortars, where in autumn the squaws were wont to grind their winter store of acorn-meal. At one end of the valley, on cliffs which circle a huge amphitheater, remain ancient Indian markings and figures.

Out of Pate Valley climbs a trail up the south wall of the river gorge by long "switchbacks," and from the canyon rim it follows a runnel shaded by vine maple. Camp often is made at Lukens Lake, whence the path comes to Tioga Road and then follows Yosemite Creek through forests of fir and pine, and past mountain junipers rooted in the glaciated granite. A short *détour* takes you to the very brink of Yosemite Falls, while the main trail descends past these lofty falls to the valley floor.

North of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne extends a region of splendid scope, luring ever to mountaineers. Leaving Glen Aulin, a much-followed trail climbs gradually over a divide and descends into Virginia Canyon, through which flows a branch of Return Creek. An easy jaunt across another divide brings one to Matterhorn Canyon, whence it is a day's side trip to Burro Pass, commanding views of the Sawtooth Range, Finger Peak, and Matterhorn Peak.

Climbing out of Matterhorn Canyon, the main trail leads over sandy Benson Pass, between sheer walls of granite. Passing Smedberg Lake, you skirt the base of Volunteer Peak, a massive pile of granite slabs, one of the outstanding pyramidal peaks of this part of the Sierra. Descending through hemlock forest beside a clamorous torrent, the trail attains Benson Lake, considered by some the loveliest of all Sierra lakes—and *that* is a bold claim! Above the northwest lake shore towers precipitous Piute Mountain, and at the other end Piute Creek rushes out between domes of granite.

Paths lead to deep-set lakes near by. Neall Lake is overshadowed by a rugged peak rising from its western margin. Rodgers Lake, a mile away, is studded with granite islets and girt by granite cliffs and peaks. Along the shore blooms the rare cassiope, a white heather.

A trail from Neall Lake follows down Rodgers Canyon, until the vast gorge of the Tuolumne comes into view, then turns sharply to the west and parallels the canyon, traversing groves of quaking aspens, where in summer flowers grow waist high. Five miles from the lake the trail divides, one branch descending to Pate Valley, and the other continuing to Pleasant Valley, through which Piute Creek dashes down in a series of rapids and falls, at the base of densely wooded slopes. Here reposes Table Lake, mantled with wide expanses of pond lilies, and round about lupin, columbine, larkspur, and mimulus bloom in glorious profusion. Those who are free to wander the uplands at will may reach Hetch Hetchy from here by the Rancheria Trail.

But motorists, unless they pause in their mountain passage, can only guess at the grandeur and beauty revealed by all these trail trips. For them, from the Tuolumne Meadows the Tioga Road con-

tinues, with Mount Conness rising highest to the north, a peak whose name commemorates an early California Senator who, in 1864, secured passage of legislation making the Yosemite region a public reserve. The highway, a new and safe route from Tuolumne Meadows, circles around northward and leaves the national park as it crosses Tioga Pass at 9,941 feet above sea-level.

High to the southeast towers Mount Dana, its flanks streaked and mottled with snow. A red mountain is this, of metamorphic rock strikingly different from the gray granite domes which have been passed. The ascent of this peak is fairly easy, and besides displaying a residual glacier on its north slope, it reveals a commanding view of snow peaks and of Mono Lake, more than a mile below to the east. James Dwight Dana, eminent American mineralogist and geologist, must have exulted in having such a mountain named for him.

It is a wondrous thing to be brought so near to one of the mighty peaks of the Sierra, as the Tioga Road thus permits; and just beyond you pass along the very shores of two lakes characteristic of the glacial uplands. Tioga Lake, the first, gleams on the side of Mount Dana.

Northwest of the lake lies the old Tioga Mine, once thought to be a second Golconda. It was to make this accessible that in the early '80s the Tioga Road was built, largely by Chinese labor, at the expense of the mine-owners. The project proved a *borrasca* and was abandoned; and for years this road was known to few except herders and cattlemen, until in 1915 it was purchased by Stephen Mather and a few friends and presented to the public. The State of California built the highway east of the pass.

Ellery Lake, not far beyond Tioga Lake, lies in the shadow of a glacial cirque at the head of Leevining Canyon, through which the road now descends in one of the world's most spectacular drives. The tremendous slopes drop at astounding angles, and in the distance ahead glitters Mono Lake. Often the road is carried along a mountain-side with steep talus slopes above and below; often it is notched in granite cliff, following the ledge downward.

When the big lake is reached at Leevining, the route turns along its shores to a lodge, and a little settlement, which may be made the base for exploring this strange Mono region.

Mono Lake, one of the most remarkable bodies of water on the continent, is held in a vast basin, with no outlet, and hence is extremely alkaline. No fish life exists here, except a species of small brine-shrimp. The lake is about eight miles across, and its surface is a couple of hundred feet higher than that of Tahoe. Near the center rise two islands, one black, the other white, both subjects of Indian legend. These islands are of volcanic origin, and hot mud springs bubble up on the black island, Negit—the summit of a submerged cone. To the south rises the other and larger island, Paoha, its Indian name meaning "Spirit of the Mists." Thousands of sea gulls swarm about these crags, though the lake is 200 miles inland from the Pacific.

The Mono Lake region is rendered all the more interesting by its associations with Mark Twain, who idled away some time here in 1864, and embodied his adventures in *Roughing It*.

An eerie, mysterious country, it abounds in salt pools, alkali flats, volcanic tablelands, boiling mineral springs, geysers, extinct craters. Many signs hereabout are eloquent of recent volcanic action. On the northern shore of Mono Lake gape open earthquake fissures, while to the south rises the ten-mile line of cones known as the Mono Craters, in whose neighborhood it is noticeably warmer than in the surrounding area; the snow melts quickly from their heights in winter. Among scientists these "recent" craters are noted because of the perfection of their formation. The desert round about is littered with pumice so light it will float in water, and with heavy obsidian—volcanic glass.

A few Piute Indians are still to be seen at Mono Lake and at Bridgeport, a few miles north. It was to this family that the Monache tribe belonged, this name being bestowed on them by their neighbors, the Yokuts; but in early times a chance resemblance of the appellation to the Spanish word for "monkey" caused this name, Mono, to be applied instead.

The settlement at Mono Lake was established in the pioneer days. Its greatest period was when the mining-camps flourished, when Virginia City, Bodie, Benton, and Aurora were in their prime; and its most famous citizen was Lying Jim Townsend, prevaricator extraordinary.



A short road leads westward up to Lundy Lake, and the hamlet of Lundy, once a riotous camp in "the Mono diggings" when gold was mined in the '70s. A trail leads hence southward past Saddlebag Lake to Tioga. One of the first prospectors in the Mono highlands was Leroy Vining, who delved in Leevining Canyon as early as 1852.

The notorious old mining-camp of Bodie, reached from the main highway by a brief side trip, is not far north of Mono Lake. A forlorn remnant of its old wild self, with only a few ramshackle structures after a fire which swept the town a few years ago, Bodie reclines and expires in the shadow of Potato Peak. The richness of this forbidding region was discovered in the same year as the Comstock strike, 1859; but not till a score of years afterward did Bodie reach its pinnacle of production, and then it was that the camp was wide open for fair. Killings were of every-day occurrence, and the "bad man from Bodie" is still a legendary character in the West.

Continuing along the main highway, El Camino Sierra, northwest of Mono Lake, you come to Bridgeport, an old town (no port, though it has a bridge) situated in a little valley on Walker River, at the east end of the Sonora Pass over the Sierra. The ranges of the valley often are dotted with thousands of grazing cattle.

Above and southwest of Bridgeport lie Twin Lakes, fed by the snows and reposing in the hollows of the high hills. About a mile from the town six travertine mounds rise from the center of the crater of an extinct volcano, and as hot waters pour over the calcareous rock they scintillate with vivid colors—yellow, green, red, purple.

There are many beautiful camping-spots along the Walker River. Near Alkali Lakes the highway crosses the Nevada border and proceeds toward Reno. From Minden a road leads west up over the Kingsbury grade to Edgewood and back into California around the southern end of Lake Tahoe. Alternative routes to the lake are by way of Carson City and Kings Canyon road, or *via* Gardnerville and Meyers. Thus the Tioga route in summer links those two superb features of highland California, the Yosemite and Tahoe.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

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### *Lake Tahoe*

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HIGH in the heart of the Sierra, in the midst of a lofty region of beauty, lies Lake Tahoe, one of the grandest of mountain lakes. Its size and elevation, immense depth, the intensity of its color, and the brilliant clarity of its waters—above all, its setting of silver-crested peaks—mark out Tahoe as distinctive.

Nor is Tahoe alone in its glory in these highlands, shining on in solitary splendor, for in the wooded basins and canyons all round about sparkle a hundred lakes. From the ranges to west and south, the highland landscapes often seem to be sown broadcast with them. The great lake and the minor lakes, the streams and green meadows, the silent dark forests of tamarack and yellow pine, the procession of tall mountain peaks reaching from north to south—all these make up the charm of the Tahoe country. It is a region much favored for vacation outings, easily accessible, varied in attractions, with nothing to mar the serenity of its midsummer weather. Nor are its delights denied in midwinter, for then it is a realm of snow sports. The great lake, though, because of its tremendous depth, never freezes over.

Lake Tahoe is approached by a diversity of routes, that from the south leading upward by way of the historic Placerville highway. As we have just seen, the lake is linked with that other wonder of the Sierra, the Yosemite Valley, by one of the most grandly

scenic mountain roads in America—the Tioga Pass route, which takes you down into Nevada, whence you ascend from the east to Tahoe at Lakeside, on the interstate boundary, or at Glenbrook, farther north on the Nevada side.

One of the most popular ways of approach is that from the north, leading up from the central transcontinental rail route and the Victory Highway.

Whoever passes through Truckee without halting leaves behind, unseen, one of the world's wonders of beauty, for Lake Tahoe lies just aside, fifteen miles to the south. The gateway to the Tahoe country here is the canyon of Truckee River, and at every turn in this rock-filled gorge come wild Sierra vistas, with white rapids and cascades succeeding one another as the torrential stream plunges down its ravine. At the top of the ascent, on an eminence overlooking the lake, stands a famed mountain tavern, with a settlement dignified by the name of Tahoe City neighboring it to the north.

A lake twenty-two miles long and twelve miles wide, its almost fathomless waters a regal blue, set in a great bowl of rugged snow-clad peaks which rise eleven thousand feet above sea-level—such is Lake Tahoe. To vision the lake you must visit it. It is part of the wonder of these enchanted waters that they cannot be pictured. They have unaccountable color effects which change with the minutes, so that artist's brush or pen cannot hope to catch them. Tahoe is a miraculous mirror: it can no more be painted than the sun.

The lake-level is 6,223 feet above sea-level. Nowhere in North America is another lake of such magnitude at like elevation, none in all the world except Titicaca of the Andes. The lake reposes in a depression between the summit ridges of the Sierra, and so continuous and unbroken is its circle of mountain peaks that some have believed (though quite incorrectly) that it occupies an extinct crater of immense proportions. Freel's Peak and Job's Sister, to the southeast, each approaching 11,000 feet, are the loftiest summits round about, and others such as Job's Peak, Pyramid Peak, Mount Tallac, Richardson Peak, Rubicon Peak, and Ralston Peak are almost as high.

Tahoe was first seen by white men on February 14, 1844, when

Frémont and a companion gazed down upon its shimmering expanse from a peak they had climbed in search of a pass. The Pathfinder, who did not find his path that time, but found instead a lake worth endless miles of trails, designated it simply Mountain Lake, later calling it Lake Bonpland, after a botanist who accompanied Baron von Humboldt. In the early '50s the lake was named Bigler after a California governor. As the often staid historian Bancroft commented, "There were those who thought to do John Bigler further honor than making him governor of California by setting on foot the name Lake Bigler. Nothing could have been in worse taste than in applying to a liquid so beautifully clear and cool the name of one who so detested water." To the lake soon was restored most fortunately its Indian name, Tahoe, thought to mean "Big Water" or "High Water"—more poetically, "Lake of the Sky."

Mark Twain, who camped at the lake in the fall of 1863, exulted, "The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be?—it is the same the angels breathe." His adventures as joint-proprietor of a "timber ranch" on the shore are recounted in *Roughing It*, with sparkling descriptions of the lake's loveliness. Drifting and dreaming in a slight craft, he marveled at the pellucid clearness of the waters. "So empty and airy did all spaces seem below us, and so strong was the sense of floating high aloft in mid-nothingness, that we called these boat excursions 'balloon voyages.'"

The lake is now completely girdled by highway, and this affords a magnificent motor tour, but its full majesty and splendor are realized only after making the voyage along its shores in motorboat or launch. This water is still clear as the atmosphere and the vessel glides swiftly over its surface, leaving in the wake an intricate tracery of mile-long ripples. As you cruise the circling shores there is unfolded a panorama of matchless sublimity—green meadows and sandy beaches, the dense fragrant pineries which come down to the lake's very brink, rocky cliffs and promontories, and over all the lordly mountains with their crests of glittering snow, towering almost a mile above the serene face of Tahoe.

Following the curves of the shore, the distance around the lake is more than seventy miles. The lake shore is dotted with summer homes and resorts, tucked away in the forests along every cove and every bay, and many hundreds of pleasure craft ply the waters.

From the tavern near Tahoe City the launch cruises southward to Tahoe Pines and Homewood, near the base of Barker Peak. The next pause is at Chambers, at a spot long known as McKinney's. This is a point of departure for the interior country, notably to springs which burst forth near the Rubicon River, about six miles from the lake shore. The little river which bears the name of Cæsar's boundary-stream dances as merrily as the torrent in the Apennines. Pioneers, scarcely classicists, had difficulty with the name, some at least calling it "Rubicund," and the wonder is that it was not corrupted.

Continuing your circumnavigation, you coast by Tahoma and Pomin's, around Sugar Pine Point to Meek's Bay and Rubicon, with fine sandy beaches, and thence past Rubicon Point, sheer peaks rising above. The water here is of great clearness—as at many places on Tahoe, one may see far below the surface, and watch the fish darting to and fro. Near Rubicon Point, the lake has been sounded to fifteen hundred feet. This point is really the top of a submerged mountain, a great cliffside like El Capitan of Yosemite, reaching up from the depths. Here the waters are of an unbelievable blueness, yet a few miles beyond in sparkling Emerald Bay they become a wondrous green.

From Rubicon Point to Emerald Bay extends a beautiful state park, mainly the gift of the Bliss family.

Emerald Bay, says Indian legend, was once a separate lake, and it has this appearance, for the entrance is narrow and shallow. Shores are set thickly with green pines and other trees, giving the characteristic hue to the waters in which their reflections show so clearly. And yet there is an intensity of color in this inlet not to be explained.

Emerald Bay, enclosed by steep mountain-sides, is two miles long and half a mile wide. The sandy bottom far below its surface can be distinctly seen through the limpid waters, which are measurably

warmer than those in the outer lake; so, naturally, bathing here is most popular.

The cruising craft circles a rocky islet, sometimes called Ellen's Isle and sometimes Hermit's Isle, because once habited by an eccentric recluse, an exiled Briton nicknamed Captain Dick. He carved a grave in the rock for his last resting-place, but was destined not to repose there, for his boat capsized in a squall in October, 1873, and he was never after seen.

Beyond the island you pass into the great lake, coasting by Eagle Point to Tallac. It is a passage of fairyland beauty—too perfect to seem reality.

Over a ledge at the end of the bay, Eagle Falls come rocketing down, like fluent silver; and to the south rises mighty Mount Tallac, its upper slopes marked with a snowy cross. From the resort camp on the bay shore may be taken pleasant excursions to lakes which lie clustered thickly in the highlands above Emerald Bay; and out of one of the fairest of these, Eagle Lake, issues the stream which tumbles down in cascade. A story of ancient times tells that this waterfall was the trysting-place of a Washoe Indian maiden and her Mono lover—a chieftain, no less!

Emerald Bay and Cascade Lake, which neighbors it to the south, fill two rock basins scooped by glaciers ages ago, and remnants of their glacial moraines may be traced. The views from the lofty highway down onto Emerald Bay and Cascade Lake are among the most inspiring in all the Tahoe region.

Tallac, one of the best-known places on the southern shores of Lake Tahoe, is set at the very edge of the dense forest, with Mount Tallac rising behind it. This place belongs to the estate left by "Lucky" Baldwin, millionaire mining-man and sportsman. Before he bought it in 1878 it was Yank's—owned by Ephraim Clement, woodsman from the State of Maine.

The ascent of Mount Tallac from here is not difficult, leading up through pine and cedar and manzanita; and from the mountain's summit may be caught glimpses of fourteen little lakes besides the vast ellipse of Tahoe.

It is from Tallac that one reaches Fallen Leaf Lake, poetically named (so some declare) because of its appearance when viewed

from surrounding heights. A number of charming retreats are in the region about here; a lodge is on the shores of the lake itself, and near by cluster popular summer camps. Those at Lake-of-the-Woods and Heather Lake, in the higher mountains about Tahoe, afford opportunities for exploring Desolation Valley and the peaks rimming it round.

Fallen Leaf Lake, its surface about a hundred feet higher than Tahoe, is four miles long and a mile and a half wide. Its waters mirror the peaks and overhanging trees with magic distinctness.

Southwest of the lake lies the resort known as Glen Alpine. About halfway up a canyon which thousands of years ago was carved out of the mountain-side by a huge glacier, springs gush forth, and at this point a forest of stately pines reaches down. Glen Alpine presents some of the most perfect examples of glacial action in the Sierra, aver the scientists who make this an apt excuse often to visit the region. Trails lead from the resort into the moutains, and the highest peaks readily may be ascended from here. Just to the southwest you come upon the lake-spangled basin known as Desolation Valley, which once harbored a vast glacier. The lovely little cluster of Angora Lakes is due south of Fallen Leaf.

The steamer from Tallac coasts Tahoe's shore past Camp Richardson, not far from the mouth of the Upper Truckee River, main tributary of the big lake. This is the center for many pleasant highland excursions. From here the lake shore sweeps around to Al Tahoe, which takes its name from an Indian appellation of Lake Tahoe, though not a personification. The resort surmounts a bluff commanding an extensive view over the lake, and below slopes a fine sandy bathing-beach.

From here trips into the interior reach Cold Creek and Star Lake, and thence may be climbed the summits known as Job's Peak, Job's Sister, and sandy Freel's Peak, the loftiest in this region. Monument Peak, on the boundary between California and Nevada, looms north of Star Lake.

Beyond Al Tahoe, on your around-the-lake cruise, you pass Bijou and Lakeland to Lakeside, astride the boundary. Zephyr Cove is passed, and Conference Point at Marla Bay, and then lofty Cave Rock, its face pierced with a cavern dark and deep, once the

lurking-place of bandits. A tunnel now goes through this rock, on the lake shore highway. Soon, near Glenbrook, you gaze at the Shakespeare Cliff, upon the side of which shows a scar which, from a certain angle, looks not unlike the profile of the immortal bard. The cliff itself, seen from various points, changes in appearance like a magic headland.

Here, facing a little bay, lies Glenbrook, on the Nevada side of the lake (about one-third of Tahoe's surface is in the Silver State). This is on the old home acres of the Bliss family, pioneers of the Tahoe region, and formerly a humming lumber-mill town was here. From Glenbrook you can descend by highway to Carson City, capital of Nevada, fourteen miles distant, whence Virginia City and Reno are reached. It was from Tahoe shores that the big trees went to timber the mines of the Comstock Lode. It is easy to visit this famous lode, where more than \$750,000,000 was lifted from the earth within a few brief years—mostly from 1859 to 1880—the greatest mining-camp America ever saw. Marlette Lake, at the base of Marlette Peak, is the water supply of the Comstock.

Beyond Glenbrook on a launch trip you continue along the Nevada shore, and you look into Crystal Bay, northernmost inlet of the great lake, before rounding State Line Point, to Brockway—fronting Agate Bay, where there are hot mineral springs as well as the usual resort attractions. But many come for games of chance, at Calneva, the resort which is half in one state and half in the other. It is a lively place, where gambling often has run full tilt. This is the locale of the quaint play, *Lightnin'*, in which Frank Bacon and Will Rogers enjoyed success.

Half a mile beyond Brockway lies Tahoe Vista, with one of the best bathing-beaches on the lake, whence the magnificent peaks across on the California side are seen marshaled in a panorama of grandeur. The last pause on a launch trip is Carnelian Bay, where, along a pebble beach almost half a mile in length, carnelians and other beautiful semi-precious stones may be picked up. The final stage of a lake-circling voyage carries you around the buttresses of Observatory Point, where James Lick *almost* placed his star-gazing station, and thence to Tahoe City.

Tahoe, with its great indented shore line, is a world of charm



in itself. Not so grand, but none the less beautiful, are the lakes in the surrounding mountains—a multitude of sparkling satellites, embosomed in forests and canyons, or held within granite cups on wide table-lands over which once passed the plowshare of the glacier. Some of these glacial lakes are threaded like beads of silver on little feeding streams; others are nourished by secret springs, kept fresh and cold by veins of ice water which trickle underground from high peaks. The largest, which lie to the north, are Donner Lake and Independence Lake, with the Sierra Lakes Basin beyond.

Down from the heights of the Tahoe country flow hundreds of streams, slender runnels and roaring mountain torrents, brooks broken with rapids and falls, streams that leap like the trout in their waters. Some of them, dropping down from the snow peaks, supply great cities of the lowlands with power and light. Most famous of all is the American River, with branches which course through tree-clad canyons two thousand feet deep; and likewise the Truckee, the Upper Truckee, and the Yuba foam down steep ravines.

## CHAPTER XL

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### *American River Canyon*

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MORE than a century ago, when California was yet a foreign country, a hardy band of American trappers wandered into that bright land then so little known, and set up their camp upon the forested banks of a swift-flowing mountain river. The Spaniards thenceforth called this stream El Río de los Americanos, and so it has remained to this day, though its musical title has been translated—the American River.

The deep-rifted canyon of the north fork of the American River has held its place as a great central gateway into California, for it is a natural approach to the fertile lowlands that lie beyond the mountain barrier. Over this historic route, the old Emigrant Trail, the present-day traveler is carried in his transcontinental passage by railroad or along the Victory Highway. These begin their ascent of the Sierra Nevada just beyond Reno, crossing the California boundary after leaving Verdi and climbing steadily up the Truckee River canyon, past the hamlets of Floriston and Boca, till they reach Truckee, a place widely known among tourists, since this is the point of departure for Lake Tahoe, which lies glittering within its great bowl of mountain peaks fifteen miles to the south. The place owes its name to "Captain" Truckee, one of Frémont's faithful Indian guides. Continuing the overland journey from Truckee, the way extends through Donner Pass, up which in early days the

fortune-seekers toiled so slowly and so wearily. It is difficult for the modern traveler, sitting back in comfort and borne speedily along, fully to realize the trials and hardships which beset those first comers. Looking down, you may see a white cross standing in a meadow. This is in commemoration of members of that ill-fated company of emigrants known as the Donner Party who were snow-bound here in the winter of 1846, many of their number perishing from privation.

The train of covered wagons had started in the spring from Independence, Missouri, under the leadership of George Donner and his brother Jacob; and as they pushed their way across the wilds, now in Utah and Nevada, they endured many privations. On the last day of October they reached this spot, not far short of the summit of the Sierras. Here they were overtaken by early snowstorms; about them swirled icy winds in which their cattle were lost; their store of provisions dwindled, and at last ghastly starvation faced them as they were brought to a stand. A few later succeeded in crossing the Sierras on snowshoes, reaching Sutter's Fort, but when the rescue parties arrived early in 1847 they found that thirty-six of the eighty-one who had encamped at Donner Lake and on Alder Creek below had perished. The fearsome experience had brought out elemental passions, and blood-chilling tales of cannibalism persisted. But where grim tragedy once stalked, now all is bright and cheering, and this is a popular resort-place in summer.

The Pioneer Monument with its striking group of four figures, commemorating the courage and hardihood of the early venturers, stands near the lake about half a mile west from the cross, on the spot where some of the snowbound party lay encamped. Not far from the Victory Highway, the monument may also be seen from the railroad.

Lying in a hollow which once harbored a glacier, Donner Lake is acclaimed by some travelers the most glorious alpine lake in America; and the beholder finds this not hard to believe as he gazes from the heights upon its placid surface, intensely blue and shining in the sunlight like new steel. Donner is a true lake of the woods, for the tall pines sweep downward from the peaks to the very margin of its deep mirror-clear waters, which reflect the wild land-

scapes with redoubled grandeur. Three miles beyond the lake the highway crosses Donner Pass, 7,000 feet above sea-level, the lofty pinnacles and domes towering 3,000 feet higher. The railroad goes under the pass by a long curving tunnel, and for many miles its course through these highlands is sheltered by snowsheds.

The route leads downward now from the summit toward the sea, though the sea is yet two hundred miles away. You are carried across a region of mighty mountain ranges with rivers roaring between, over ridges held once in the grip of giant glaciers which have left the gray granite naked and torn, and through the midst of a magnificent coniferous forest which stretches away for hundreds of miles to north and south, crest and canyon densely clothed with yellow pine and sugar pine, Douglas fir, incense cedar, and tamarack pine.

Around Norden, where the Sierra Club maintains a lodge for its devotees of winter sports, the snowfall measures often seven feet in a season. As the route descends, the headwaters of the Yuba and Bear rivers foam below in steep ravines. Soda Springs and Cisco are passed, with Cisco Butte and Signal Peak on the sky-line.

At Emigrant Gap, in a scenic pass above the present route, a branch of the old emigrant trail crossed a divide and descended into Bear Valley, following down the long slope of the Sierra toward Sacramento. Lake Spaulding shimmers now a little distance to the north. No lake was there then, when wagon trains toiled through the gap. In those times iron spikes were driven into the granite to hold the tackle and ropes used in lowering wagons over the cliffside. The knife-edge ridge at Emigrant Gap marks the parting of ancient glacier streams, one descending into Bear River Canyon and the other into American River Canyon. For miles now the main route traverses the ridge between the rivers, sometimes at the very brink of profound canyons, and everywhere affording views of magnificent sweep across a hundred miles of mountains, range above range reaching off into the purple distance.

At Blue Canyon, to the south of the highway, the railroad track skirts the head of the deep gorge through which courses an affluent of the American. Near Midas, on the railroad, you look down for two thousand feet into the mighty canyon of the north fork of

the American River. Famous mountain views there are in every land, and some of the finest within the confines of our own country, but surely there are few to equal the glimpse into the depths of this tremendous gulf—a scene soul-inspiring in its grandeur. Into the abyss the rugged mountain-sides slope downward at precipitous angles, sinking in almost sheer descent. The Sierra rises like a wall beyond, and ahead looms the dark pine-clad promontory at Giant Gap, pushing its bulky form far out into the canyon and blocking the way of the stream which swirls in swift water around its base.

The river twists and turns, now showing dark and somber in the shadowy woods, now shining like a stream of pure silver as it makes its way out into the bright sunlight and through the grassy meadow lands. Great boulders far below seem no more than stepping-stones in the stream, yet against these rock-fragments in winter and in spring, when its waters are at flood, the rough passionate river shatters itself in white anger, receiving the tribute of a thousand turbulent torrents which cascade down from the side-canyons—a river of rapids, its hoarse voice coming up then like the roar of sea-surf upon some distant coast.

Always there lingers in the canyon a blue haze which gathers in the tree-tops and floats like faint smoke-cloud against the farther ridge, and through this mountain mist the splendors of the landscape are revealed, not with photographic sharpness, but with outlines softened and with colors mellowed, as in impressionistic painting.

It is to be remarked that the railroad and the highway in this journey pass not *through* the canyons, but *above* the canyons, not enclosed within narrow granite walls which limit the outlook, but traversing a great elevated ridge, with long and entrancing perspectives opening in every direction over forested highlands.

Just as it is the gorge of the North Fork of the Feather which is usually referred to as the Feather River Canyon, so it is that of the North Fork of the American, which is known as the American River Canyon. The ravine down which flows the South Fork of the American, where the first gold-strike was made in 1848, has been described already in our visit to the Mother Lode.

As the route continues its descent, then, on the old Emigrant Trail, which we have been following, clearings are seen amid the

dense timber, where the mountain farmer has set out his orchards and sown his grain. About Towle and Alta cluster summer camps and little hotels, much frequented by anglers. Beautiful little Alta Lake lies in the very midst of this recreation realm.

It is with a thrill that you recall that all this country was once the scene of the wildest mining excitement the world has ever known, and many striking features remind you of that stirring time, the gold rush depicted so vividly in the tales of Bret Harte. About Dutch Flat you look out over wastes of placer pits, wildernesses of rock fragments and fantastically-carved mounds, where the gold-bearing sands have been washed out by hydraulic "monitors." This was the site of most extensive placer mining activity. Silent and deserted now, it spreads before you in a broad basin, weirdly picturesque with its upthrusts of scarred rock of brilliant coloring and strange formation.

Dutch Flat owes its name to a "Dutchman," Joseph Dohrenbeck, or Dorenbach, and some compatriots, who built a cabin here in 1851; and a few venerable buildings remain on the one street of the quiet poplar-shaded hamlet, including an old bank, with its massive safe and gold-scales. The town itself is off the main highway, and even some distance from the railroad, but is readily reached by side road.

One "Rattlesnake Dick," self-styled "Pirate of the Placers," terrorized this region for a number of years before he was shot down near Auburn in 1859 by a pursuing posse in a running fight. In the '60s this was for some time the terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, denounced then by demagogues as the "Dutch Flat Swindle." It held a brief eminence as a staging-center, but it has slumbered for more than half a century.

Gold Run, below Dutch Flat, was likewise the scene of intensive hydraulic mining, its deep, blue gravels yielding much precious metal even in the '70s, after most of the other camps had declined.

At the mountain shoulder of Cape Horn is another famous view, down into the canyon of the American River. But the mountains are not so lofty here, and, as you proceed, the orchards and vineyards become more frequent. To one upon the first visit to California, this route, more completely than any other, fulfills expectation by its rapid transition from snowy peaks, timbered heights,

and canyons to rolling foothills checkered with orchards, gardens with flowers abloom, and homes bowered in greenery.

Colfax and Auburn, once mining-towns, are now attractive and prosperous communities in the fruit-growing section of the lower Sierra slopes. Colfax was early Illinoistown, and Auburn rejoiced in the name of North Fork Dry Diggings.

Colfax is still an important center of scenic mountain roads, over which in the old days careened the stage-coaches and the long freighting wagons with their merry bell-chimes. While the railroad was being built up and across the Sierras, about 1865, this was the point of departure by stage for the rich Comstock mines in Nevada, this route supplanting that through Placerville. Just east of Colfax the road to Grass Valley diverges, crossing the Bear River. Upstream some miles are You Bet and Red Dog, real ghost towns, with only a few scattered structures left. Gouge Eye was near Red Dog. Most of the once-booming camps are now only gravel flats, with not even a trace of the many cabins and stores which clustered about.

Over beyond the American River, east of Colfax, and reached by a spectacular road, is Iowa Hill, though not much is left of this old mining-town, either, after successive fires. Gold was discovered there in 1853. Last Chance, Deadwood, and the Lost Emigrant Mine lie in the intricate country to eastward, and above the Middle Fork of the American, difficult of access, stands a numerically small grove of Big Trees, the northernmost of the *Sequoia gigantea*.

On the Forest Hill Divide, reached by road southeast from Colfax and northeast from Auburn, are Yankee Jim and Forest Hill, and other old places near Shirt-tail Canyon; and farther on a road extends to Michigan Bluff, perched on a steep mountain-side. Here, from 1853 to 1855, when the settlement lay somewhat below the present village, young Leland Stanford "kept store." Those were the days when "dust" was the principal medium of exchange.

The highway and railroad descend from Colfax through Applegate and Clipper Gap, where precipitous Lime Rock towers above the canyon. Near here pig iron was smelted in 1880 (one of the few places in California where an effort was ever made to establish this basic industry), but the enterprise was soon abandoned.

Auburn, six miles below, is not a village of the plain, but a beautiful little city of the foothills, with matchless views of forest and winding river. The modern part of the community is on the heights; the old town, with its narrow street faced with battered brick buildings, lies lower down. Gold was discovered there in May, 1848, and the region round about, especially near Ophir in Auburn Ravine, to the west, proved immensely rich, and thousands of gold-washers swarmed in.

Due east of Auburn lies the historic Georgetown Divide. The road leads through the modern resort-place of Cool to Greenwood, dating from 1848 and long the trading-center for a wide area. Spanish Dry Diggings was four miles to the north, but nothing remains of the settlement there. Activities around Georgetown, about five miles east of Greenwood, began in '49, and this grew to be an important town, for a while rivaling Placerville. A few very old buildings still are to be seen. Millions of dollars in gold have been taken out in this region, and mining is in progress even today, though on a diminished scale.

Newcastle, on the main-traveled route below Auburn, is no coal town, but one of the important fruit-shipping points in California. All this region once was productive gold country. Of recent years, the depths of these hills have yielded not gold, but granite, from quarries at Rocklin and Penryn.

To the west the vast Sacramento Valley lies outspread like a map, the way into its fertile plains leading through Roseville. Just north of Sacramento you cross the American River, here a placid stream flowing between low banks.

This journey through the central gateway to the Golden State is indeed a worthy introduction to the mountain land of California, inspiring the visitor to explore further this vast region of the Sierra, whose call he will find irresistible. If for the time he must press on, he will return, to glory in Lake Tahoe and Yosemite, in the canyons of the Kings and the Kern, the groves of Big Trees, to view the wonders of this, our loftiest mountain-chain.



## CHAPTER XLI

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### *The Northern Sierra*

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BETWEEN the great canyons of the American and Feather rivers rises a mountain-mass which forms the watershed of the Yuba, flowing down in several forks which, uniting, have their confluence with the Feather at Marysville. This word Yuba is supposed to be a corruption of the Spanish *uvas* (grapes), from the wild grapes growing upon the river's banks (some ascribe the name, though, to an Indian tribe formerly in these highlands), but to most, the name recalls Yuba Bill, burly stage-driver of Bret Harte's tales, and Yuba Dam, so familiar to frontier jokesmiths. Nor is the promise of '49 tradition belied, for this region of "the Northern Mines" is rich not only in memories of the golden era, but also in deep mines still actively worked, which have maintained production since early times, pouring forth fabulous wealth.

Some of the most characteristic country is seen along the highway over the Yuba Pass route. Beyond Sacramento the motorist drives first up to Auburn or Colfax, turning northward to Grass Valley and Nevada City, continuing to Downieville and thence coming south to Truckee. From there one may run down along the Truckee River to the delightful city of Reno ("greatest little city in America," say its lovers), or return direct to Sacramento by the American River Canyon route, already described.

In the lush meadows amid the hills, Grass Valley is the largest

mining town of present-day California. Wandering pioneers who fattened their famished stock upon the grass which grows in soil so moist that it is rich green even in midsummer, found gold in 1848 "just at the grass roots," and delving ever deeper, developed the far-spreading gold veins in the quartz formations which have meant abiding prosperity here while other camps, its contemporaries, have withered or have vanished. A monument marks the spot on Gold Hill where, in October, 1850, George Knight stumbled upon that strike—the real beginning of gold-quartz mining in California—and here too were founded its mining laws, the miners meeting that year-end and passing regulations which with them had the force of laws; the regulations on location and ownership of mines later being expanded so as to provide that "each claim shall include all the dips, spurs, and angles of the same," a startling new doctrine adhered to ever since, which has clarified claim rights, but has also endowed the bench and bar with endless litigation.

In few places can the quartz-mining processes, of unfailing interest to newcomers, be observed to such good advantage as here. More than a hundred gold mines cluster within a radius of six miles. At Grass Valley is the longest-worked mine in California, and near by is another wellnigh as constant. A sloping shaft has been driven till its end is almost a mile below land-level.

Interesting old structures are here as reminders of the vanished era, though there is much modern in this thriving little city. One ancient two-story residence, shaded by poplars, was the dwelling of the adventuress, Lola Montez—the Countess of Landsfeldt—who deigned to grace this frontier community in 1853. Her dashing Spanish type of beauty, which had won for her the adoration of brain-sick Ludwig of Bavaria and lost for him his throne, was still hers; and she stirred intense excitement, especially when she horse-whipped a local editor for defamation. Only two doors from Lola's house is that which was a miners' boarding-house and wherein Lotta Crabtree, daughter of the proprietary couple, lived as a girl—little Lotta, destined to be the darling of the American stage, and its richest alumna.

Nevada City, neighboring Grass Valley—that is, it is about four miles to the northeast—holds an attractive site in the hills, with

Deer Creek running through the heart of the community. Scars are still left by hydraulic mining on the slopes round about, but in many spots Nature has almost healed them. This type of mining, which involved washing the hills away with strong water pressure, had its origin in this region in 1852, but since 1883 the process has been forbidden unless the streams are protected from silting, a regulation causing its abandonment here and in most of the other gold-fields of California.

The winding streets of Nevada City—laid out in '49, it has been surmised, by bibulous miners or by casual burro-trains—are lined with quaint balconied buildings, rising one above another on the heights. A couple of old firehouses and the Wells-Fargo Express office, established in 1853, are outstanding landmarks. In early years, a spirit of rivalry existed between Nevada City and Grass Valley. The northern town, quite appropriately, has been a stronghold of Republicanism; the southern, Democratic in sympathies—differences which meant much in tense Civil War days; and besides, Grass Valley tried to wrest the honor of being the county seat from its smaller neighbor.

Between Nevada City and Grass Valley lies the hamlet of Town Talk. Mayhap in early days the folks of each community foregathered here for back-fence gossip!

From Nevada City and Grass Valley a system of roads reaches outlying parts of the old Yuba Diggings. One road from Grass Valley runs west four miles to the picturesque camp of Rough-and-Ready which retains some of the early dwellings. In the spring of 1851 this mushroom settlement—located in '49 by veterans who had served under Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough-and-Ready," in the then recent campaigns through the land of the Aztecs—was twice the size of Grass Valley. A quaint old store and hotel, with a gallery extending all along its front, is still standing, typical of many such in early California. Surely it is as remarkable in its way as those New England inns and taverns which have been preserved as landmarks, and it is hoped that it too will be rescued from time's ravages. Bret Harte's story, *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready*, comes to mind as you wander this countryside.

On the way between here and Marysville one passes through

Smartsville, and Timbuctoo, another old mining-town once affluent and now reduced to a mere cluster of structures, one of them—a brick Wells-Fargo building with iron doors and window-shutters—being now restored and holding an interesting assemblage of relics of Argonaut days. When the first white miners came to this location to sample its gravels they found a blackamoor busy with pick and pan, smiling a golden smile, and their ready fancy fixed on Timbuctoo as the name for the new camp.

Another road continues northeast from Nevada City across the south fork of the Yuba River and along the San Juan Ridge to Lake City (all but abandoned, despite its citified name) and North Bloomfield, near some of the largest of the old hydraulic workings, notably the giant Malakoff gash; and onward through Moore's Flat, at the farther end of the ridge, through dark forests to Graniteville, yet another place of quartz-mines. Past Bowman and Weber lakes continues this route, to Verdi, just over the Nevada border, Reno lying about ten miles to eastward. Weber Lake, with an area of one circular mile, is of glacial origin. Round about rise forested mountains, with Prospect Peak looming above; and little Lake-of-the-Woods, a mile north of Weber Lake, is a fascinating gem.

From the road just mentioned branches another, soon after the river-crossing, and thus you come to North Columbia, a settlement relying on mining once, but now mainly on agriculture; and over the middle fork of the Yuba the way continues to Alleghany, still an active mining-camp, hanging to steep slopes. John Mackay, later boss of the Comstock in Nevada, mined there. Forest City, quaint relic of boom times where a little desultory mining still is carried on, and Goodyear's Bar, are to the north of Alleghany.

The best of the mountain highways is that which circles around from Nevada City through North San Juan to Downieville—the old stage road, now much improved. At first the road leads northwest for a space. Lakes and streams abound in the vicinity, and several summer camps cluster around Lake Vera, which, though artificial, has true wilderness charm. According to tradition, an old miner buried his gold where the lodge now stands, before going to Nevada City on a spree. He drank deeply and forgot *perxactly* where he cached it—and it never has been found.

Not far from an old inn on this Downieville stage road is the spot where one of the notorious stage-coach robberies occurred in early days. Three bandits held up the Downieville stage on its way to Nevada City, broke open the express box, and escaped with about \$8,000 in bullion. A posse set out in pursuit. Stephen Vernard, who separated from the avenging band, came upon the robbers near the scene of the holdup and slew all three after a sharp pistol fusillade. Wells-Fargo forthwith paid Vernard a large reward for his valor, and he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel on the Governor's staff. Civic virtue richly rewarded!

Fifteen miles from Nevada City is North San Juan, another old mining-center where rich surface placers were worked. Some of the choicest examples of the solid structures built by the Argonauts are here, though many are roofless now and their iron doors sag on rusty hinges. Brick and stone were generally used in construction.

To the southwest are two old settlements, Sweetland and French Corral, each of which in the heyday of hydraulic mining held more than a thousand people—as hard to believe today as they are hard to find! Along the San Juan Ridge from French Corral all the way to Bowman Lake, sixty miles, was strung the first telephone line in California—part of it still is in existence. In 1878, when it was placed, it was declared to be the longest in the world.

A landmark at French Corral (where in 1849 a Gallic gold-hunter built an enclosure for his mules) is an old Wells-Fargo building, a stronghold of brick construction. Camptonville, about eight miles north of North San Juan, was the place where Lester Allen Pelton invented the improved waterwheel which bears his name—a wheel with split buckets which developed added power. A monument there fittingly commemorates the invention.

From Camptonville, the highway reaches Mountain House, famous stopping-place of the pioneer stages, whence a side road extends through wild highlands to Forest and Alleghany (old gold towns, as we have noted, like most of them up here), the main route continuing north to Goodyear's Bar, a '49 camp of which little remains, the locale of some of Bret Harte's stories, and thence northeast four miles to Downieville.

Few communities have a situation so picturesque as Downieville, which lies amid tree-covered mountains at the juncture of the north and south forks of the Yuba River. The modern residence section holds the south side of the river, and on the north side is the business section with its one crooked, narrow street as a quaint reminder of the days of yore. Ranged along it are many time-worn structures, with the characteristic overhanging balconies, shaded by venerable locust trees. Into the massive trunk of one of these trees, in front of an old-time hotel, the boots of succeeding generations of chair-tilting loungers have worn a deep hollow. An interesting pioneer museum is housed in a restored stone structure, built about 1852.

Downieville was called after an intrepid Scot, William Downie, who panned gold here late in 1849. He had sailed to San Francisco with the gold-fields as his objective; and he found that the best transportation was by water, so he joined others who were going in a large boat and rowed for his passage to Sacramento, walking the hundred miles thence to the site of the *ville* to which is attached his name. In the time of the big gold rush up the Yuba River, in 1852, the camp's population was 5,000, almost all voters; now it is scarcely a tenth of that. At Durgan Flat, within the present town limits, \$5,000,000 in gold was taken out in those days. A nugget found at Downieville in 1851 brought \$8,000. As can be plainly seen by the area of tumbled rocks, the placer workings extended up to the very verge of the Courthouse grounds. This little white Courthouse, which is across the river from the business section, dates from 1854. Behind it stands the gallows on which malefactors were executed; and near by, at the bridge, is the site of the hanging of a woman in 1851. She was Juanita, a Mexican dance-hall girl, who had stabbed one Jack Cannon for an alleged insult. A miners' court hastily condemned her, and she swung, dying with bravery worthy a better conscience. She was the first woman hanged in California. Downieville has been explaining ever since.

Now Downieville is growing in popularity as a summer resort. Motion-picture companies come to get authentic color for "Westerns"—and one producer went so far as to send artists up to photograph and then reproduce in Hollywood that crooked main street.

Northwest of Downieville extends a rugged region which is all

the more interesting because off the beaten path, being best reached from Oroville by way of Forbestown and Strawberry Valley; or from the east by way of Sierra City. Little settlements, such as Poverty Hill, Scales, Port Wine, St. Louis, and Tablerock are scattered through the highlands. Some of these "ghost towns" still have a few decayed buildings; others are mere "prospect holes."

From Tablerock is reached Poker Flat, a tenantless level on Canyon Creek, some making a claim (contested by a locality in the Southern Mines) that this is the setting of the forepart of Bret Harte's story, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. Deadwood (there are several Deadwoods, too) is south of the Flat, and near by are the Window Rock, a curious cave in a hillside, Deadwood Peak, and Saddleback Mountain, loftiest eminence in this region.

La Porte, northeast of Strawberry, lies on Rabbit Creek, and at first the settlement bore the name of that little stream. Hydraulic mining brought prosperity for a time, but its cessation under the edict of 1883 caused the camp to sink to insignificance. Only a few ruined brick stores and a few old dwellings remain. Gibsonville, farther north, also has dwindled to a straggling hamlet, and near by is Whisky Diggings, still another town which added color to Bret Harte's stories of early days. Brandy, south of Scales, is a decrepit mining-camp likewise with a name reminiscent of the atmosphere of olden times. The abode of rare spirits, those "ghost towns"!

Near Downieville is the entrance to Yuba Pass. Claim is made that this is the only trans-Sierra pass which is open all the year round, but still occasionally storms swoop down such as that which overtook John Oakhurst and the Duchess and the rest, in Bret Harte's immortal tale of the outcasts. From Downieville the main highway continues up the canyon of the North Fork of the Yuba River to Sierra City—city only in name, a settlement started in 1850, with a rich mine still worked. Particularly interesting here are an old fire-tower and a three-story structure, built in 1871, with a balcony along its front. North of town rise steep Sierra Buttes, highest points in this area, the loftiest pinnacle of this double peak rising 8,600 feet above sea-level. From the summit is gained a wonderful view of the Sierra and its lakes; in the distance, to the west,

the silver line of the Sacramento River and to the east the sagebrush plains of Nevada.

A renowned lake region lies to the north of the buttes, and from Sierra City diverges a road leading through it, linking up with the Feather River highway. In this wilderness, termed the Lakes Basin, repose almost twoscore lakes, all within a half-day's walk and all teeming with trout. Very deep, their almost circular basins were ground out of solid rock by glacial action. To an aviator, these sparkling lakes must appear set almost as thick as stars in the Milky Way! Those easiest to reach include the Sardine Lakes, the Salmon Lakes, Squaw Lake, Gold Lake—this last being the largest. Gold Lake, now a popular vacation center, in its name is reminiscent of a vain "stampede" of prospectors to seek a mythical "Gold Lake" which was not found, a rush started by a demented miner whose mental deficiencies alone saved him from being the central figure at a lynching. Some miles to the northwest glitters Long Lake, another of considerable size, and rising above its shores towers Mount Elwell, with a forest service lookout station perched atop. Enthusiastic hikers often climb to the summit to view the sunset and the moonrise over the Sierra.

Beyond Sierra City the main highway runs northeast to Bassett's, a summer resort in the highlands at the headwaters of the North Fork of the Yuba River, whence the lake region is easily accessible.

The main route now threads its way through the Yuba Gap, making many turns. Passing Sattley, you come to Sierraville, in the southern end of level-floored Sierra Valley—longest and most elevated of the cultivated valleys of these mountains: thirty miles long it is, and little short of a mile above sea-level, but despite the altitude farming is carried on, with stock-raising and dairying on a considerable scale.

Lateral roads lead north and south from Sierraville, one linking with the Feather River highway and the other with the American River highway. On the north road lies Loyalton, named during the Civil War by stalwart Union men of the mountains. This is the second largest city in California in area. The idea of the incorporators, it is said, was that lumberjacks would have to walk to the



far-away city limits to liquor up, for the city ordinances forbade bar-rooms.

Between Sierraville and Truckee, the south-leading road passes near Independence Lake, a little way over to the west, one of the largest and most picturesque in these uplands. Three miles long, it is of great depth, and its outlet is the head of one of the main branches of the Little Truckee River. This lake was named on July 4, 1853, by Lola Montez, who came over from Grass Valley with a merry picnic party, and four miles to the north rises the lofty peak called Mount Lola.

A realm rich in romantic and historic associations is this land of the Argonauts, the country of the Northern Mines.

## CHAPTER XLII

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### *Feather River Canyon*

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WHEN, in 1820, Captain Luis Arguello led a band of Spanish troopers up a river of the northern Sierra, he traversed an undiscovered land. Because of the great number of feathers of wildfowl floating down the stream, or, as some surmise, feathery masses of willow pollen, he named it El Rio de las Plumas, but had Don Luis looked beneath its fluent surface and sifted its glistening sands he would have called it inevitably, El Rio de Oro. Yet if the first comers neglected this chance, those who followed did not, for the canyon of the North Fork of the Feather was the scene of some of the earliest placer workings in California, and Romance has marked this pass through the Sierra since it first lured gold-seekers to its treasure-laden slopes.

This deep-cut gorge is one of the supreme sights of California. From Oroville to Portola, more than a hundred miles, you are in the Feather River region. For many years traversed only by pack outfit or stage, the canyon during the last four decades has resounded to the roar of the locomotive, mingling with the rushing clamor of the waters; and now it is accessible by highway likewise, with new regions to either side being opened up, revealing the grandeur of forest and stream and woodland waterfall.

Feather River Canyon, one of the most picturesque of the Sierra river-gorges, is the principal northeastern gateway to and from

California. Above it, the railroad climbs over the summit at Beckwourth Pass, two thousand feet lower than any other pass across this range. The river has its chief source above the vast reservoir of Lake Almanor, and all the tributaries flow from the east through the Sierra Nevada. The Feather merges with the Sacramento a score of miles north of the capital city, near Verona.

Oroville holds a scenic site in the lower foothills, on the Feather River. Near by lay some of the richest of the early placer workings, and the development of gold-dredging in this region has once more made it important as a mining-center. But the name Oroville (gold-town), is appropriate as well because of the vast shipments of golden oranges sent annually from the city. Extensive groves spread round about, and the orange tree furnishes the principal ornamental shrubbery, lining the streets and flourishing in the gardens. A "thermal belt" is this, in which oranges ripen even earlier than in southern California. At Thermalito, across the river from Oroville, was planted, in 1886, the first important orange-grove in northern California. All this region is likewise a prosperous olive-growing district, and at Oroville you see large olive-packing and olive-oil works.

As big as plums are the black ripe olives you may pluck from the branches, but they'll pucker your lips with bitterness if you nibble them, for first they must be pickled before ready to please palates of epicures. Glowing golden as that of Lucca, the olive oil of Oroville is pressed from the full-ripe fruit.

About a dozen miles north of Oroville is Cherokee, where millions of dollars in gold were taken out before the outlawing of hydraulic mining. The single slanting street is faced with old buildings of stone and brick, mostly dilapidated, and all round about the country's face is scarred and gashed by the hydraulic monitors. Diamonds have been picked up by the hundred in the Cherokee field, to be set fittingly in the gold once so abundant; and though they are small, hopeful prospectors are looking for larger and more perfect sparklers in the serpentine formation.

To the east of here, also readily reached from Oroville, lies the wilderness along the Middle Fork of the Feather River. The vast cliff of Uino is the outstanding feature of Bald Rock Canyon in this

rugged region, and on Fall River about three miles above its confluence with the Middle Fork are Feather Falls, where the stream plunges down more than 500 feet into the roaring rock-caldron at its base. A rough trail leads to the top of the falls from the end of a road from Mooretown.

The most renowned of the trips from Oroville, of course, is that up the main canyon of the Feather River. Many of the place names along the canyon route recall the days of the 'forty-niners who "worked" the stream bed for its rich store of gold. From Oroville the ascending route leads through Bidwell Bar, where John Bidwell, redoubtable pioneer, found gold on July 4, 1848. This was the second major gold strike in California, and within the next two hectic years several millions of gold dollars in dust form were taken from these sands of Patoclus. At Bidwell Bar you yet may cross a centenarian bridge—it was shipped around the Horn in 1852 and here suspended. You'll pause, too, at the "mother" orange tree, over thirty feet in height and in spread, one of the largest of its kind. This was the first orange tree in northern California, planted by Bidwell in 1856. Only a couple of buildings remain of the once-flourishing town of 2,000 people: one of them is the brick-walled calaboose, the other the old toll-house at the bridge.

The middle and south forks of the Feather join the main stream at Bidwell Bar. Beyond is Bloomer Bar, another old placer area. With its many "bars," the countryside might give an impression of unreformed conviviality, but these place names refer to flats in the river bed.

Steadily the route mounts by an easy grade, with the mountains becoming loftier on either side. At Las Plumas, against the canyon wall, you see a power plant which generates electricity for lighting San Francisco, more than 200 miles distant. The water is led through a tunnel in the heart of the mountain, from Intake, cutting across the Big Bend of the river.

Big Bar, ignominiously named Pulga (Spanish for flea) on the railroad maps, was another populous camp in the gold days. To the north lies Flea Valley, reminiscent of lively pioneer experiences.

A spectacular sight near Pulga comes at the point where the new highway bridge arches across the canyon high above the railroad

bridge directly below. You can ascend by railroad or by the scenic highway now constructed from Oroville up the north fork of the Feather; and so continue by way of Keddie and Quincy, and across Beckwourth Pass. Until the highway was completed in 1937, the canyon was accessible only by the railroad for its entire length. In constructing the highway through the gorge, workers sometimes had to be let down by ropes from above.

On the upward journey, you continue beyond Pulga to Cresta. In its ascent the canyon varies in aspect, at some places a tremendous chasm, elsewhere widening out. The railroad, ever following the river's course, changes position often, from the stream's edge to the precipitous wall of the canyon, a thousand feet above the seething current. Sometimes the Sierra is emerald-clad, sometimes glittering with snow, and the air is redolent always with fragrance of growing things. At Merlin the river is narrowed between spectacular rock walls almost to the breadth of a rill. The winding course of the north fork of the Feather is followed through Belden, which aforetime was Belden Bar, a starting-point now for trips up the east branch of the North Fork, the scenic Chip's Creek canyon and the Three Lakes country.

Abrupt cliffs mark the approach to Rich (formerly Rich Bar), where gold was "scooped by the handful." Argonauts stood in the swirling currents and sifted the gravel for gold-dust with pan and "rocker," finding incredible fortunes in gold-bearing "pay dirt" beneath the waters of the Rich Bar area. It is not to be wondered at that moving-picture producers favor this locality in filming "Westerns"—stories of hunters, trappers, bandits, miners—for surprise awaits around every turn.

Here on the hillside above the river rises a monument to Nancy Ann Bailey, a pioneer woman who died in the early '50s, and to all pioneers. Dense forests sweep down to the serpentine route along the walls of the gorge; in the depths below rushes the stream. Farther on, at Twain, stands a highland tavern, and almost four miles distant lies Paxton, earlier known because of mineral springs as Soda Bar, with which are associated memories of the hardy placer-mining crew. The mountains hereabout are mantled with tall pines and spruces, their straight trunks upstanding in massive columns.

Virtually one vast woodland is this Plumas wilderness, the greatest unbroken forest in California.

The scenery along the main route increases in grandeur as you climb through the red gorge to Keddie. Spectacular Indian Falls and the lime springs, Crescent Mills, Lake Almanor, and Engels copper-mine, all to northward, are reached by road from Paxton and Keddie, which are shipping-points for Indian Valley, one of the largest and greenest of the mountain valleys.

Keddie is a junction-point of two important railroad lines, one continuing eastward, the other running north.

If you are to stay with your Feather River tour, from Keddie you turn south to Quincy, a town quaint and quiet, nestled in the American Valley, encompassed by pine-clad hills. This place is known not only as a resort in summer, but also for its winter snow sports. The comfortable "capital" of the Feather River region, Quincy is the county seat of Plumas. Many reminders of early days are here.

Quincy lies a couple of miles distant from the railroad, whence it is reached by road from Hartwell—Quincy Junction. Besides the rail route and the highway up the North Fork of the river to the mountain city, there is another and older road, which ascends an elevated ridge. This highway, which is along the route first used by the pioneers, leads from Oroville up through Bidwell Bar, Berry Creek, and Merrimac to Bucks Ranch, the road passing along the southeastern shore of Bucks Lake before coming to green Meadow Valley, whence Quincy is reached after a drive along Spanish Creek. The highway traverses one of the most pleasant parts of northeastern California.

Delightful motor trips are many, round about Quincy. Spanish Ranch and Spanish Peak to the west took their names from Spanish-speaking settlers who came in July, 1850, to Meadow Valley, at the base of the picturesque peak. High on its flank, only 700 feet from the crest, is the tunnel of the famed Monte Cristo mine. Silver Lake, beyond, rests at the foot of Mount Pleasant. Another road, a rough one, leads a dozen miles northeast from Quincy to Mount Hough, which commands a sweeping view of the Feather River

Canyon, and almost atop the mountain reposes Crystal Lake, one of the resplendent gems of the northern Sierra.

Continuing along the main-travelled scenic route, you follow its windings for many spectacular miles beyond the Quincy region, finding new beauty at each turn of the railroad, the road, and the stream. The Spring Garden divide is passed; and at Blairsden, beyond, you are in Mohawk Valley, a broadening of the middle canyon. Only six miles southwest is Johnsville, somnolent old mining-town, in the shadow of Eureka Peak, on whose eastern flank the Plumas-Eureka mine was discovered in 1851.

A famous inn overlooks the middle fork of the Feather River from amid the pines, west of Blairsden, one of the finest of mountain resorts.

On the high divide to the south, and reached from Blairsden and Graeagle, lies the chain of more than forty lakes—the most famous, it will be recalled, are Gold Lake, Long Lake, and the Salmon Lakes—in the Lakes Basin, and Mount Elwell looms high above the placid waters. The beauties of island-studded lakes, plunging cascades, dark-forested canyons, all preserve for this picture-land an ever-new appeal.

Beyond Blairsden the route traverses Castle Canyon to Portola, named for the first Spanish governor of California, whose sway, however, never extended this far north. This is the largest community in the mountains, and has many visitors, especially during the winter sports season. South of Portola rises Beckwourth Peak, and above Hawley, too, great buttes push close to the Middle Fork of the river, which here is no great stream, except in winter spate.

Mounting the Sierra crest, the way leads through Beckwourth Pass, the lowest pass into California, except in the south. Here entered throngs of the early gold-seekers and settlers, long before there was a railroad. The pass and peak are named for Jim Beckwourth (sometimes incorrectly referred to as Beckwith), pioneer and scout. Born in Virginia, he was a fearless pathfinder. A mulatto, he had a little Indian blood and claimed to be an honorary chief of the Crow tribe; but a real Pawnee chief, Colorow, once chased him into Denver; and on this occasion Jim Beckwourth made a record run of more than a hundred miles. His shoes were full of blood at the end, for veins had burst. Jim it was who guided William

Tecumseh Sherman and his troops to Monterey during the Mexican War, and the soldier (like so many others) declared him one of the most picturesque and persistent of prevaricators. Beckwourth claimed to have discovered this low pass across the Sierra, and he laid out a route for emigrant travel across it in the early '50s.

You may turn aside, southward from Vinton, to the principal town in Sierra Valley, Loyalton, center of a considerable lumber industry.

From Chilcoot, on the main line of travel, routes diverge—a highway and rail line extending southeast into Nevada, reaching Reno; and another highway and transcontinental rail line running north to the Honey Lake region before turning eastward into Nevada.



## CHAPTER XLIII

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### *Mount Lassen and Beyond*

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MOLDED in flames and cast in lava and cinders, the Lassen Volcanic National Park affords the strangest natural spectacles to be seen in California. Mount Lassen, rising from its midst to an altitude of 10,453 feet, presents an aspect of austere majesty, and even the fire-blasted territory at its base possesses a weird charm akin to beauty.

The loftiest elevation in this mountain land, Mount Lassen (or Lassen Peak, to give it the official name) is geologically the culmination of a southerly spur of the Cascade Range, at the point where it was fused with the Sierra Nevada. It was one of a long line of fire mountains—Mount Rainier, Mount Hood, Mount Shasta, and ancient Mount Mazama (its truncated cone now holding Crater Lake)—all volcanoes which have become extinct, except only Mount Lassen, the sole recently active volcano within the United States proper.

Lassen had been dormant for centuries when on May 30, 1914, it awakened to activity. Most spectacular was the explosive eruption of May 22, 1915, when the crater was sundered deeper, while a towering column of smoke, steam, and ashes rose more than six miles in air. Since then the activity of the volcano has been mild and intermittent, though the fires still smolder and at the summit are steam-vents, hissing and fuming.

This mighty mountain was sighted by Spanish soldiers under Captain Luis Arguello in 1820 and named by them San José—Saint Joseph. In 1848 Peter Lassen, a Dane who had been one of Frémont's guides, led a band of emigrants off the Overland Trail in an attempt to strike a short-cut to the Sacramento Valley, but this peak and neighboring cones and crags proved barriers too great, and the wayfarers suffered untold hardships. This misadventure was heralded as "Lassen's Folly," but the durable Dane so far survived the storms of adversity that the pioneers called the peak Lassen's Butte and named a big county in his honor. For years he sought in vain for an easy "northeast passage" into California across the highlands. Living in an era of violence, Peter Lassen was murdered in 1859 by Indians at Black Rock, and was buried in his own field in Honey Lake Valley near Susanville.

The rugged region around Mount Lassen was made a national park in August, 1916, after the striking activity of the volcano in the two years preceding. The park includes terrain of diverse interest. Most important, from a geological point of view, are its volcanoes, Mount Lassen, with its spasmodic activity, and Cinder Cone, dormant for less than a century. Here are also other cones, of extinct volcanoes—Crater Mountain, Brokeoff Mountain, Black Butte, Eagle Peak and the rugged ridge of pinkish lava known as Chaos Crags. The lava-forms of this *terra infirma* are grotesque, contorted, of uncanny interest; and within the park area, too, are groups of hot springs, boiling mud-pots, fumaroles, rumbling vents, and "lakes" of volcanic glass, all testimony to the underlying fires.

The region of volcanic activity long was wellnigh inaccessible; now a Lassen Park Highway connects the Red Bluff-Susanville lateral with roads leading from Redding and Burney, crossing the park and embracing many points of interest; and new roads are being constructed.

Most accessible now is the western side of the park, in the vicinity of Mount Lassen. From the highway between Red Bluff and Susanville, about forty-five miles out, you turn northward at Mineral, crossing the Park boundary, with Brokeoff Mountain to the west. Around the base of Diamond Peak the route runs, thence on past Emerald Lake and Helen Lake, waters crystal-clear, with Bumpas

Hell to the south. Long a little private hell, this inferno lies on an ancient crater rim at the headwaters of Los Molinos or Mill Creek. It is an area not unlike those which have brought fame to the Yellowstone, and the coloration here is little less vivid.

The highway swings around to the east in a great semicircle—this is termed the Lassen Peak Loop—with the great mountain towering above. Past Summit Lake the way leads, here and there traversing level meadowlands with lofty Crescent Crater on the left, projecting from the northern flank of the volcano. On the headwaters of Hat Creek and along the course of Lost Creek, followed for several miles beyond Emigrant Pass, you behold a vision of desolation. This devastated area, northeast of the peak, is a blighted waste created by torrents from quick-melting snows and by a hot blast during the volcanic explosion in 1915. Uprooted trees and scorched timber, with rock fragments scattered round about, complete the picture of ruin.

In striking contrast to these warning signs of Nature's cruelty, gentler aspects are close at hand—the flower-strewn meadows of the mountain-side and the primeval forests which stretch mile on mile in almost every direction from Mount Lassen, unravaged by fire; gleaming ice-cold lakes and streams wherein trout abound.

Turning westward from Lost Creek, the highway rounds a volcanic spur and reaches the ranger station near the west gate of the Park. The main highway will take you to Manzanita Lake and Lake Reflection, with glorious views of Mount Lassen and Chaos Crags to the southeast; and a road continues onward from Manzanita Lake to the very base of the volcano at Crescent Cliff. A museum, free to the public, is on the south shore of Reflection Lake, with a collection of curious volcanic formations and many photographs, interesting and instructive, besides a seismograph—of primary importance here for scientific observation. Ranger naturalists are at hand to explain about the natural wonders by which you are surrounded.

From this gateway of Lassen Volcanic National Park, near Manzanita Lake, a road leads westward through Viola and Millville to Redding, on the upper Sacramento River. Many travelers enter the

park by this route. Another road descends Hat Creek to the Redding-Alturas highway.

The southeastern section of the park is generally reached by way of Chester, on the northern shore of Lake Almanor, about thirty miles from Mineral upon the main highway connecting Red Bluff and Susanville. Lake Almanor is one of the largest of all reservoirs devoted to power development. Its islanded expanse is forty-five square miles in extent. Alice, Martha, and Elinore Earl, of a pioneer family active in the project, gave each a part of her name to form the Spanish-sounding Almanor.

From Chester a road extends northwest to resorts and camps in little Warner Valley and onward to Drakesbad, on Hot Springs Creek below Flatiron Ridge. Lakes lie scattered by the score in the intricate region to the northeast of here, and many are accessible by trails, which reach, too, the outstanding volcanic features which make this lava land so remarkable. Just south is spectacular Lake Tartarus, or Boiling Lake, its shores ringed around with steaming mud-pots, waters boiling amid a volcanic laboratory. Near by to the west, within the lava walls of "the Canyon of a Thousand Smokes," fumes the Devil's Kitchen, marked by intense solfataric activity, and through it flows the streamlet known as the Little Styx.

All the eastern half of Lassen Volcanic National Park is lake-strewn. Juniper Lake, with a resort on its north shore reached from Chester, is one of the most beautiful. Horseshoe Lake, so called because of its shape, is to the northwest, and in the same direction beyond Crater Butte (holding a little crater lake at its summit) lie Twin Lakes and the smaller sheets of water known as Echo, Swan and Rainbow lakes. The Chester Lakes are still farther north.

One of the most remarkable mountains in California is Cinder Cone, rising 600 feet above surrounding lava-fields, ten miles northeast of Mount Lassen. At the summit is a steep crater. The last eruption is believed to have occurred in 1851. Looking "as if created this morning," this dark volcano is a perfect cone. To its south and east lie fantastic lava-beds, and their flow caused the formation of Snag Lake, south of the lava-beds and the Painted Dunes. Butte Lake reposes at the opposite end of the lava-beds. A vast symmetrical,

pyramidal mountain, Prospect Peak, dominates all the northeastern sector of the park.

It is a fascinating region, this Volcanic Park, difficult to leave. More and more are travelers coming to appreciate the wonders of Lassen—attracted by the fantastic antitheses of Nature, overawed by the mountain's power and majesty, delighted with the freshness and charm of the landscapes left unscarred.

By following the Red Bluff-Susanville highway, you traverse scenic uplands south of Mount Lassen over to Westwood, a big lumber-mill town. From Westwood a secondary road and a railroad which is a link with two transcontinental routes lead northwest to the Pit River and on into Oregon. About thirty miles farther along the main highway is the little city of Susanville, a substantial community in the foothills on the eastern side of the Sierras.

This territory was settled early in the history of the American cross-country migration, and it experienced strange political vicissitudes before it was firmly incorporated as part of California. In 1864 it was the scene of "the Sagebrush War," an armed struggle between settlers of Nevada and of California, in which blood was shed on both sides.

It is to be recorded that Susanville was named for Susan, a possibly black-eyed daughter of Isaac Roop, who was Secretary of the "Territory of Nataqua," organized in 1856 and embracing not only this segment of California, but also part of western Nevada. (Then it was Utah.) Peter Lassen held the office of President of this short-lived "territory." The most interesting landmark in Susanville is Roop's Fort, a stronghold-residence of logs, built by him in 1854.

Susanville is on the northwestern edge of Honey Lake Valley, here dotted with comfortable ranch-houses amid lush pastures and irrigated farms. Honey Lake, more than twelve miles wide, is about the same distance to the southeast of the city. Beyond and below, in the sagebrush desert of Nevada, lies big Pyramid Lake—named by Frémont from the remarkable pyramids of gray travertine which rise from its waters.

Susanville is at the entrance to the canyon of Susan River, a gorge rugged and densely timbered, and to the north reposes Eagle Lake, a placid body of water, clear and pine-fringed, twenty-five

miles long by five miles wide, and alive with trout and black bass. The main road thither continues northward to Adin, on the Redding-Alturas highway.

Another route northward from Susanville—followed by highway and railroad—leads across the Madeline Plains, and thence through Likely to Alturas.

North of Lassen Volcanic National Park extends the Pit River watershed. This swift-flowing river received its name from the savages who once dwelt upon its banks, called the "Pit" Indians because they trapped their game (and sometimes human enemies) by means of deep covered-over pitfalls, often with sharpened stakes at the bottom to impale the hapless victims. The spelling Pitt, sometimes seen, is an error.

This vast area is reached by the highway linking Redding and Alturas, the principal settlement in the far northeastern corner of California, where the state is bordered by Oregon on the north and Nevada on the east. The road from Redding runs northeasterly all the way. The settlement of Montgomery Creek is passed, south of the Big Bend of the river, and then the town of Burney. Ten miles north of here by road is the Burney Falls State Park, where a cataract—"double" falls, with a rock island between—makes a spectacular plunge of 165 feet over a cliff into an expansive pool shadowed by peaks and pines. Giant springs which augment the flow of Burney Creek a mile above the falls account for the constant, ceaseless volume of the waters. Here, too, is a long reservoir, Lake Britton, and power-houses are ranged all round about, for this is a country potent in its output of hydro-electric energy.

Beyond Burney the main highway route crosses Hat Creek, coming down from Mount Lassen, and Rising River, and soon reaches Fall River Mills, where the Pit is joined by one of the wildest streams in California, taking its name, Fall River, from the numerous cascades and rapids which break its course.

McArthur is four miles beyond Fall River Mills, and Nubieber, about sixteen miles farther on, is not only an important place on the highway, but also a hustling railroad town. Through here, north and south, leads a rail line which was completed in 1931 between Keddie and Klamath Falls, 200 miles apart, linking two

great transcontinental railroads. Nubieber sprang into being, a hopeful new community, with the construction of that railroad, deriving its name from the older town of Bieber, which lies on the highway three miles to the northeast. Through Bieber, Adin, and Canby the road leads, ascending the Pit River to Alturas, a little city which is the market-place for a vast area. Its Spanish name signifies "heights."

The Pit River Valley, reaching from Alturas a score of miles south to Likely, is a level meadow from which immense quantities of wild hay are cut and cured for the winter feeding of range cattle. In the fall the hundreds of golden haystacks which dot the landscape make a striking picture against the meadow green.

In the wild country west of the settlement of Likely lies the Infernal Caverns battleground, where that dauntless Indian-fighter General George Crook worsted a band of about 120 outlaw Shoshones, Piutes, and Pits, on September 26 and 27, 1867. In the fierce struggle more than a third of the punitive expedition of only sixty-five soldiers were killed or wounded, and the general himself fought with a rifle like a private. Most of the redskins bit the pumice-dust; only a few escaped from the rude fortifications, which are still standing to mark the scene of conflict.

The Warner Mountains to the east of Alturas might well be called "the miniature range," since they are practically isolated from other chains, and extend only about sixty miles long and twenty-five miles wide from foot to foot. Despite their diminutive area—as mountain ranges go—they rise to a maximum height above sea-level of about ten thousand feet, and possess all the characteristics of a real Sierra—dashing rivers, lakes, meadows, forests, perilous precipices, rugged peaks.

Two roads lead from Alturas eastward across the Warners to Surprise Valley and the Alkali Lakes. The southern highway, a scenic route open the year round, crosses lofty Cedar Pass to the hamlet of Cedarville. The northern road, best in summer and fall, goes through Fandango Pass to Fort Bidwell, following one of the old Oregon-California emigrant roads, traces of which may easily be seen from the newer way.

Fandango Pass, and Fandango Valley to the west of the pass, owe their names to a tragedy of the old trail. A large party of emi-

grants, having left the hardships and dangers of northern Nevada, and finding in the Warners a plentiful supply of game, grass, and sweet water, relaxed their vigilance and proceeded to celebrate with a fandango. The merrymaking was at its height when Indians, who had been watching from the cover of near-by forests, swooped down on the poorly-guarded encampment and massacred every member except one, who managed to make his escape from this dance of death.

Fort Bidwell, at the head of Upper Lake in Surprise Valley, was established in 1866 and named in honor of General John Bidwell, California pioneer to whom we have made frequent reference. The commanding officer's quarters still stand at the "fort," long abandoned as a military station. Indians here are mostly survivors of the once-numerous Piute tribe. Cowhead Lake, known also as Pelican Lake, is to the northeast. The mountains rising on the east of Surprise Valley are called the Forty-Nine Range, or Colman Mountains.

Large lakes lie within this region, though their size is variable. Goose Lake, to the west of the Warners, is sometimes almost forty miles long, extending over into Oregon. It was dry in 1849, but during the series of wet years which followed it became a body of water of considerable size and depth, and at one time settlers moved freight in boats across it. When the lake again went dry in 1924, the old emigrant road appeared with unmistakable clearness on the lake bottom, and even traces of camp fires and abandoned wagons were found. The time-worn trail again has been covered by water, possibly for another three-quarters of a century.

Alkali Lakes, to the east of the Warners, are extensive in wet periods, but have been almost dry for several years. The hard, dry bed of the Middle Lake, absolutely level, is often used as a speedway by motorists.

Before leaving this northeastern region a trip should be made to the ice-caves and the lava beds south of Tule Lake and Lower Klamath Lake, usually reached from Canby or from Bieber. Here amid the "blowouts" and caverns, the Modocs under Captain Jack made their stand against United States troops. This proved one of the most formidable of all Indian outbreaks, and for a time Captain Jack terrorized northern California and southern Oregon. Against



him was pitted General Canby, and in this case the captain was almost an overmatch for the general; but they caught Captain Jack in the end and hanged him.

The Modocs in 1864, following a series of slayings, had ceded to the government all rights to the Lost River and Tule Lake country, receiving money and a reservation as compensation. Most of the tribesmen went peaceably to their new lands, but outlaws under a wily young chief, Keintpoos, called Captain Jack, and his sister, "Queen Mary," often considered the master-mind of the band, remained behind near the Lava Beds, and continued depredations. After a series of cold-blooded killings and reprisals, in 1872 troops were sent to subdue the Modoc band which lurked in the Lava Beds and fought off all attack.

For almost five months the Modocs tenaciously held an impregnable position at the south end of Tule Lake amid caves and crevices, "like ants in a sponge" as one old Indian-fighter averred, and so great was the natural strength of the place that, though shells rained for days upon it and several pitched battles were fought, the Modocs lost not a single man, while the whites had more than a hundred killed, besides many more wounded, mostly shot at close range from below. The main position of the defenders, now known as Captain Jack's Stronghold, is today much as it was when the Indians occupied it.

The paleface forces being put to a stand, a peace parley was called, at which Brigadier-General E. R. S. Canby met Captain Jack and several of his chiefs under a flag of truce, April 11, 1873. The Indians were restive and suspicious, and suddenly Captain Jack shot and killed the general, while "Boston Charley" treacherously slew Rev. Eleazer Thomas, also a peace commissioner. Another commissioner was saved by a friendly squaw who shouted a false warning to Jack's band. Canby's Cross and an inscribed monument now mark the scene of the massacre, about two miles west of the Stronghold.

Captain Jack and his braves, after a three-day battle, escaped under the noses of the troops—fleeing, however, only when a line of soldiers had been flung across their water-supply. Then followed another series of battles and outrages by Jack's band, but his pur-

suers came up with and captured him in June, 1873. Tried and found guilty, he was hanged at Fort Klamath on October 4th of the same year, together with several of his aides, and the Modoc wars, in which 400 officers and men lost their lives, were over. The sites of all the principal engagements are plainly marked.

A strange, sinister country, this. In it, during World War II, was the Tulelake relocation center where many Japanese were concentrated. Within the National Monument of which the Lava-Beds are part cluster numerous cinder cones and "chimneys," holes in the lava, and more than a hundred caves, some of which have never been fully explored. These are usually visited from Indian Well.

Labyrinth Cave has many entrances and vents, with a main passage extending nearly two miles; and at the principal entrance you discover a curious formation known as the Devil's Mush-Bowl, a large rock "kettle" from which lava spouted and flowed over the sides. Catacomb Cavern, with its strange wall niches and coral-like formations as delicate in tracery as old lace; Crystal Cave, noted for its groups of ice stalagmites and its red lava walls aglitter with frost crystals; Bear Paw Caves, the lowest of which holds a river of never-melting ice and a frozen waterfall; White Lace Cave, Fern Cave, Silver Cave—these are a few of the remarkable caverns. Skull Cave is so called because of the large number of skulls of bighorn sheep, antelopes, and other wild animals found there. In Painted Caves, on Symbol Bridge and elsewhere in the vicinity, the rock walls are decorated with Indian pictographs, not yet deciphered. Of the many natural bridges, the most remarkable are those at Bear Paw Caves and Captain Jack's Ice-Cave, both crossed by road.

Upon Glass Mountain, to the south, near Medicine Lake, you can toss volcanic rock fragments as big as a horse, so light in weight are they!

Curious indeed are the rock formations in this northeastern corner of California, which is part of what was once one of the world's greatest fields of intense volcanic activity, originally an area of a quarter of a million square miles. Now Lassen Peak is its only glowing ember, in the midst of a land of burned-out fires.

And so our casual journey through California, from end to end,

is concluded. At least, the route-marching is. But before leaving off, in order to assure a fuller understanding and appreciation of the California scene, and to cover topics which could not be dealt with *en route* without tiresome iteration, it will be well to survey briefly the distinctive flora and fauna, and to finish with a proper appreciation of the glorious life out-of-doors in which all are free to participate.

## CHAPTER XLIV

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### *Adornments to the California Scene*

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THE lover of nature asks no fairer field than California for his wanderings. Here it is that John Muir and Bradford Torrey and all the mountain brotherhood have walked the flower-starred meadows and have made friends with the wild things of the woods. Even the casual traveler passing through will remark the characteristic native growth, to which have been added notably trees and shrubs of Mediterranean lands and of Australia, which find here conditions most congenial.

Striking features are presented by the aboriginal flora of California, for the trees, shrubs, flowers, and ferns, while bearing resemblance to those elsewhere, also have peculiarities which render them distinctive; and often they are entirely unique, found nowhere else. A main reason for this difference of flora is the comparative isolation of California—cut off from the rest of the world by the greatest of oceans, by mountain walls and desert wastes.

The rapid growth of indigenous California vegetation is a marvel to see; in the phrase of Stevenson, "trees spring like mushrooms from the unexhausted soil." Forests cover a vast area, but the number of varieties of forest trees is not great, those dominant in the dense wooded tracts being sequoias, pines and firs.

The national parks in California embrace majestic forests, preserved forever in public ownership. Almost one-fifth of the state's

area is held within the national forests, but expansive domains of woodland also are in private ownership. In passing, it may be noted that many of the national forests do not conform entirely to our idea of a "forest," any more than the New Forest of England, for they hold wide areas not thickly wooded. In the southern ranges of California, especially, they include much brushland and even bare mountain slopes, but what coverage they have is precious in water conservation, for lack of water is in desperate truth "the burning question" in large sectors, and the menace of the forest fire is ever-present except in midwinter.

Most beloved and most distinctive of the trees of California, as we have seen, are the sequoias. Of these only two species exist—the redwoods of the coast (*Sequoia sempervirens*) and the Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*) of the Sierra Nevada. The distinction between the species is manifest to anyone who observes both, although their family likeness is striking, too. In general, redwoods attain loftier stature, but the mightiest members of the *gigantea* species are thicker-trunked. The *tallest* of all trees are redwoods; the *greatest* in bulk are Big Trees. And both species rank among the *oldest*—many living representatives, we have noted, have passed twenty centuries!

Redwood foliage spreads in flat sprays; leaves of Big Trees are awl-like, in massy pendant plumes. Redwood branches incline upward near the tree-top, while the lower branches slope downward; whereas the middle and lower branches of the Sierra giants generally droop, and those supporting the crown thrust straight out, then bend upward from their elbows. Redwood crowns are pointed like spires of fir and spruce; crowns of the Big Trees early become rounded, and in maturity often are fashioned like inverted bowls. Redwood bark is generally darker than that of its Sierra relative.

Most important distinction lies in habit and distribution of growth. Redwoods are forest communists; the Big Trees are forest individualists. Redwoods, growing rapidly from stumps and seedlings, cluster close-set in mighty forests, excluding by their conquering vigor almost all other trees. Except in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park, and near by, Big Trees grow in widely separated

"groves," in association with other massive forest trees such as sugar pine, white fir, incense cedar.

But we learned much about the stalwart sequoia family when we were woods-walking in the Sierra and through the northwestern counties.

Loftiest and most symmetrical of all pines is the sugar pine (the "long-coned pine" of Frémont), which usually grows at great altitudes in the mountains, both in the Sierra and in the Coast Range. This noble tree, attaining an age of seven or eight centuries, reaches a height of 200 feet and a diameter of 10 feet. Its great, tapering, columnar trunk is broken by few branches, and these not large, in comparison; nor is the foliage dense. The furrowed bark is purplish brown in hue, and the cones are large, sometimes 20 inches long. This pine derives its name from a sweet resinous gum exuding from its hardwood, a "manna" which in granulation and taste is like candy sugar.

Ranking second in size to the sugar pine is the well-known yellow pine, the *ponderosa*, one of the principal trees of the California highlands. Its leaves grow in triple clusters at the up-turned ends of the branches, giving the foliage a tufted aspect. The thick bark, of a light yellowish brown or cork color, is divided into large smooth plates, whereby the tree is readily identified, even at a distance. Thus armored, the yellow pine offers stern resistance to forest fires.

In the higher ranges of the Sierra Nevada, but below the dwarf pines of the snow line, reach dark forests of tamarack (properly *tamrac*) pines. Small and well proportioned, these are the graceful trees known sometimes as lodge-pole pines. The big-cone pine, or Coulter pine, with massive claw-scaled cones, is a species abundant in the San Bernardino Mountains, and elsewhere in the south. This tree attains a height of from forty to seventy feet.

Remarkable among conifers for its spreading top is the digger pine (sometimes termed also the scrub pine or silver pine), on dry foothill slopes. It has a somewhat stunted look, and when viewed from afar the airy gray-green foliage looks much like that of the willow. The Digger Indians gathered the palatable nuts from the cones, these being among their staple articles of food. Woodpeckers

select digger nut pine trees as storehouses for their winter food, drilling many a hole in the bark and tamping an acorn in each.

As we have noted, around La Jolla, north of San Diego, and on one island offshore, flourish the picturesque Torrey pines, found native in no other region. California has several unique "tree islands" such as this—tracts wherein grow trees restricted to narrow limits, native nowhere else in the world. As already hinted, the isolation of California—girt by sea and mountains and desert—accounts for these. The Big Tree belt and the redwood belt (almost continental in size, that "island") have been mentioned; and the domain of fast-growing Monterey pines and fantastic Monterey cypresses was noted duly when we visited the central coastland, as were the tall Santa Lucia firs, limited to the rugged range bearing that name.

The white fir is large and stately; and it is upon the trunks of the youngsters of this tree-kind that the cysts are found holding the resinous fluid termed balsam of fir. The red fir is another tall symmetrical tree.

Among the noblest of the giant forest trees of the West is the Douglas fir—sometimes called Douglas spruce. Often attaining an altitude of 300 feet, and a diameter of 10 feet, it dominates dense forests in the Sierra Nevada and the Cascades, growing along with the pines, especially on northern slopes. Its foliage is soft and feathery, with drooping twigs; its fragrant wood, strong and tough, is valued as lumber, being usually called "Oregon pine."

The Sierra juniper in appearance is very much like the juniper of the East. It stands, alone or in small groups, atop granite domes and ridges in the Sierra Nevada; and John Muir, stoutly declaring that the wood disintegrates about as slowly as granite, even when the tree is overthrown, estimated the age of some of these bent patriarchs at 2,000 years.

The incense cedar, or California white cedar (*libocedrus decurrens*), ranging from Shasta to Tejon Pass; Port Orford cedar or Lawson cypress, prized as an ornamental tree; the arbor vitæ, also sometimes termed "canoe cedar" (*thuja plicata*), a tall and graceful tree; two species of hemlocks; and the Western yew—these are among the outstanding conifers.

One of the most strikingly beautiful of California trees is the madrone, or madroña (*arbutus menziesii*), an evergreen which some-

times attains a height of fifty feet, growing often in association with the redwoods. Dubbed "the harlequin of the forest," it is appareled in bark deep red and smooth, but this peels off at regular seasons, revealing satiny new bark of pea-green color. The leaves are oval, lustrous, vivid green, contrasting with its bark and fleshy red berries in clusters, choice morsels for the birds. It was of the madrone that Bret Harte sang:

Captain of the western wood,  
Thou thatapest Robin Hood,  
Green above thy scarlet hose  
How thy velvet mantle shows.  
Never tree like thee arrayed,  
Oh, thou gallant of the glade.

From the tough madrone wood the Spaniards generally made the capacious wooden stirrups which they used in those hard-riding days of old.

The California black oak, a majestic and beautiful tree native only to California, also known as the Kellogg oak, is found in the mountain forests, as well as in groves in the upland flats and valleys. The maul oak, or mountain live-oak, dominates extensive woods in the Sierra Nevada. Most of the other oaks of California grow in groves, clumps or, most characteristically, scattered singly over plains and foothills, casting dense pools of shadow gratefully sought in the hot noonings.

Largest and most typical oak of California is the *Quercus lobata*, native in the central valleys, with spreading, drooping branches, giving to many inland California landscapes their distinctive charm. Often these oaks are broader than they are tall. The acorn of this species of oak was a favorite food with the Indians, but the wood is of little worth, even for fence-posts. Its near relation, the California white oak, or long-acorned oak, is also wide-spreading, and likewise at its long acorns, sometimes more than two inches long, the aborigines smacked their lips. The coast live-oak of central California, a beautiful evergreen with the habit of growing in groups, displays interesting variation in form. The interior live-oak is similar to the coast live-oak.



A related tree, the tan oak, is a conspicuous species in the coastal association. In the early days, these oaks furnished much bark for the tanning of leather.

The California laurel, or bay, is a common evergreen tree in the coast valleys, with leaves dark green and lustrous, its foliage dense; and both wood and leaves give forth an aroma reminiscent of bay rum. It is sometimes termed pepperwood.

Here the willow and cottonwood (alamo, as the Spaniards called it) are similar to their fellows of the Mississippi Valley. Poplar, alder, broad-leaved maple, and flowering dogwood are other stream-side trees. The poplar, because of the gum upon its buds, is often termed balm of Gilead. A lovely sight when you come upon it in the Sierras is a clump of quaking aspens, their tremulous foliage silver in summer, but changing in fall to hues ranging from yellow to clamant red.

The Western sycamore is common in stream-bottoms in southern California and along the coast. Picturesque in aspect, it is delightfully reflective of soft moonlight.

In the Coast Range, much of the coverage is chaparral—that is, dwarf oaks in association with thorny bushes, forming an almost impenetrable wilderness; and it is through these thickets that the vaqueros ride with their great chaparejos (chaps) of leather—no cloth could withstand the rending and plucking fingers of that chaparral.

This scrub growth, which is most characteristic of California, is made up largely of scrawny bush-oaks, manzanita, chamiso, or chemise, and California buckeye. When the heather-like chamiso bush is dominant in the tangle, it is termed chamisal, and this reaches away over vast hillside areas. Often it is loosely termed "greasewood."

The chaparral, called so poetically "the elfin forest," spreads not only over the Coast Range, but also mantles the lower western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. The word is from *chaparro*, signifying a scrub live-oak, small and evergreen, and drought-resisting.

Manzanita is a clump-like shrub, hugging the ground and wide-spreading, with claret-colored stem and branches, invariably crooked. The wood is dense, hard, and dark red in color. This shrub bears

clusters of pinkish-white flowers, replaced later by red berries, which give the name *manzanita* (little apple), a diminutive of the Spanish *manzana*. These berries, of a pleasant acid taste, were esteemed delicacies by the Indians and the grizzly bears. Often associated with the *manzanita* is the *ceanothus*, mistakenly called the wild lilac or California lilac, and of which there is a multitude of species. Lovely evergreen shrubs, they are masses of dense foliage, often thorny, and in blossom-time glorious with profuse bloom. Some species have blue flowers and some white flowers, some red and some violet, and almost all send forth winsome fragrance.

The California horse-chestnut or buckeye, abundant in the valleys, is a low-spreading tree or shrub which from early spring till late summer carries heavy clusters of sweet-scented blossoms, gracing ravines, rocky ledges, and stream margins. Beloved by all, the toyon, or California holly, ablaze with clustered red berries around Christmas-time, displays dark glossy foliage, but its leaves are not deeply toothed like the true *ilex*, or holly, of Europe.

In the chaparral often grow varieties of sagebrush, the *artemesia*, and on the dry elevated plains on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada extend the "sagebrush deserts," covered as far as eye can see by the silver gray-green shrubs, seeming to subsist on the air, which they scent with a pungent fragrance like that of the household herb, sage.

Vegetation of the deserts in the southwestern part of California belongs to the so-called Sonoran zone, and while it is indeed Mexican in origin, it seems more like plant life from another planet. *Yucca* and cactus, mesquite and catsclaw and creosote bush—all were reviewed when we made our way across the Colorado and Mohave deserts. They are not characteristic of the state as a whole, though some of them add notes of grotesquerie to more northern gardens.

Favorite as an ornamental tree, lining boulevards and gracing broad estates throughout California, is the Washington palm—native to the sheltered desert canyons rifling the lower wall of the San Jacinto range.

Not a desert growth, but one which takes unenviable first rank among the "pest plants," is the poison oak; not a tree, but a shrub,

which infests valley and coastland, often amid the chaparral. If it attaches itself to an oak tree it becomes a parasite, attaining a great height. To many unfortunates the touch of the leaf is poison, causing irritation and eruption of the skin, and some are so susceptible that its evil effect is felt by them even from passing to leeward of the bush on a breezy day, or through the smoke of a fire in which it is burning. It is easy to guess why this noxious enemy plant ranks with the rattlesnake in public disesteem.

Mistletoe clings abundantly on many oak trees, and Spanish moss, lace-like and gray-green, often drapes branches of valley oaks and of Monterey cypresses.

The native bulrush, the tule, with its handsome brown spikes, plentiful in salt- and fresh-water marshes, but far less rife than before reclamation began. Once a quarter-million acres were tule land.

Of the forage grasses, the wild oat is the most widespread, but there is a question if it is native to California, though it grows luxuriantly on both hills and plains, in the coast region and inland. White clover, a succulent native, displays a large yellowish white bloom, very sweet. The primitive redskins liked it both raw and boiled. Perhaps we would, if we tried it. The alfalfa, or pin grass is much in favor with browsing cattle, for this filaree (as the cow boys call it) is succulent, sweet, and hardy.

Native strawberries and blackberries abound, but the fruit is inferior in size to the cultivated varieties. Wild grapes, salmonberries, gooseberries, huckleberries—these are rife in the thickets.

Wildflowers run riot in California, each month marked by its special growth. In the spring, when most of the wildflowers bloom they cover not only the fields and the hills, but often show their colors upon the tops of mountains. Forests abound with them, and even the deserts and arid plains are graced by their presence. Sometimes acres of a single kind of wildflower will be seen, adorning the landscape with one solid mass of color—a feature as much marveled at by present-day visitors as by the first comers.

During April and May the whole countryside is decked in this "floral jewelry" set in satiny grass-green. The native flowers, however, though they possess elegance of form and vividness of color,

often are lacking in fragrance; but some, like the ceanothus, have much fragrance and make up for a regiment of odorless others, filling the air with their perfume when in bloom. Several varieties of the wild rose flourish, and flowers of the lily and syringa family add their delicious fragrance.

As a background to all these are aromatic shrubs such as the *yerba buena* (Spanish for good herb), which grows in the coast ranges—a creeping vine, bearing resemblance to the wild strawberry, which gives forth a strong perfume, between peppermint and camphor, and is reputed to possess potent medicinal properties. It was this herb which lent its name, Yerba Buena, to the early bay-shore settlement at San Francisco.

Of the California wildflowers it is said that poetasters thrill and botanists despair over them. There are perplexing groups of closely related species, difficult to classify. Poppies, cream-cups, baerias, brodiaeas, godetias, tidy-tips, fairy lanterns, larkspurs, violets and hundreds of other varieties of native flowers adorn the plains and foothill slopes. The state's official flower-emblem is the California poppy, which the Spaniards called *copa de oro*, or cup of gold. A meadow bespread with these satiny flowers is truly like a Field of Cloth of Gold. They covered such vast areas on hill and headland along the coast that early Spanish mariners used the masses of golden bloom as landmarks in their navigation. Scientists know this poppy by the formidable name *eschscholtzia*, after an early exploring botanist, one Herr Doktor Johann Friedrich Eschscholtz. Now, this flower has, some claim, more than a hundred species. Let Eschscholtz have one of these to commemorate his uncouth name; the others deserve appellations more poetical.

Lupines, blue and white and yellow; Indian paint-brush; sticky monkey plant (a *mimulus*); the Mariposa lily; the wild iris or flag lily; the azalea and rhododendron; the goldenrod; the baby-blue-eye; the wild leopard lily—jostling one another, these are but a few of the flowers which add color to the wild gardens.

On the seacoast a distinctive vegetation flourishes, with sedums prominent. The sea fig, or sea marigold—its name, *mesembryanthemum*, ranks with "truly rural" as a tongue-tester—clings to the rocks and sandhills alongshore; and the sea daisy and sea aster and sand

verbena adorn the dunes. Golden yarrow and pink wild buckwheat love the seacoast, too.

Wildflowers which are not native are the wild yellow mustard and the wild radish, with a purple bloom which in mass is surpassingly lovely throughout the fields of the Santa Barbara region. Both were brought by the early Spanish settlers. Legend has it that the padres broadcast mustard seed on their first northward journey into Alta California, so as to find their way back the following spring. Anyone who has read *Ramona* will know how that mustard flourished.

A record of native and introduced plants is, strangely, preserved in the adobe bricks of the missions and other early structures. As it was necessary, in making adobes, to mix with the soil a binder of plant material, this has been analyzed to show the period when various immigrant weeds and grasses were brought in, for the age of many of these adobe structures is definitely known.

Rich is California in natural beauty; and where the hand of man has touched the landscape, new graces have been added. In sheltered valleys the orange trees show forth their green and gold, hillside vineyards display their regal purple. All the fruits of classic lands prosper here—the olive and date, the pomegranate and fig.

Far and wide over foothill and plain stretch orchards, and when in March and early April they burst into blossom the atmosphere is freshened with their redolence. The acres of roses and sweet peas of the great seed-plantations send forth their perfumes to mingle with the scent of vernal grass and alfalfa and alfilleria. In the little foothill valleys these varied fragrances are gathered together sometimes as in a cup, and whoever breathes "this rich air like wine" is like to become at heart as poetical as a poet. No wonder that the Spanish bestowed such a name as *Las Aromas* upon a favored place in the heart of this region.

Californians have taken delight in adding to the charm of the land which is their heritage. To the towering redwood and pine, to the writhen-limbed live-oak and cypress, they have added the eucalyptus and acacia from Australia, the pepper tree from Peru. They have brought hither palms from all the tropics, from Amazon to Zanzibar, and these take root and flourish like the native palms of

the San Jacinto Mountains. Of all the trees which have been naturalized in California, the eucalyptus is the most characteristic feature of the landscape in many regions. It blooms in the autumn, "keeping tryst," as Joaquin Miller comments, wistfully, "with the Australian summer."

As to the introduced plants, they are legion. Of those with economic uses, principal are the deciduous fruit trees and, of course, as we have seen, the orange. Brought originally from Brazil, the navel-orange tree is now at home in California; and the Valencia orange has been brought hither from Spain. The prune, from France, grows to perfection in the Santa Clara Valley. Olive, fig, and grape have flourished in California since mission days, and the varieties which the padres planted are still highly esteemed. The avocado, or alligator pear, brought hither from the West Indies, is much grown now in the southland; and date palms are bent with full-fruited branches in the Coachella Valley.

Vegetables—there's a full seed-catalog of them, most unusual being perhaps the artichoke and asparagus. Rice-paddies glisten in the valley of the Sacramento. And now cotton, for years neglected here, has been produced on a large scale in the southern San Joaquin and Imperial valleys, most of it of the long-staple varieties.

Of the field crops, alfalfa is the principal factor, often affording as much as ten cuttings to the season. Once wheat was almost the exclusive crop in the great central valley of California, but that era has vanished, and now barley is the principal grain grown, much of it going to old England, along with hops here produced, for the delight of brewmasters and their clients.

Distinctive is California in its vegetation, even in that which is not native. It has been said that the indigenous flora is more closely related to the vegetation of Spain than it is to that of the Mississippi Valley; and as we have noted, the introduced fruits are, many of them, immigrants from Mediterranean lands. The visitor beholds here a country of an aspect at once charming and unusual.

## CHAPTER XLV

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### *Wild Life*

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EVERY life zone in North America except the tropical is represented within the borders of California, and a remarkable fact is that here their distribution is mainly a matter of altitude, rather than of latitude. Even a transient visitor to the state is likely to come upon some of its characteristic wild life, and one who wanders in the wilderness will learn to know many of the creatures, finned, furred, and feathered, which make California the perennial delight of naturalists and lovers of nature.

While some of the aboriginal animal and bird inhabitants have been sadly decimated, and a few species once common have disappeared utterly, a more sympathetic policy of conservation in later years has aided the survival of most of them. National and state parks, game reserves and bird sanctuaries, have been set aside, and within their vast areas the wild creatures can roam undisturbed—or at least unscathed.

Most famous of all the animals, and that which was early chosen as the totem of California, was the grizzly bear. Now it is extinct in this land, despite persistent stories recounted now and then of some ghostly grizzly having been sighted in remote fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada. The grizzly bear contended valiantly with the pioneer, defending its domain in many a desperate hand-to-paw, knife-to-claw combat.

The black bear, still roaming the highlands of northwestern California and the loftier ranges of the Sierra Nevada and the San Bernardino chain, is the same animal found on the Atlantic side of the continent. The bears called "cinnamon" and "brown" are declared by most naturalists to represent merely variations in color of the black bear. Few travelers have the pleasure of meeting the sapient Sierra bear in the wilds, as he is very shy, though "bear sign" is not uncommon. "To him everything is food except granite," commented John Muir, quaintly. "The bears let man alone, unless they are wounded or cornered or have cubs." Visitors to Yosemite, Sequoia and Kings Canyon national parks now have opportunity to make acquaintance with the bruins, which there become almost tame, but it's well not to presume on the scraped-up friendship with the big burlies.

You're not likely to meet California's meanest native—not if he scents or sees you first! In forested areas and in the mountains slinks the cougar, a feline animal with a price ever on his head. This outlaw passes under many an alias—California lion, mountain lion, American panther, puma. It is mainly because of destruction of deer and sheep that a bounty has been placed on cougar scalps, and some of the backwoodsmen maintain themselves by their prowess in tracking and killing these "varmints," many of which weigh a hundred and fifty pounds, and measure ten feet from tip to tip.

On or near the plains roams the coyote, combining the characters of the wolf and fox. Natives will tell visitors that the name is properly pronounced ko-yo'-te, not ki'-ote, though the dictionary permits both. These animals, famous for their speed when pursued, and infamous for slinking cowardice and prolonged blood-chilling howls, persist still in great numbers, though a bonus is paid on each pelt. Mark Twain, with his flair for pert characterization, branded Don Coyote as "a long, slim, sick-and-sorry-looking skeleton, with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it—a living, breathing, allegory of want. . . . He is *always* hungry. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it."

Yet this arrant coward, renegade and rogue, was the *hero* of most



of the Indian legends, boasting exploits rivaling those of the fox in the animal tales of Aryan and Ethiopian races. Strangely, the coyote is even represented in some of the folk stories as the savior of mankind.

Several kinds of foxes are native to California, and the wildcat (or red lynx) roves widely. There is scarcely a range of hills which has not its Wildcat Canyon.

The beaver is still found in remote parts of California where water abounds, constructing canals and underground conduits, but he does not here build dams as elaborate as elsewhere.

Formerly abundant, the elk (its true name is wapiti) remains now only in small protected bands in the forests of the northwestern counties, in the foothills above the San Joaquin, and in Yosemite Valley. The white-tailed deer, native to the middle and eastern parts of the state, is similar to the common deer of the East (*Cervus virginianus*); but by far a more common species throughout the length of California, west of the Sierra Nevada, is the graceful black-tailed deer. It has longer ears, limbs, and tail than the other, and its tail is black above, which accounts for the name. The mule deer, notable for its long mule-like ears and its heroic size, is common on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, whence it ranges to the Rocky Mountains.

About the deer, which are the game most sought by hunters in season, more will be said in the next chapter, on outdoor life. But many there are who prefer to hunt the wild creatures of forest and field with nothing more menacing than a camera, and almost anywhere in the wilds you are like to come upon graceful grazing deer. Some, in protected areas, are tame.

In pioneer times the swift American antelope roamed in vast herds throughout the dry plains and valleys of California, but today is found here only in the northeastern part of the state. The antelope wander in full security, for it is not now lawful to shoot them. The mountain sheep or "bighorn" is wellnigh extinct, but may still be spied (if you are lucky) in the higher Sierra near Mount Whitney and on the slopes of San Jacinto. Even in former days it was not often killed, protected by its extreme wariness. Twice the size of the domestic sheep, this wild cousin has enormous horns. On an

early visit of the Spanish to Monterey Bay they saw bighorns roaming in that vicinity, but long since these animals vanished from the coastland.

The gray ground squirrels are numerous on the plains and in the hills, though attempt has been made to exterminate them. They are of the size of half-grown cats, and have long bushy tails, like the tree squirrels; but they do not ascend trees, except occasionally in search of food, and their dwelling is in the ground.

Of the true squirrels, inhabiting forests only, California has two species, the California gray squirrel and the Douglas squirrel, and they enliven the woods with their scampering and chatter. The gray squirrel is the handsomest and largest of North American species, considerably bigger than the ground squirrel. His fur is a clear gray, and he is the proud possessor of a gracefully curled, bushy tail longer than his body.

The Douglas squirrel was a prime favorite with John Muir, as he is with all who roam the mountain forests. Dark brown, pale below, with a black stripe on either side, he is less than half the size of the California gray, yet, said "John of the Mountains," he claims all the woods "and is inclined to drive away even men as intruders. How he scolds, and what faces he makes! If not so comically small, he would be a dreadful fellow. He is the most influential of the Sierra animals, though small—a squirrel of squirrels, quick mountain vigor and valor condensed, purely wild, and as free from disease as a sunbeam. The Douglas is a firm, emphatic bolt of life, fiery, pungent, full of brag and show and fight. . . . He goes his ways bold as a lion, up and down and across, round and round, the happiest, merriest of all the hairy tribe, and at the same time tremendously earnest and solemn, sunshine incarnate, making every tree tingle with his electric toes."

Chipmunks, sometimes called striped ground squirrels, swarm in the northern mountain ranges—alert, beautiful little animals, not difficult to tame, and around Lake Tahoe they seem to be particularly friendly to humans. The yellow-bellied marmot, also termed the woodchuck and groundhog, is found in the higher mountains of California and resembles the portly animal so called in the

East. He is often seen running (not swiftly) among the gray boulders along the Tioga Road and in near-by parts of the Sierra.

California has a full quota of raccoons, badgers, porcupines, gophers, field mice, and other minor mammals. Spotted and striped skunks, beautiful black-and-white "cats," obnoxious because of their mephitic odor, are not uncommon.

None of the California rabbits burrow like the true rabbits, which are all imported; their habits are like those of the European hares and our Eastern rabbits. The swift black-tailed jack rabbits, hares whose speed saves them from even the fleet coyotes, have tall listening ears and long legs. Their ears earned them their original name—jackass rabbits. Dodging through the brush is often seen the gray form of the cottontail, a rabbit smaller than the jack.

Land animals, strangely, have fared better than the sea animals, for of these there are not many remaining. The whales and their smaller relatives, the porpoises, formerly abounded off the coast, and still may be seen occasionally, especially by those who travel on the coastwise steamers. The California gray whale is that which has yielded most of the oil to the shore whalers, as it migrates north and south near the coast in spring and fall. The California elephant seal, or sea elephant, being stupid and easily killed (or else incredibly brave, scorning to flee from man), was exterminated here by early sealers and whalers for its oil, though still extant on islands off Mexico. This strange seal is about the size of the Arctic walrus in size, having also a short proboscis, but not the elephantine tusks of the walrus.

Several other interesting members of the seal family linger along the coast. The sea lions are the most generally known, resorting in large numbers to the near-shore rocks and islands. They are not very shy of man, and one can approach near to them, as their roaring is mingled with the sound of the waves. The leopard seal is a small spotted fellow once common on rocks and in bays. The fur seal is thought to have visited the Farallones formerly in small numbers, but is never seen there now.

The sea otter, limited to the North Pacific ocean, and capable of swimming very far from shore, once thronged along California's

coast and in the large rivers. The only colony known was discovered in 1938 off the mouth of Bixby Creek, south of Carmel.

Of birds, several hundred species have been seen in flight within the limits of California, and yet some unobservant travelers have averred that here is a deficiency of bird life, especially of singing birds.

The white-headed eagle (that one which stands as the emblem of the United States) was formerly an abundant species here, but now has almost gone the way of the grizzly bear. The American golden eagle was less numerous, but is occasionally still seen in the higher mountains—a large, yellowish-brown bird, “booted” with feathers down to its claws. Allied to the eagle is the fish-hawk, but it lives entirely on fish, which it catches by diving. It is found here beside clear waters both fresh and salt. Buzzard-hawks, chicken-hawks and buzzards are no strangers in these skies.

Owls may be wise and otherwise, but they are a race far from extinct. The monkey-faced owl is one common variety, and another is the burrowing owl, or ground owl, nesting in ground-squirrel burrows and “bowing low to passers-by.”

Vultures, though classed with birds of prey, are rather to be termed scavengers, as few of them attack living animals unless helpless; they have not the talons to seize prey which other species have, and their beaks are not so sharp or strong. The California vulture, or condor, is the largest land bird that flies in North America, although it is not so wide in wing-spread as the albatross. Unfortunately, now it is almost extinct.

Our American raven and the Western crow range as far as California; and the California jay, an audacious blue top-knotted bird, inhabits oak-groves and other woods in the valleys. The yellow-billed magpie, with its striking black-and-white apparel and mischievous habits, is common in the valleys, too. No bird is more distinctively Californian.

The woodpecker family has many representatives in California, and these are among the most beautiful of its birds. Early Spanish settlers called the woodpecker the *carpintero* (the carpenter), for he is indeed an insistent hammerer. That woodpecker now specifically called *carpintero* is remarkable for the custom he has of

drilling holes in the soft bark of trees, in each of which he places an acorn, accurately fitted and driven in. These acorns usually contain young grubs, which, when they have grown large, form succulent food for the provident birds.

One of the most distinctive of the feathered folk is the road-runner, or paisano, also called the chaparral cock, snake-killer, and racer. This curious bird runs very swiftly, but can fly only at a downward inclination, so that it is seldom seen in trees. Long-necked and long-tailed, the roadrunner trusts to its fleetness of foot to outdistance pursuers.

In the chaparral belt roves the wren-tit, its long tail aslant and atilt; and so different is this from any other bird upon the continent that ornithologists have placed it in a genus and family all its own.

The water ouzel is another unusual bird, which attracted the rapt attention of John Muir in the highlands. A little smaller than a robin, entirely slate-color, with a short tail, it lives on the margin of torrents, feeding on water insects, which it captures by diving, swimming, or walking under water, and though not web-footed, it shows more power of locomotion under water than many truly aquatic birds. The ouzel has, besides, a sweet spring-song, for it is of the thrush family, which has a number of other tuneful members in California. A large and important representative is the bird here called the robin, because of its red breast.

The bluebird is a great favorite, on account of both its beauty and its song. The meadow lark here is as large as a dove, mottled above with brown, white, and black, its breast yellow. Scarcely a grassy field or plain in California is without meadow larks, uttering their delicious succession of liquid notes. A very beautiful bird is the Western oriole—brilliant orange, with black back and wings, the wings showing a white patch. Orioles in summer throng many a grove.

Here also are several kinds of blackbirds, including the red-wing blackbirds, destructive of crops, the male displaying a red chevron on the shoulder. Linnets, finches, towhees, sparrows, and grosbeaks, all abound in California. Several species of song sparrows are

here, too, and at the dawn of spring, especially, they sing sweetly, if softly.

Hummingbirds, those volant tropical gems, are more partial to California than to any region north of Mexico, and one or two species even spend the winter here. The purple-throated hummer is green, with its throat a brilliant violet-purple; the rufous hummer is fox-colored, its throat scarlet; and gloriously arrayed are the other iridescent birds of this family which haunt California gardens.

Swifts and swallows are myriad. The Western tanager spends the summer in California and northward, and is brilliant in both plumage and song. The male is yellow, with wings and back black, its head red; the female is entirely yellowish. One of the most gifted singers, excelling even the mocking-bird in clarity of tone, is the California thrasher, its song an ecstasy of thrilling notes, inspiring, ethereal.

Grouse and quail are in great force, native birds notable as game; and pheasants, partridges, and wild turkeys have been introduced as game birds. The native valley quail is common throughout the lowlands, and often becomes quite tame. An amusing sight it is to see a male quail leading his plump hen and a covey of youngsters through the brush or across a road, or perched above them as a lookout—quail on post! So beloved is this quiet feathered citizen that ponderous legislators have voted him officially "the state bird" of California. A beautiful bird, too, is the mountain quail, larger than its cousin, its crest of two fine long feathers turning backward over its head, whereas the shorter crest of the valley quail turns forward.

The sage-fowl ranges the eastern border of California; the prairie-hen, or sharp-tailed grouse, roves the northeastern counties, and the ruffed grouse is especially numerous in the northern woodlands.

Belted kingfishers wing their way up and down the California coast, seeming to subsist wholly on fish. The name of the kildee, a handsome plover which frequents brooksides and sea marshes, is derived from its common note. There are little sandpipers, too, chiefly resorting in the brackish marshes near the sea.

The sandhill crane, and several kinds of herons, are among the

waders found along California shores; and the American coot, the inglorious mud-hen, a slaty-blue duck-like bird, is here as elsewhere.

Of the water birds, the swimmers, many representatives are present—geese, ducks, cormorants, gulls, terns, loons, and portly pelicans. Canvas-back, mallard, and other ducks, still numerous in the marshes and lagoons, are brought down by the sportsman, and of these and other game birds more will be said later in the pages on sport.

Pelicans here are of two species, white and gray, the first chiefly found on fresh water, the latter on salt water; and these "satchel-bills," with their heavy flight, are curious and fascinating birds.

Cormorants, of three or four species, flock on the seashores. They are black, with tints of green and purple, white patches, and other distinctive markings. The gulls, too, are legion, on fresh waters as well as on salt, and many are beautiful birds, sailing aloft with infinite grace. Ferryboat passengers on the bays delight in feeding the gulls. Still surviving on the islands off the coast are auks, or sea parrots, most of them laying only one egg a year.

As to reptiles, there is a full quota, especially in the desert regions. Of the order *sauria* (lizards) California has an unusual number, and many attract notice for their beautiful form, curious markings and colorings. Charmed by the rock lizards of Yosemite, John Muir wrote: "If you stay with them a week or two and behave well, these gentle saurians, descendants of an ancient race of giants, will soon know and trust you, come to your feet, play and watch your every motion with cunning curiosity. A few are snaky and repulsive at first sight, but most of the species are handsome and attractive and bear acquaintance well. They glint and dart on the sunny rocks and across the open spaces from bush to bush, swift as dragonflies and humming-birds, and about as brilliantly colored. Their stops are necessary as rests, for they are short-winded. There are bright ones, gorgeous as the rainbow, and little ones, gray as lichen granite, and scarcely bigger than grasshoppers."

Several kinds of "horned toads" are in the desert area, though they are not like toads, except in the broad flat shape of their bodies. Tapaya is their Mexican name. In the desert turtle, California has one of the most remarkable turtles of America.

Of the serpents in California, only the rattlesnakes are venomous, and these are easily identified by their rattle. Experts allege that the rattler keeps his venom to himself, as far as man is concerned, unless his life is threatened. There are several kinds of rattlesnakes, none popular—least of all the diamond-back, and the “sidewinder” of the desert. Among the harmless serpents is the green racer, an olive-green snake, yellow beneath, about three feet long. It is found everywhere west of the Sierra, climbing trees like the Eastern blacksnake, to which it is nearest related, but it has no evil in it, any more than the several varieties of garter snakes.

Frogs and toads are dwellers in moist places, from coast lagoon to High Sierra meadow, their krink-and-tonk concerts adding cheerful notes in the wilds.

In regard to fishes (and here your amateur naturalist is getting into deep water) California is particularly fortunate, probably having greater abundance and variety than any part of the world, or at least of the temperate zones. The king of fish, the salmon, is plentiful in many rivers and bays; steelhead run in the fall in coastland streams; trout of large size leap in mountain lakes and torrents, though before the advent of Americans here they were not in many of the glacial lakes of the High Sierra.

Black bass swarm in many lakes, and great striped bass (introduced from the Atlantic coast) in bay waters. Perch, whitefish, kingfish, sea bass, pompano, bonito (called by the Spanish *caballo*, and by us sometimes “horse mackerel”), albacore, sea trout, rock cod (groupers), halibut, sole, tomcod, smelt, sturgeon—one would soon be breathless if he tried to cry all these fish! The marine fishes are represented by hundreds of species, many of which have no English name, or which bear the name of some Eastern or European fish often quite different. But—the best way to study them is to wander through the aquarium in Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco.

Those fighting fish which afford sport to anglers are mentioned briefly again in the next chapter, on life out-of-doors.

Shellfish, such as clams and mussels and oysters, abound on the coast. The abalones, or ear-shells, are taken in great numbers from wave-washed rocks, the meat being pounded and cooked and eaten, and the iridescent inner shell being used for inlay-work and orna-



ments. Countless crabs, lobsters, shrimps, and crawfish inhabit coastal waters. While the "lobster" has not the large claws of the snappy Atlantic fellow, he grows a foot and a half long. Astounding crustaceans are these!

This is not a natural history, and for technical detail on mammals and birds, reptiles and fish and invertebrates, one must look elsewhere; but at least some hint has been given as to the diversity of the wild life of California, and its many unusual features, strange to the eyes of the visitor. No one, even if lying in wait in the wilderness or on the seashore, will see all these creatures, but many of the birds and animals are likely to cross the trail of even the most hurried traveler.

A delightful way to study them is to observe them in the zoölogical gardens, such as those at San Diego, in Balboa Park; at Los Angeles in Griffith Park; and at San Francisco in Golden Gate Park and Fleishhacker Playfield. The habitat groups of mounted native animals and birds in the Natural History Museum in Golden Gate Park have been mentioned as particularly notable, and much can be learned of the appearance of the wild creatures by visiting the exhibits there, as well as in the Museum of History, Science, and Art in Exposition Park at Los Angeles, and the Natural History Museum at San Diego. Zoölogical collections at the University of California and at Stanford University are most extensive, illustrating all forms of life on the Pacific Coast.

But happily it is not only in zoölogical gardens and museums that one can now study intimately the inhabitants of the wilds. A system of "nature guides" has been developed in the national parks and in some of the state parks, available to visitors, and these guides will point out not only the birds, animals, and reptiles, but will become communicative upon the botanical environment as well. And one needs no guide to wander at will in the mountains and forests, to make friends with the companionable furred and feathered creatures which therein dwell, joyful in the sunshine and bountiful plenty of this their California.

## CHAPTER XLVI

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### *Outdoors in California*

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WE ARE all lovers of the life in the open. We are insurgents against sluggish existence, against wasting the bright sunshine of the world, against remaining prisoned up always between four walls and a roof. Boldly we make declaration that Americans in their traditional pursuit of happiness are, and of right ought to be, a free and out-of-doors people.

The proof of a climate is the testing. Votaries of sport have as keen weather eyes as have any forecasters. For more than four-score years they have been testing the climate of California, analyzing its adaptability for their pleasant purposes, all California has been their laboratory. Is not their composite judgment, then, entitled to a place of exalted authority? Here it is, the verdict of the out-of-doors fellowship:

"We find California ideal for activities in the open, all the year round. There is scarcely a day when we may not play golf on the rolling oak-studded links, motor over roads smooth and wide, engage in brisk contest on the tennis-courts, speed across silver-bright waters in motor-boat or yacht, splash in the surf along the radiant coastline of the Pacific—and these are but a few of the outdoor activities which are open to all. This is true not only of restricted localities, but of the state as a whole. The climate is genial, summer and winter alike. The months in the middle of the year are almost

entirely rainless—in many places the year holds more than three hundred clear days. And there is not a month that a Californian would vote to leave out of his calendar.”

Thus it is that thousands upon thousands of visitors seek California each year to invest in pleasure, knowing that at whatever time they come they shall find a full round of outdoor pastimes to entertain them. The “tourist season” here has its official opening the first day of January and its closing the last day of December.

The people of California, encouraged by their climate, live independent of shelter as much as possible. As has been seen, there is a year-long succession of pageants and fiestas into which the entire population enters with light-hearted enthusiasm; throngs turn out to hear symphony and the drama under the stars; children are taught in outdoor schools innumerable; political meetings and social functions appeal most when held in the open air; and not much of the within-doors atmosphere is found even in the dwelling-houses, with their pergolas and verandas, their sleeping-porches, open windows, and sunlit patios. Californians have earned high repute for industry and enterprise, yet they have discovered how to make a happy combination of play with work.

Into this delightful existence the visitor is at once freely admitted. These folk have never forgotten the ways of hearty hospitality traditional in the West; they are proud of their sunny state, and their utmost desire is to please (as well as to astonish) the newcomer. Facilities for engaging in outdoor activities are placed at the disposal of the welcome visitor; most of the country clubs readily extend courtesies; and leading resort hotels maintain tennis-courts, golf-courses and other recreation-fields. To these are to be added countless public parks and playgrounds. The setting for this life out-of-doors is all California, and surely no small share of the delight the participant feels is to be credited to the charm of surroundings.

Such a wide range of outdoor recreation merits consideration in further detail—and, in passing, it seems most fitting to point out some of the best places to engage in favorite diversions.

The primacy of golf in present-day America entitles it to mention among the first of outdoor sports, intimately associated as it is with the delightful country-club life. Such is the moderation of

the climate that golf can be played here all through the year, on splendid golf-courses scattered throughout the length and breadth of California. More than two hundred country clubs have well-kept courses, and there are, besides, many excellent municipal courses, such as those at Griffith Park in Los Angeles and at Lincoln Park in San Francisco. It is to be expected that varied conditions of play are to be met with, and assuredly there is no pallid sameness about the game in California, for the golfer, as he makes his way across the undulating grasslands, finds inspiration in scenery of striking beauty. Some of the courses are shadowed by mountain peaks, others are encircled by chaparral-clad foothills, nearly all are studded with the native live-oaks of California which give a park-like aspect to the whole countryside.

Another pastime here enjoyed, the game of polo, has traveled far—from the little frontier states of India all around the world. It began with one-half of a Himalayan village contesting against the other half; it reaches its classic stage with northern California playing southern California. Always holding intense spectacular interest, in this new environment polo appears the most strenuous of sports. The trim polo ponies play at no mere fox-trot, but at runaway speed; and it is no surprise to learn that some of these hardy, agile animals are converted broncos, native cow ponies that have gained entrance into the aristocracy. Their riders are exponents of daredevil skill, known wherever the game is known; and today Coronado and Del Monte and Burlingame are names as great in the world of polo as Hurlingham or Meadowbrook. Scores of Eastern and foreign poloists have invaded California fields, and international tournaments thrill followers of the sport.

Polo is particularly favored as a winter activity in California, most of the games taking place during the first four months of the year. All the chief contests call forth brilliant throngs of society folk, for polo has gained here a distinguished following, and as the riders dash across the bermuda turf in pursuit of the willow-root ball they are certain of rounds of applause to reward their skill. California understands the game.

Famed as a land of champions, in no other sport does California hold such acknowledged supremacy as in tennis, for many title-

holders have come to the front in recent years. Divers factors enter into the widespread popularity of tennis here. Climate, again, is the chief of all. Where lively exercise at the nets is a pleasure almost any day, it is little wonder that the count of tennis-courts runs well into the thousands, and participation in the pastime becomes general. Most of the courts are hard-rolled, so that they have developed a speediness of play which often proves dazzling to racquet-wielders from other lands, accustomed to tennis of a more leisurely tempo.

Speed is characteristic. Here motoring is another sport, at least to a multitude of residents and visitors. The highways of California deserve the nation-wide renown which they have attained. Their excellent condition throughout all seasons brings the touring-car into constant service.

The state highway system consists largely of north-and-south arteries of travel, and the counties have been liberal in their outlay on lateral connections. Here no detailed description of these highway systems need be attempted. Many of them have been described in these pages; and the various automobile and tourist associations issue helpful booklets and maps to guide the motorist along the right road.

Los Angeles, ranking next to New York City in number of automobiles, is known everywhere for its superb boulevards.

Mountaineering by motor is a summer recreation well established in this Western land, for good roads traverse the highlands of the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada. Not a few of California's peaks, as we have seen, are scaled by winding automobile boulevards, among them Mount Wilson, in the Sierra Madre northeast of Pasadena; Mount Hamilton, ascended from San Jose; Mount Diablo, reached from Oakland; Mount Tamalpais, from Mill Valley.

Early Spanish chroniclers tell of a tribe of Indians who dwelt in canoes on the Santa Barbara Channel, seldom going ashore. The men of the quill looked upon it as wondrous strange that these people should thus choose the unstable element as their home rather than the idyllic coastland which lies at the base of Sierra Santa Ynez. And yet it was no marvel. Hospitable as is California, the waters which wash its shores are such as to lure many a man away from the land, and some there are even today who scarcely have time

to set foot on the strand before they are off again, speeding across the sea before favoring winds.

Viewed from the ocean, California displays a rich and varied beauty. For almost the entire length of the state the coast ranges rise 2,000 to 7,000 feet into the blue sky; and the shore is marked by a succession of lofty headlands. There are fair-weather cruises to be taken up and down this shore and around the near-by island groups; from here the larger yachts may go voyaging to the Galapagos group or to Hawaii and the spice islands of the South Seas, or northward to the fiords and glaciers of Alaska. Cruising through the Panama Canal, many yachts are deserting Atlantic waters in winter-time to seek the breezes of the Pacific.

In the harbors, large and small, which break into the California coast line, from Humboldt Bay southward, are moored flotillas of motor-boats, yachts, and other pleasure craft. The sheltered waters of the Bay of San Francisco afford a yachting-course almost 500 square miles in extent. On its shores, as at Sausalito, Belvedere, Alameda, Richmond, and Alviso, the amateur sailors have set up their club-houses; in San Francisco itself their home ports are Black Point Cove and the Yacht Harbor, a heritage from the 1915 Exposition.

Yachting off the Monterey Bay shore centers at Santa Cruz, at Monterey, now sheltered by a breakwater, and Stillwater Cove at Pebble Beach. Still farther south, the Santa Barbara Channel affords conditons so ideal that the trial speed tests of many vessels of the navy have been held there. From Santa Barbara, also with a fine breakwater, it is an easy cruise to the picturesque chain of islands offshore.

In Los Angeles Harbor yachting often is carried on off Terminal Island and San Pedro. Long Beach, with Alamitos Bay, offers another favorite anchorage, and every year a notable regatta may be viewed from the lengthy strand which gave the city its name. Newport Bay has swarms of yachts and other pleasure-craft. Several associations interested in maritime sport center their activities on San Diego Bay, where sailing conditions are wellnigh perfect. Only a score of miles southwestward, remember, across the main sea rise those rocky-peaked islets known as Los Coronados, circled about by waters almost always calm and wonderfully pellucid.

Though these sea crags belong to Mexico, neither customs officials nor insurrectos are there to cry halt to the voyager.

Let it not be imagined that boating is confined to the Pacific. On the Sacramento, the lower San Joaquin, and other large rivers trim launches and sloops are often seen; the Russian River is favored by canoeists; and inland lakes afford the joys of cruising high in the heart of the mountains—Clear Lake, for instance, and Lake Tahoe, with its sparkling surface more than a mile above sea-level. Motor-boat races are held on Lake Merritt, in Oakland, and on Salton Sea and Lake Elsinore, besides on many other sheltered sheets of water.

California has a lengthier coast line than any other state except Florida, and scattered all along it, as we have noted, are wide clean beaches where bathing is a perpetual delight. Attractive beach resorts have sprung up, resorts whose names are recognized everywhere as synonyms for joyous seaside recreation; and throughout the year they are sought by throngs of happy holiday-makers who combine refreshing dips in the ocean with the manifold diversions of the shore. Probably Alameda, the Russian River, and Santa Cruz lead in popularity in the north. In their development as pleasure resorts the Los Angeles beaches rank second to none. They began as places for surf bathing, and though they now present a host of other amusement features, their original character has not been lost. At the height of the season the surf and its bordering sands are crowded with bathers, and the feminine beauty which blossoms along the shore has brought well-won fame to these summery strands. Bathing in the surf is not the only recreation open to California swimmers, for they practice their aquatic art also in the rivers and lakes; and in bathhouses besides, several of which are among the largest to be found anywhere.

As we have seen, the waters of California are surpassing rich in abundance and variety of fish life. Whether he casts his line in lake, stream, or ocean, the angler is assured of good sport. As for trout-fishing, and that is the recreation of the great majority, there is no other state which can attempt comparison. The glacial lakes far up in the Sierra, the cascading streams that find in them their source; mighty Tahoe, where the big fish lurk in water half a mile

deep; the streams of the redwood belt—all these teem with thousands of lusty trout.

Most widely distributed of the varieties is the rainbow trout, a fish that takes on a different appearance when it has been to sea, and is known then as the steelhead. Other native varieties are the Tahoe trout, the golden, the cutthroat and Dolly Varden, while the Loch Leven, the Eastern brook, and European brown trout have been introduced in satisfying numbers. Every year the fish-hatcheries place millions of fingerlings in protecting riffles and lake shallows; and the Sierra Club and associations of anglers are active in transporting these trout fry to the higher lakes of the mountain regions.

The Coast Range streams are sought in the early spring especially, and Los Angeles sportsmen have not far to go to reach the brooks of the Sierra Madre and the San Bernardino Mountains. Most wonderful of all is the fishing in the clear cold torrents which come down from the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Thousands of anglers can lose themselves in the High Sierra country. The headwaters of the Kings and Kern are alive with gleaming rainbows; and in Volcano Creek, a tributary of the Kern, lurk the famous golden trout, most beautifully colored of their tribe. These rare sportive fellows are found in no other region, though they are now in many California streams besides their original habitat.

The upper Sacramento River is renowned among fly-casters, and one of its tributaries, the McCloud, boasts a distinct variety of trout. Across California, near its northern boundary, flows the turbulent Klamath River, and its rapid currents abound in rainbow trout, steelhead, and quinnat salmon.

Among game fish introduced from the East are the black bass, striped bass, sunfish, and yellow perch. Black bass have thrived well. Clear Lake and the northern rivers are particularly well stocked, though good catches are taken in the lagoons south of Los Angeles. Striped bass have their principal habitat below the mouth of the Sacramento River, and the popularity of bass-fishing thereabouts has grown tremendously in recent years, many sportsmen fishing from the causeways across northern San Francisco Bay.

Like the "stripers" and steelhead, salmon are caught in both salt and fresh waters, though they do not rise to a fly as do their At-



lantic namesakes. A truly royal sport, though, is fishing for the giant king salmon in the Bay of Monterey during June, July, and August; and in the latter month they are plentiful in the vicinity of San Francisco. Quinnot and dog salmon are also caught off the coast. In the autumn months the salmon run far up the rivers to spawn.

The Bay of Monterey, as we observed in passing, is most remarkable for the variety of its marine life, fish from both northern and southern waters meeting there. Santa Cruz and Monterey are ports from which anglers set out on well-rewarded expeditions. Farther south, especially below Point Conception, many of the fish are related to tropical species—the yellowtail, barracuda, black sea bass, bonito, swordfish, sheepshead, albacore, yellow-fin tuna and leaping tuna. The best deep-sea fishing is off Redondo and Portuguese Bend, around the Coronado Islands, and in the Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, and San Clemente channels. As we noted, Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, is known all over the world for its sport, the most prized capture here being the great leaping tuna, which strikes with a rush, often unreeling the entire line; and men have played a single fish for fourteen hours. The fighting swordfish also tries the skill of the angler; but giant of these southern waters is the black sea bass, another famous battler—he measures seven feet sometimes, tipping the beam at 600 pounds. Though not so mighty of bulk, the yellowtail is as gallant a fighter as swims in the sea; and the white sea bass, too, puts up a strenuous struggle against capture.

Peculiar to California are various species of rock fish known under the general name of rock cod, and also several kinds of surf fish, caught off the southern beaches—the corbina, yellowfin, croaker, flatfish, and roncador. To enable anglers better to indulge in the sport, the seashore communities, such as Long Beach, Ocean Park, Santa Monica, and Redondo have run fishing-piers far out over the surf, where good catches are often taken. The San Pedro breakwater is another haunt of the knowing ones.

All up and down the coast conveniences for the fisherman are prepared, with rowboats and launches ready for hire, and experienced “natives” to guide him and deftly gaff the captives of his skill.

Casting his eyes inland, the true sportsman is aware of an abiding

love of wild nature added to his delight in the chase. With all the continent to choose from, such a one is likely to fix upon California—for not only does this land abound in game, both furred and feathered, but also from surf-line to snow-line it is a realm of scenic beauty. In every part of the state, even in the neighborhood of the large cities, game animals and birds call out their challenge to the huntsman. State authorities and sportsmen have been wisely energetic in their measures to preserve the wild things of the woods; and it is unlawful to hunt within the national parks, so that these great areas are at once the sanctuaries and the recruiting grounds of the game. There are numerous State game reserves and bird sanctuaries besides.

Under its game laws the state of California is divided into certain districts, composed usually of several counties each, with regard to climatic, topographic and other local conditions. As these laws are variable and somewhat complex, they cannot well be included in these pages, but they are readily available from state authorities.

Of the large game animals, deer are the most common. They are constantly growing more numerous, and this despite the fact that twenty thousand bucks are killed in the state every season. The surprising increase is accountable mainly to the bounty on the scalps of cougars, those predatory mountain lions which of former years made away with more deer than the host of hunters. As has been noted, three varieties of deer are found in California—the black-tail, white-tail, and mule-deer. Broadly speaking, the best hunting-grounds in the Sierra region extend from Lake Tahoe northward, and in the coast ranges all the way from Mexico to Oregon. Many sportsmen come to California every year for this deer-hunting, and few go away disappointed. The open season varies in the different districts—the first bucks are brought down in the coast ranges on the first of August, and the last in northern California and the Sierra region in mid-October.

As has been remarked, bears still roam the Sierra Nevada, the San Bernardino Mountains, and parts of the Coast Range, yet so shy and sly are they in the wilderness that only a skillful woodsman on the still-hunt can get within sight of them. In the national parks,

where they are so approachable, they cannot be shot. By Indians bruin was esteemed the wisest creature wearing fur. A guide and a pack of trained dogs are needed on this hunt, and the sport may take on a dangerous aspect if the bear is not killed at the first fire.

Now that the grizzly has disappeared in California, laws have been enacted prohibiting the shooting of the elk, antelope, and mountain sheep (bighorn), that they may be saved from like extinction. The wild goats which are hunted among the crags of Santa Catalina are thought to be descendants of goats taken to the island by Spanish ships more than a century ago.

With a price set upon his head, the cougar is fair game at any season. He is found wherever deer are found, and is best hunted with a pack of dogs. That other outlaw, the slinking coyote, abounds everywhere in California, but is scarcely to be looked on as a game animal, though a swift runner, and when hunted with the hounds the coyote generally makes a good race of it. Foxes are common, especially in the Coast Range, and occasionally there is a true fox-hunt, though this sport is not well-established as in parts of the East.

The wildcat, or red lynx, often draws a shot from the marksman, and in the mountains the gray wolf is sometimes met with. Cottontails and jack rabbits are plentiful. In this census of smaller animals must be reckoned also thousands of raccoons, badgers, porcupines, woodchucks, gray squirrels, and Douglas squirrels.

Most hunted of the feathered game are the wild ducks which frequent the lagoons, lakes, and marshlands; and it is estimated that in the open season, usually between October 1 and January 15, more than a million of these birds are bagged. The varieties include sprig (pintail), widgeon, mallard, spoonbill, ruddy, canvasback, teal, bluebill, and gadwall ducks.

One of the greatest duck-hunting areas is the region about the Bay of San Francisco, with the Suisun marshes to the north and the Alviso marshes to the south. While many gun clubs are in these localities, with preserves, they are generous to visiting sportsmen. The free shooting-grounds throughout the state are not so extensive as a few years ago. Besides the bay-shore marshes, thousands of acres of "tule land" along the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and

other inland rivers offer sport; the west side of the great central valley is thronged with the "broad-bills" during the season.

The Los Angeles region also furnishes excellent sport for duck-hunters, many of the preserves lying back of the beaches at Alamitos Bay, Newport Bay, and the lagoons to the south. In the Imperial Valley, along Monterey Bay and far northward in the Klamath country these migratory birds are "plenty plentiful" during the winter months. Ducks are hunted in California, as elsewhere, by using bay blinds, but a characteristic method here is shooting in the marshes from a "tule-splitter" boat.

Wild geese and brant are fair game during the duck season also, and almost half a million are shot each year. Canada geese wing their way in vast companies over the central valleys, though they are abundant in other regions as well. The black or sea brant are the wariest of their tribe, and the best for eating.

Mountain and valley quail, both as sprightly birds as will be found anywhere, call forth hunters in the autumn and winter. The mountain quail have their principal home in the higher Sierra, though fairly plentiful in counties north of San Francisco Bay; the valley quail, a smaller variety, range throughout the lowlands and the foothills.

Both in mountain valley and on lowland plain the single-shot hunter may test his aim upon "the gamest bird that flies, sir"—the Wilson snipe. And added to all, California has in great number the band-tailed pigeon and the wild dove. Among sportsmen these are looked upon as the happiest of all hunting grounds. Surely they are scarcely to be surpassed for diversity.  
as the happiest of all hunting-grounds!

The lure of the high places of the earth is strong in the heart of mankind. We Americans especially, with our inborn pioneering spirit, thrill with the adventures which fall to the lot of the mountain-climber; and true mountaineering, in the sense the word is used abroad, is to be found at its best on our continent only in the lofty cordilleran ranges of the West. None of these ranges excels the Sierra Nevada in majesty and variety of scenery, or has such hospitable summer climate. The superb region which we have described as the High Sierra has been explored and made

known by the Sierra Club of California, which ranks with the world's most distinguished companies of alpine climbers. This whole great granite country is a realm of delight for one with a mountaineer's heart. As we have seen, horses and pack-animals, with guides, can be secured at many points.

The scenic John Muir Trail extends from Mount Whitney to Yosemite. We have followed the trails which radiate in every direction from the floor of Yosemite Valley, and the establishment of chalets and camps in the wild region to the east makes accessible a part of the Yosemite National Park hitherto visited only by a scattered few. With its great lake and its many smaller lakes, the Tahoe country charms the leisurely trumper, and there are elevated summits to be conquered, too, by the more ambitious climber. In general, the northern Sierra Nevada presents no such difficult features as the range farther south, though the rough volcanic region around Mount Lassen calls upon the mountaineer for many feats of agility. Shasta, monarch of California's snow mountains, is climbed by hundreds every summer.

The Coast Range is by no means so rugged as the Sierra, but its easy accessibility makes it a favorite resort of "hikers"; and throughout the inland ranges of southern California, such as the San Jacinto and San Bernardino ranges, and the Sierra Madre, you will see many a climber fitted out in the approved manner with cleated shoes and alpenstock.

Those who would know intimately the charm of California's great outdoors become tent-dwellers in the forests or beside the sea. The simplicity of this mode of existence appeals to a great multitude, all the more since conditions of weather in vacation season are wellnigh ideal. Seldom indeed is the joyous summer camp life broken in upon by a shower of rain.

The Forest Service encourages the use of the national forests for recreation purposes, no permit whatever being required for temporary camping. Summer-home sites in picturesque locations can be rented from the government at prices as low as five dollars a year. Excellent "recreation maps" of virtually all the national forests in California are now published, showing camp sites, pastures, trails, and good hunting and fishing grounds.

Camping by the seashore is likely to be often a more gregarious outing, for here have been set up "tent cities" to house the summer colonies. These neat canvas municipalities are established at several places along the coast. Yosemite, Tahoe, the Giant Forest, Big Basin and the northern redwoods all have commodious camps in the summer season.

All California once rode ahorseback, and even today an equestrian host follows trails to forest and mountain wildernesses where the automobile cannot go. Rides in the High Sierra are taken on safe-footed mountain horses well trained to the unusual travel conditions, and no finer outing can be enjoyed than a trip with a pack-train through these picturesque highlands, where there is always good pasturage during the summer months. In the coast region the scenic routes open to the horseman are even more diverse. When in the neighborhood of Del Monte Forest or the foothills above Pasadena the visitor is not likely long to resist the call of "boots and saddles"; and no sport is more generally followed at Santa Barbara than riding over trails winding along the ridges and through the cool canyons of the Sierra Santa Ynez.

But even the mountain-tops are topped today by aspiring mortals. Now that the ages-old aspiration of mankind to fly with the birds has been crowned with success, aviation has taken its place as one of the most exhilarating of outdoor recreations. With each succeeding year, modern inventiveness makes flying more safe. Already many in California have motored on pleasure tours through the upper atmosphere, and the number of these radical fresh-air enthusiasts is by no means growing less. Certainly few other regions offer such ideal conditions for flying aloft in airplanes, and the air-dromes and improved landing-fields are counted by the hundreds.

And now to take a glance at some of the other athletic sports popular with participants and onlookers alike. There is not a day in the year that baseball, the national game, is not played in California. Among the youth it maintains its position as most popular of sports, especially in the rural districts, and many of the speediest performers in the professional game first pastimed on the sand lots or in the "cactus leagues" of the Golden State. In summer-time it is hard to find a place near the haunts of man which does not echo

with the crack of bat on ball and the joyous rooting of the bleacherite. The Pacific Coast League, the leading professional circuit in the West, with commodious ball-parks in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, San Diego, two in Los Angeles (as well as in Portland and Seattle), is recognized as "fast company."

In California, football teams playing the American game are put in the field by universities, colleges, high schools, and independent clubs, during the fall and winter. Crowds of 100,000 are not unusual at the principal intercollegiate games. One of the football classics of the country, as we have noted, takes place in the Rose Bowl, Pasadena, every New Year's Day, at the Tournament of Roses, the battle keenly contested between representative Eastern and Western teams. Only the largest among the scores of stadiums and football-fields which encourage the sport could be mentioned in these pages. Votaries of soccer and Rugby football find ample scope for enjoying those spirited styles, too.

The Olympic Games, held in Los Angeles in 1932, proved a lasting inspiration to amateur sport in the West. Universities and athletic clubs have taken the lead in track and field sports, and the meets to be witnessed in California are well up to the standard of the best Eastern events of the kind, a fact amply demonstrated by local amateurs on many a foreign field. The largest meets of the year are those between the teams of Stanford University, the University of California, and the University of Southern California.

Nor must we fail to note the famous varsity rowing crews of the University of California, world champions.

While touching on "vicarious athletics," mention may as well be made of another sport which draws throngs of spectators—prize-fighting. From the days of Gentleman Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey and Max Baer down to the present, Californians have bulked large in the professional game of fisticuffs which so delights "the fancy." Like horse-racing, that other sport which seems specially to attract the betting fraternity, prize-fighting has been under interdict from time to time, but now flourishes. The "sport of kings" has returned to California, with a number of race-tracks in both the northern and southern parts of the state, and the course at Agua Caliente, in Lower California, over the

border from San Diego, has enjoyed liberal patronage in some years. The bonanza millionaires of early days were keen horse-fanciers, and some of the fastest thoroughbred race-horses of all time were raised in California.

But enough about these contests which visitors can watch but in which they are scarcely likely to participate personally. Let us turn to the snow sports. All can join in those. Californians are not denied the winter pastimes of tobogganing, snowshoeing, ski-running, sleighing, and ice-skating, but in order to enjoy them they are obliged to ascend into the Sierra Nevada or some of the other lofty ranges, a mile above the coast and the central valleys. There, amid the pine forests of the highlands, they enter into out-of-doors recreation with all the zest of people who see snow usually only from a distance. More than a score of ski clubs are active.

The winter sports season at Truckee, near the summit of the Sierras, was among the first established. Even the Easterner who was no stranger to snow found exhilarating novelty there as he drove with the speed of the wind behind Alaska dogteams—real malamutes, huskies from the Land of the Midnight Sun. Tahoe City and Norden, Alta, Cisco, Emigrant Gap, and other places in this part of the Sierras are the scene of winter sports; and these same gleesome games enliven the snow season in Yosemite Valley, where hotels remain open to care for winter callers. Skating and tobogganing there are enjoyed amid a setting which cannot be surpassed even in the Alps. The ice-encrusted waterfalls and cascades, snow-laden trees and all the wonderland of Yosemite clothed in white, afford vistas of unforgettable magnificence.

Not only Yosemite, but all the other national parks in California, afford winter sports enjoyment—Lassen (above the settlement of Mineral), Sequoia (in Giant Forest), and Grant Grove—as does the Calaveras Big Trees State Park, too. In the north, Mount Shasta is a rallying-post for devotees of winter sports—"snowmen," they call themselves there. Quincy and Portola in the Feather River country; Downieville, Grass Valley, and Nevada City; the Placerville area, and Longbarn above Sonora; Huntington Lake and Shaver Lake Heights—these are prominent among the many places where winter sports are enjoyed in the Sierras. Sunny southern



California is guarded by snowy mountain ranges which offer recreation no less keen. Big Bear Lake, Lake Arrowhead, and several other resort-centers in the San Bernardino range; Big Pines and Wrightwood; Camp Baldy and Mount Wilson; and the San Jacinto Mountains resorts above Riverside—all are sought by those who delight in such robust pastimes as skiing and tobogganing.

It has been a constant temptation, in guiding our descriptive ramble through California, to cite the sports attractions of nearly every place visited, for so many of them hold potent appeal to the lover of life out-of-doors. Even here, in our final chapter, with more room to turn round in, the variety of sports afield and afloat has been no more than hinted, and only a few of the "best places" for outings could be mentioned.

And now, with clear skies above and the fragrance of mountain pineries all round about—*outdoors in California*—we part company, as we write *finis* to our journey through the Land of Blue and Gold.

THE END

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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To the All-Year Club of Southern California, to Californians, Inc., and to the California State Chamber of Commerce acknowledgment is made, with deep appreciation, for furnishing several photographs reproduced in this book.

Many of the fine photographic views are by the Gabriel Moulin Studios.

In advance of publication, the text was read by a number of Californians who are authorities on local history and conditions. Francis Farquhar, formerly President of the Sierra Club and now the chairman of its editorial board, read with a critical eye several chapters on the Sierra Nevada and kindly made suggestions for their improvement. The late W. A. Chalfant reviewed the descriptions of Death Valley and the land of Inyo, he being the author of authoritative books on both regions; and E. T. Albright also advised on the treatment of the Inyo country. Col. John R. White, Superintendent of Sequoia National Park, and Frank A. Kittredge, Superintendent of Yosemite National Park, aided with information

on the areas with which they are so familiar. Joseph Henry Jackson made valuable suggestions for the improvement of the chapter on the Mother Lode, and also obligingly glanced at the early chapter on California's literary associations, before the first edition appeared. In that chapter ("California Literaria") are noted outstanding books which formed a background for many passages in this volume.

Professor H. W. Shepherd of the University of California looked over the text on our native trees and flowers, and the late Dr. J. O. Snyder, then chief of the bureau of education and research of the State Division of Fish and Game, did likewise with the text on wild life, and on hunting and fishing, in the first edition.

The author's father, Wells Drury, collaborated with him in an earlier guidebook, issued some years ago, and his help and inspiration were important in the first edition of the present work. The manufacture of the extensive Index turned out to be a household industry, for the author's mother and two sisters, Muriel and Lorraine, gave aid in this, as in much else pertaining to the book.

Touring of many beautiful parts of California with Albert Herbert and his devoted wife, Jennie Wyatt Herbert, gave lasting inspiration. To his friend, William Glenn Marvin, the author owes thankful remembrance for advice and encouragement during the preparation of the early chapters of this book.

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It has been a pleasure to work with all these in the preparation of *CALIFORNIA: An Intimate Guide*.

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